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THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA





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DON QUIXOTE

OF LA MANCHA

BY

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

DONE INTO ENGLISH BY

HENRY EDWARD WATTS

A NEW EDITION

WITH NOTES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

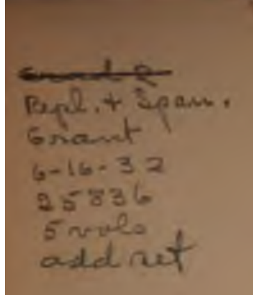
IN FOUR VOLUMES. VOL. I.

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PREFACE

In this new edition of my *Don Quixote* the whole plan of the work has been altered and rearranged, in accordance with the new order of publication and the more popular form which it has taken. The text of the translation has been revised and amended throughout, and while nothing has been omitted, some errors have been corrected. The notes, while shortened and simplified, have been considerably increased in number. Some few have not been reproduced from the larger edition of 1888, which was intended for a limited circle of students and lovers of Cervantes, as not being of interest to general readers. In addition to the other subjects more largely treated of in the Appendices, there are now added a chapter on the *Spanish Ballads* and an *Itinerary*, illustrated with a sketch map, showing the tracks of Don Quixote in his three sallies. The Index, which I have been the first of the translators to give, has been revised and enlarged.

The four volumes of the text of *Don Quixote* will be supplemented by a new and greatly enlarged Biography of Cervantes, which will contain in the Appendix a complete Bibliography of all his works, together with the translations in all languages.

H. E. WATTS.



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INTRODUCTION

My purpose in this work is to tell the story of Don Quixote to English readers as Cervantes, his creator, has told it; observing, so far as the difference between the Spanish of the sixteenth century and the English of the nineteenth will allow, the same simplicity, clearness, and directness of language which are the distinctive attributes of the original; and ever regarding it as my first duty to be faithful to the text and to the author. To this end three things chiefly are necessary: First, a true and faithful translation of the text of Don Quixote, without mutilation or abridgment or addition: Second, a full commentary in explanation of the innumerable references to books, to events, and to persons, and in elucidation of the manners, customs, idioms, characters, and phrases, which either time has rendered obscure or the translators and commentators have made unintelligible: Third, a biography of the author, with a survey of the time and the conditions under which he lived and wrote, which is the one thing, above all, essential to the true understanding of his book.

The prophecy of Cervantes, put into the mouth of Samson Carrasco, has been more than fulfilled: *No ha de haber nacion ni lengua donde no se traduca.* There is no nation which has not translated Don Quixote into its own tongue. The book of Spain has become the common property of mankind. Every literature has its Don Quixote, as it has its Bible.

There is no language but has been enriched by the coinage of Cervantes. Quixote, Rozinante, Sancho Panza, Dulcinea, Maritornes—they are words in every tongue. In a sense, and to an extent which the author himself could hardly have anticipated, proudly confident as he was of the fortunes of this child of his genius, Don Quixote has become "the plaything of infancy, the study of manhood, the idol of old age." To say that there is no book in the world so popular, is to bear but scant testimony to the triumph it has achieved over readers of all nations, all tastes, and all ages. Bibliography can hardly keep pace with the number of editions through which Don Quixote has passed. There are some 300 editions of Don Quixote in all languages, of which more than a half are other than Spanish. A book which has passed the ordeal of translation so bravely proves itself to be, in spite of what its author himself has said in discouragement of translators, one eminently adapted for translation. The Spaniards continue to maintain, in spite of all these proofs to the contrary, that Don Quixote is untranslatable. Richard Ford, who had so much in his own genius to make him a competent translator of Cervantes, has declared it to be "a mortal sin for any man to read Don Quixote except in the original." No man, of course, who desires to know Cervantes should be content with a translation. The duty of the translator, as Goethe said, is but that of a marriage-broker, whose office it is to sing the praises of the veiled beauty, and kindle a desire for her possession. My purpose is not to keep any one from his salvation or his happiness by substituting the likeness for the original, but to guide the seeker after the perfect bliss to the heaven beyond.

Of course, it is true that Don Quixote, like every other book, loses by translation. But though thrice blessed are they who have command enough of the noble Castilian tongue to be able to read Don Quixote in the original, it is something like a paradox to say that a book which has

borne so much translation—which, in spite of the translators, is still popular—cannot be translated. This is the one quality which gives to DON QUIXOTE its unique place among the books of the world; that, however badly it may be rendered, however roughly treated, in the baldest and driest version it never ceases to be readable. Something of the delicate aroma escapes, as with the choice wine of its native La Mancha, the *Val-de-peñas añejo*, in the process of transfer. The grace and the spirit which are in the form itself cannot be "done" into any other language. The characteristic Cervantes flavour, the ever-flowing under-current of humour, the play upon words, the subtle half-meanings and double-meanings, the fascination which resides in the style, whose carelessness is itself a grace,—all this no translator can hope to preserve. Something, however, may be achieved,—of the much which has been attempted,—by the bold and loyal spirit who shall be content to abide in a due respect for the work, with which is indissolubly connected a reverence for the author. He who shall follow his text closely and ask for no other inspiration—who shall put away the temptation to decorate the plain words in his own manner—who shall not mock the greatest of humorists with the vain endeavour to bring him into a line with "the humour of the times"—for him the adventure may yet be reserved.

The ideal of a true translation seems to be best indicated by August Schlegel, when he bids us "follow step by step the letter of the sense (*den Buchstaben des Sinnes*), and yet catch part of the innumerable indescribable beauties which do not lie in the letter, but hover about it, like an intellectual spirit." The curse which Voltaire has pronounced on the literal translator notwithstanding, there is no book which tempts to literal translation like DON QUIXOTE. The language is always simple and clear; the construction, though careless and irregular, is easy and direct. The meaning,—at least one meaning,—it is always possible to give in a foreign

language. Yet there are pitfalls in the very ease with which the Spanish seems to fit into any tongue with a Romance root; as the fate of some who have gone bravely into *condicion*, *suceso*, *gracioso*, *discreto*, and come out with "condition," "success," "gracious," and "discreet," has painfully illustrated. The letter has killed. The spirit only—is a delusion, a will-o'-the-wisp. The true salvation is in something which is neither, but *the spirit of the letter;* which is the only thing the honest translator has to regard. In the case of DON QUIXOTE the temptation to break away from the text is almost irresistible. The story seems to tell itself. The style is so very simple that one ceases to study it with the due respect. For a long time, even in Spain, the original was regarded as scarcely deserving of the serious attention of men of letters. Printed on the vilest of paper and with the dirtiest of ink, it used to be what they called "illustrated" with the most hideous "sculptures," caricaturing the Knight and his squire, and reducing all the romance, all the pathos, and all the humour of the story to the meanest and rudest of ideals. For nearly a century and a half DON QUIXOTE was only a larger sort of chap-book for the million. England, it may fairly be said, was the first of all the nations to recognise the writer of DON QUIXOTE. The first translation —that of Shelton—was the English. The first edition of the text, in a shape worthy of the author and befitting a classic, was an English one,—that published under the auspices of the great English Minister, Lord Carteret, in 1738. The first commentary in any language was that of the Rev. John Bowle, printed at Salisbury in 1781, in an edition whose value has scarcely yet been duly estimated. Lastly, and as a final proof of her sympathy with Cervantes and regard for his work, it is England who has produced the greatest number of translations of DON QUIXOTE, from the author's lifetime to the present date. Spain may have begotten the child, but England has been his foster-mother.

Of the English translators whom I have now to speak of, Thomas Shelton, the earliest, is deserving of much gratitude for what he did to popularise Don Quixote in this country. Who Thomas Shelton was I have utterly failed to learn. He remains *nominis umbra*, without a single word in any biographical dictionary, or any mention from a contemporary.[1] That he had a competent knowledge of Spanish,—perhaps more than any of his successors had,—is, I think, sufficiently proved by his translation; which, rude, careless, and imperfect as it is, must still be reckoned as one of the most spirited and the most genuine that has ever been done in English. That the original book of Shelton had a great success is sufficiently proved by its scarcity. It was bethumbed out of existence, so that only one genuine copy, so far as I know, survives—that which passes as the first edition being a reprint made to match the Second Part in 1620. Shelton tells us in his preface that he did it (meaning the First Part) "in the space of forty days"; that he then threw it aside, and "never once set hand to review or correct the same," his "many affairs hindering him from undergoing that labour"—all which is extremely probable, to which the state of his text bears witness. Although a rough and slovenly piece of work, it is an honest attempt to convey the spirit of Don Quixote into the tongue which Englishmen spoke in that period. Shelton was fortunate in being able to use the language of Shakspeare to express the mind of Cervantes—not, indeed, that the language which he uses is the best equivalent for Cervantes' Spanish. The language in which the Spaniard wrote was more advanced and more highly developed than was English in the reign of Elizabeth. Spain was then at the very zenith of her greatness, and in the flush of her golden age of literature. England was still

[1] I think it probable that Shelton was one of the train of English gentlemen who accompanied the Earl of Nottingham when he was sent to celebrate the conclusion of a peace between Spain and England in 1605.

almost "in the gristle," with a literature yet "mewing its mighty youth." The English of Swift, perhaps, images more faithfully the Spanish of Cervantes than any other style we have in England, while it also approaches nearest to the style of DON QUIXOTE in clearness, directness, and in the fascination which lies in delicate and highly-wrought fancies expressed through a natural and simple medium.

Shelton seems to have based his translation of the First Part, which was first published in 1612 (in Shakspeare's as well as in Cervantes' lifetime), on the Brussels edition of 1607—an edition of some interest as being more carefully printed than the previous Spanish ones of 1605, but entirely without authority, and probably a piratical enterprise, without the author's knowledge or sanction. Shelton's Second Part, which is much inferior to his First, was printed in 1620. At the same time was reprinted the First Part, as translated by Shelton, without a title-page, to match the Second, and make the DON QUIXOTE complete. Together, the two Parts constitute the very earliest recognition of Cervantes' great work in any country outside of Spain, and are a very remarkable evidence of the influence of Spanish literature in England at that early date. Shakspeare might have read DON QUIXOTE in Shelton's English before he died; supposing that he had not read it in Cervantes' Spanish.

The next after Shelton to turn DON QUIXOTE into English was John Phillips, the nephew of Milton, who may be dismissed in a very few words. In an evil hour he conceived the notion of adapting DON QUIXOTE to "the humour of the age." He fell into oblivion speedily, helped thereto by a shaft out of the quiver of Swift. The third to enter the lists was Motteux, in 1712, whose version has been as much over-praised as that of Shelton, from whom he stole largely, has been neglected. That Motteux's version of DON QUIXOTE still continues to be printed—even attains to the

dignity of an *edition de luxe*, with elegant and curious etchings, must be accepted as a proof of the undying popular interest in the book, rather than of the merit of this particular translation, which all Spanish scholars and true Cervantists will agree with Ford is among the worst. Of all the English versions of DON QUIXOTE, Motteux's is the one most remote from the spirit and genius of Cervantes. Motteux was, indeed, not wanting in a spirit of a sort, but it is a spirit wholly alien from that of his author. He was an indefatigable writer, or rather manufacturer, of books which were turned out according to the demand, with much skill and neatness, after the manner of his nation. He was a naturalised Frenchman, a refugee from Rouen, who must have acquired an extraordinary proficiency in the English language to have moved the wonder of Dryden—

> —that a foreign guest
> Should ever match the most and match the best.

Besides retailing tea and carrying on the business of a general dealer in Leadenhall Street, Peter Anthony Motteux wrote, or was at the head of a company which wrote, poems and plays with great ease and in singular profusion ; all of which, in spite of Dryden's praise, are now forgotten. He was a dead hand at a translation ; and of all the wares he dealt in, his translations of RABELAIS and of DON QUIXOTE seem to have brought him the greatest profit while he lived, and lasting fame since his death.[1] To what extent he himself

[1] Motteux was a busy, bustling man, a sort of jack-of-all-trades, who was an auctioneer, and kept a miscellaneous store at the sign of the "Two Fans," near the old India House, where he retailed, according to his letter in the *Spectator* (January 30th, 1712), Teas, Muslins, Arrack, Pictures, and Silks of the newest modes ; besides odes, prologues, and translations. He avers that "the foreign goods I sell seem no less acceptable than the foreign books. I translated *Rabelais* and *Don Quixote*." Motteux made a miserable end, being found murdered in a brothel near Temple Bar in February 1718. There is an even viler story as to Motteux's death—a grotesquely ribald fate which, by a poetical retribution, seems to be not unfitting to one who laid coarse hands on *Don Quixote*.

was responsible for the version of Don Quixote which goes by his name, it is now impossible to decide. The original editions—and there have been many since the first of 1712—announced in the title-page that the translation is by "various hands, published by Mr. Motteux." Ozell, who helped in the translation of Rabelais, is said to have been the chief hand under Motteux; but how many others there might have been of the crew we have now no means of knowing. The work bears manifest signs of a loose and unequal collaboration. Of Motteux's qualifications for the task of supervising a translation of Don Quixote there is no evidence whatever. He had a great reputation for his knowledge of languages; but whether among the languages he knew Spanish is to be included may be strongly doubted. His innumerable blunders, his ignorance of common Spanish customs and manners, his poverty in the way of illustration, his persistent avoidance of difficulties in the text, his entire want of sympathy with the author, and his general un-Spanish (so to speak) tone throughout, proclaim him to be only one of the numerous pretenders who, on the strength of a superficial colloquial acquaintance with the language, have flattered themselves and their readers with the belief that they are competent to interpret Cervantes. Motteux's style is a coarse, tawdry, ribald, graceless style; not without a certain rough humour of its own, but a humour discordant with that of Cervantes, and of all English styles the most unlike the Spanish. The liberties which Motteux permits himself to take with his original are quite without excuse as they are without parallel in any translation of a great classic. He seems to have imagined that his sole duty was to tell the story of Don Quixote without any regard to the manner in which it had been told before by Cervantes. He tramples ruthlessly on all the delicate graces of the Spanish, blurring the native tints, decking the author with fancies not his own, loading false humour upon true, and producing

something which is an outrage upon art and upon truth—a mock burlesque Knight Errant, a Sancho conscious of his own drollery, nay, a comic DON QUIXOTE—than which false taste and irreverence can no farther go.[1]

After Motteux came Charles Jarvis,—better known as Jervas, and a painter,—the friend of Pope, who gave his name to a translation of DON QUIXOTE first brought out by the booksellers in 1742, which has been more often reprinted than any other. Jervas himself, a gentleman from Ireland, and a very bad painter in spite of his eulogist and pupil Pope, died in 1739, so that he could not have revised the work to which the name of "Jarvis" was carelessly attached by the booksellers. Of his DON QUIXOTE it cannot be said what Pope wrote of some of the beauties whom Jervas painted, that it will—

—bloom in his colours for a thousand years.

On the authority of Warburton, Jarvis' own friend, we have Pope's saying of Jarvis that "he translated DON QUIXOTE without knowing Spanish."[2] Certainly neither his knowledge of Spanish nor his mastery of English appears in the book which goes by his name. Although free from the

[1] Motteux's version has been many times reprinted, even to our day, with a few trifling corrections and alterations. Lockhart made it the medium of giving to the world his translation of the Spanish Ballads, a translation quite as loose and as unlike the original as that to which it was tacked. Lockhart, though a man of fine taste and of fastidious judgment, had very little Spanish.

[2] Sir John Hawkins, in his *Life of Dr. Johnson*, tells a curious story about Jarvis and his translation. "The fact is Jervas laboured at it for many years, but could make but little progress, for, being a painter by profession, he had not been accustomed to write, and had no style. Mr. Tonson, the bookseller, seeing this, suggested the thought of employing Mr. Broughton, the reader at the Temple Church, the author and editor of sundry publications, who, as I have been informed by a friend of Tonson, sat himself down to study the Spanish language, and in a few months acquired, as was pretended, sufficient knowledge thereof to give to the world a translation of *Don Quixote* in the spirit of the original, and to which is prefixed the name of Jarvis."

glaring errors of his predecessors, and from some of their worst offences against the spirit of Cervantes, Jarvis is dull, commonplace, and unhumorous. He has not the naïve felicity of Shelton in difficult passages, though he frequently borrows from the old translator. His version is generally correct and judicious, but certainly not faithful, and it is not easy to discover why it has become so generally accepted, unless it is that Jarvis' dulness has served him for a warrant of morality. Chiefly on the strength of his own profuse professions of piety, Jarvis has been regarded as the one interpreter of Cervantes who says nothing calculated, in the words of the proprietor of Mrs. Jarley's Waxwork, to "bring a blush on the cheek of innocence."[1] As for the version of Smollett, which was a commission from the booksellers in opposition to those who published Jarvis', what may be said of it is that he executed his task in the full spirit of his commission. The author of *Humphrey Clinker* was gifted with a genius not without affinity to that of Cervantes, but unfortunately he neither knew Spanish nor his author. He seems to have done his book out of the French,—clumsily, and with as small a regard for the text as even Motteux.

I need go no further into the characters of the old translators, my predecessors. As to the two recent translations, which are more directly the competitors with this for the favour of all faithful Cervantists, it would be unbecoming of me to speak. That I am not content with them sufficiently appears in this present undertaking.

The adventure may be perilous, but the lists, at least, are not closed to the *aventureros*. The field is still open to

[1] Attached to the early editions of Jarvis is "A Supplement to the Translator's Preface," dealing with the principles and practice of "the ancient chivalry," said to be "communicated by a learned writer, well known in the literary world." This was Bishop Warburton, of whose dogmatism, arrogance, and hollow, pompous pedantry this essay is a very choice specimen.

all; though the prize grows more and more remote as the host of the *mantenedores* increases. The principles on which I have based this new translation of Don Quixote may be briefly stated. The first duty of the translator is to make sense of what is written. If a plain, intelligible meaning can be given in words corresponding with those of the original, then such words should be chosen. For an English book they must be English words. All archaisms and conceited forms of locution—all verbal surprises, new coinages, and modern picture-words—all "taffeta phrases, silken words precise"—all pieces of "preciousness," for which there is no parallel in the original, must be scrupulously avoided. There is no book in which extravagance and affectation are more out of place than in Don Quixote, the most simple and sensible of books; which has for its very aim the suppression of the false romantic, the exposure of mock enthusiasm, of charlatan chivalry. Of course, Cervantes himself sometimes uses archaic and affected words; but these are put where they are proper, in the mouth of one whose brain had been turned by the reading of the extravagant books called "of chivalries." Don Quixote, when he is on his stilts, uses the language which the knights, his ever-present models, used in the Romances. To find fault with the author for making his personages speak "according to the trick," as some of Cervantes' critics, Spanish and English, have done, is absurd. We might as well censure Shakspeare for the rant he has put in the mouth of Ancient Pistol, or Walter Scott for making Edie Ochiltree talk Scotch. When Cervantes himself is speaking, the language is ever plain, clear, and graceful,—his words, except when he intends to be jocose, or deliberately to wrap up his meaning, so simple that any peasant in Castile may understand him. The English translator must in this follow his author, so far as the resources of English will allow. Again, there is the

language of Sancho Panza and of the peasants and clowns who figure in the story. They, of course, talk in the vulgar tongue, which however is not, or at least was not, so distinct in Spain as it is in this country. The Spanish peasant, in the districts where good Spanish is spoken, talks Castilian. Where there is no *patois*, or relic of another language, as in Galicia and in Catalonia, and except where the speakers deliberately use slang or the dialect of *Germania*,[1] the speech of the lower classes in Spain is not very different from the speech of the higher. The Andalucian drops the lisping *c* before the short vowels, clips his words, turns the double *ll* into a *j* and the single *l* into *r*, and takes other liberties with the classic tongue, but his speech is less a degradation than a national dialect. Moreover, there is a nearer approach to social equality,—an inheritance probably from the Arabs,—between master and man than was ever the case in England. Therefore the attempts which some of our translators have made to degrade Sancho by putting his speeches into vulgar, provincial English, are as absurd as they are untrue to the original. Sancho talks, as well as behaves, in his governorship, as no man would talk or behave who had been brought up an English labourer; nor is there any inconsistency in this, such as the translator need trouble himself to modify or correct. The best results, I believe, are to be obtained, as I have endeavoured to obtain them, by following the text as closely as possible, departing only from it when a literal adherence would lead to obscurity or absurdity. There are

[1] *Germania* is the classic slang of Spain, more prevalent in Cervantes' time in Andalucia than in any other province. It is defined by Don Sebastian Covarrubias, in his valuable *Tesoro de la Lengua Castellana* (published shortly after the date of *Don Quixote*), as *el lenguaje de la rufianesca*—"the language of the ruffianry"—the idiom of the Lazarillos and the Cortadillos, in which Cervantes, as his books show, was a proficient. *Germania* has its dictionary and its grammar, and must not be confounded with Romany, which is a jargon based on Hindustani.

some idioms and peculiar terms of phrase, of course, which cannot be rendered plainly into any corresponding English. The only proper way with these is to render them by parallel English idioms, when such can be found; if not, then by the nearest English equivalents or analogues.

To sum up the duties of a translator: he should above all seek to bring the work translated into a shape as nearly resembling the original as possible, not in the general outline only, but in the form and colour of every detail and accessory. Always remembering that he has to make an English book out of a foreign one, to be read by English men and women, the translator should endeavour to make the author speak instead of speaking for him. To do the showman to such a man as Cervantes is a presumption intolerable—all the more unpardonable seeing the exquisite art with which Cervantes avoids being the showman to DON QUIXOTE. The translator should efface himself, for it is not he whom the public have come to see, but the author. To intrude one's own nineteenth-century personality into such a book as DON QUIXOTE, is an offence as gross against good manners as against art. A worse crime than this, however, is to deck the author as well as his book in your own colours—to put on him your livery—to make him speak after a set manner—to torture and twist his character, as well as his work, into conformity with some fantastic ideal in the translator's brain. A Frenchman who translated Plautus in 1719, one Gueudeville, tells us in his preface, by way of recommending his work, that he had spared no pains "*pour mettre ce vieux comique à la mode.*" To bring that *vieux comique* known as Miguel de Cervantes into the mode by making him talk like some other comic personages, more modern, is almost as gross an offence against truth and nature as to make out DON QUIXOTE to be a sort of political manifesto or missionary prospectus, which is a fantasy wilder than any which Cervantes took up his pen to dispel—a

romance more extravagant than any which helped to turn Don Quixote crazy.

I have endeavoured to keep free from this sin at least, letting Cervantes declare himself in his own way and in his own words. I have not tried to put any meaning to the text deeper or other than the words will bear—to add any grace or humour of my own to that of my author. The duty of every translator is, as I hold, first to obliterate himself. The English is but the vesture in which the Castilian appears. It would be bad manners and worse taste to let the form within be disguised or dimmed by the clothing. A prose translation cannot be too clear and simple, short of baldness and obscurity. A translator's business is to let his author speak, not attract attention to his own language. In the case of Don Quixote, the plainest and most lucid of books, to use other than the very clearest and simplest language in translation is a special offence and a crime unpardonable.

The text I have followed in my translation is that which must be regarded as the best available up to the present time—certainly the most authoritative—namely, the fourth and last edition of the Don Quixote published in Madrid in 1819, under the direction of the Royal Spanish Academy. The basis of this edition is that of 1608, the third printed by Juan de la Cuesta, and the only one which the author ever took the trouble to revise, though he revised it but partially. Of this edition of 1608 the Academy say in the preface to their own that they have selected it as the basis of their text, "regarding it as the last choice of the author and preferable to the first (of 1605), which was neither made under his eyes nor received the last touch of his hand." There is, indeed, no positive evidence that Cervantes ever corrected his book after the manuscript left his hands; but what sort of evidence could we have? The universal tradition and belief among Spanish scholars, con-

firmed by all internal evidence and probability, have been that Cervantes, though he did not correct any of the editions printed in 1605, did correct and alter that of 1608. In 1605 he was living at Valladolid, and there was some excuse for his neglecting to revise his book printed at Madrid. In 1608 he had changed his residence to Madrid; and it is not possible to believe that, with the book printed under his eyes which had been so successful and brought him so much fame, if not profit, the author should have deliberately allowed his DON QUIXOTE to be published anew without correction. This theory, however, monstrous as it is, has been adopted by Señor Hartzenbusch in his editions of DON QUIXOTE published at Argamasilla, and is defended and acted upon by the latest of English translators, Mr. John Ormsby. I have discussed the question elsewhere in the various passages where it arises, and so I need not open the controversy here. Suffice it to say, that if we reject that which has been the belief of all Spanish scholars up to the time of Señor Hartzenbusch, we must believe, not only that Cervantes valued his work so little as not to care to revise it when he had the chance of doing so, but that he allowed some material alterations and additions to be made in the text by some one who,—seeing that on this theory he is the author of one of the most delightful and characteristic passages in the book, namely, the lamentation of Sancho Panza over the loss of his Dapple,—must have been of a genius akin to the author's own. The notion that "the printer, apparently *proprio motu*, supplied this passage," seems to me to be as extravagant as that other theory of the matter, that Cervantes purposely mutilated and defaced his story in order to make it resemble the romances of chivalry. How, then, if these additions were not made by Cervantes himself, does it happen that he makes no mention of the independent and unauthorised corrector when this very matter of the robbery of Sancho's ass is discussed? The

sensitiveness which Cervantes shows in the Second Part in regard to Avellaneda's base attempt to intrude upon his field and spoil his work, is entirely incompatible with the temper of one who was so absolutely indifferent to the fate of his book, even after it had achieved an enormous and unprecedented popularity, as not to care who altered it or added to it in a material passage.

To leave this question for the present, it is enough to say that the text, as given by the Spanish Academy, must be regarded as the most authoritative in Cervantes' native country, and therefore the one which an English translator is bound to follow. The edition of 1819 does certainly not pretend to give a perfect text, and it must be admitted that it leans over-much to the conservative side in the matter of emendation. Still, this is a good fault, and I hope I shall be accused of none worse. In a few places I have preferred to take the reading of Clemencin's edition, and in some have accepted even the emendations of Hartzenbusch, reckless and licentious as for the most part they are. With every effort to follow what appears to be the best text of DON QUIXOTE, I must acknowledge that sometimes I have failed to make sense of the words as they stand; and I need have the less hesitation in making this admission, seeing how often the good Clemencin himself, the most learned of the critics of DON QUIXOTE, confesses himself puzzled to make out the author's meaning.

I come now to the second of the features which I claim to be distinctive of this edition of DON QUIXOTE, namely, the commentary. To read a book without notes to distract one's attention, is a great delight and a greater privilege. A commentary is unflattering both to the book and to the reader, as it presumes the one to be obscure and the other to be dull of comprehension. But time, though it has dealt more gently with DON QUIXOTE than with any other work of the same age, has made some annotation necessary. The

tonishing thing, considering the purpose for which DON
)UIXOTE was written and its intense spirit of nationalism,
eing, as it is, the quintessence of *Españolismo*, is that it has
urvived to be so well understood, or, at least, so well liked,
1 all languages. "It is so clear," said the author himself,
that there is nothing to raise a difficulty in it." In another
lace, however, he confesses that his story will "need a com-
nentary for its understanding."[1] From being a satire on
he popular taste, a parody on the prevailing fashion in reading,
flying shot at a folly long since dead, DON QUIXOTE has
ome to be a classic, and like every classic it must have a
ommentary. Although what makes it popular is the story,
-which we can go on reading with delight in any version
owever bald, and in any text however bare—it is not for
he story alone that DON QUIXOTE should be read. Even
f we could pass by without enquiry the innumerable passages
here it is evident that the author purposes to imitate some
ction, or burlesque some speech of a character in one of the
omances which it is his declared object to destroy, it would
e necessary to explain the references to historical events
nd persons; the allusions to contemporary books and their
uthors; the customs, manners, and mode of life of the
eople amidst whom the action of the story takes place; the
eography, natural history, and character of the country
hich is the scene of the adventures; lastly, the idioms, the
roverbs, the local sayings, and the ballads, which are so
bundant throughout the book. And if the Spaniards them-
elves, as the elaborate commentaries of Pellicer, Clemencin,
nd Hartzenbusch bear witness, cannot read DON QUIXOTE
ithout the help of notes, how much less can the English
eader afford to do without them? Granted that some
otes are necessary, there is no stopping short of a full
ommentary. Such I have endeavoured to supply, to the
est of my ability, partly from original research and personal

[1] *Don Quixote*, Part II. ch. iii.

travel, partly and perhaps more largely,—as must be the case with an Englishman annotating a foreign classic,—out of the works of the Spanish critics and commentators.

The chief of those from whom I have taken such notes as are not original are the Reverend John Bowle, the first of all the commentators on Don Quixote, native or foreign; Don Juan Antonio Pellicer, the editor of the very creditable edition which followed Bowle's in 1798—after taking much from it; Don Diego Clemencin, whose commentary is the amplest and the most complete of all; and Don Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch, who has published two editions of Don Quixote in 1863 and 1865, besides contributing a supplementary volume of notes, chiefly new readings of his own, to Lopez de Fabra's facsimile reproduction of the first edition of the Two Parts. There have been of late various other detached volumes and papers of criticism and commentary on Cervantes and his works, by Fernandez-Guerra y Orbe, Barrera, Valera, Asensio, Aribau, Mainez, and numerous other of the new school of Cervantistas, to whom I have been more or less indebted. Unhappily, there is not much of material value to glean from these gentlemen. Their enthusiasm, in this age of strong reaction in favour of Cervantes and Don Quixote, takes the form chiefly of turgid verse, in ecstatic eulogy of El Principe de los Ingenios Españoles, of patriotic exaltation of the virtues of El Manco de Lepanto, with a complacent enumeration of all that foreigners have done in honour of the great Spaniard, or elaborate calculation of the number of times Don Quixote responds or Sancho speaks in the course of the narrative.

Chief among the commentators, and worthy of all honour for what he has done for Don Quixote, is the Englishman Bowle, whose edition, with an elaborate commentary in six volumes, though it fell almost dead from the press, has now, after a hundred years of neglect, met with its due meed of

recognition even in Spain. Bowle was an English clergyman, a canon of Salisbury, who, as he tells us, spent fourteen years in learning and in reading Spanish in order to bring out a Spanish edition of DON QUIXOTE, with annotations. Bowle was never in Spain, and his Spanish is sometimes an occasion of stumbling to himself and of sarcasm to his rivals. But his honesty, industry, and patience are worthy of all commendation. He is specially strong in his classical references and in his quotations from the Italian poets and the Spanish romances of chivalry, some of which, perhaps, no one but himself has ever read since DON QUIXOTE appeared. For a reason which needs too long a story to explain, the Italian Baretti, the well-known friend of Dr. Johnson, pursued Bowle and his literary adventure with great malignity, writing an ill-natured book styled *Tolondron*,[1] of which the object was to ridicule the idea of any one who had never been in Spain commenting in Spanish upon DON QUIXOTE. Next to Bowle as a commentator stands Pellicer, who did a good deal to explain old customs in his notes and to clear up obscure allusions in the text, conveying much of his learning from his English predecessor, whom he forgot to thank. After him came Clemencin, whose commentary, though not deserving of all the praise given to it by Ticknor, must be regarded as the most notable literary monument which has ever been raised to the memory of Cervantes. I know of no book which has been the subject of so minute, searching, and profuse a scheme of criticism and illustration as that which appears in Don Diego Clemencin's six volumes

[1] *Tolondron* means a "giddy-pate," a "hare-brained fellow." The book was published in London in 1786, and is an angry, spluttering, performance, full of venom and bad language. The respectable Bowle is called many foul names, such as "Ourang-Outang," "Monsieur Cerberus," "Dr. Coglione"; and is generally addressed as "Jack." There is a tradition that Baretti, who was a most malignant creature, believed that Bowle had written a paragraph to his discredit, in the matter of his trial for murder, in the *Monthly Review*. Poor Bowle's end is said to have been hastened by the ill-success of his book.

of Don Quixote, published in 1833-39. There is scarcely a point or turn in the story where we do not find Clemencin lying in wait for us with a little note (often a very long one), a reference, a correction, a judgment, or a remark on the style, the matter, or the man. Of Clemencin's learning, his industry, and, on the whole, his love and respect for the author there cannot be any doubt.[1] Of judgment, or good taste, or modesty, or sense of proportion he had very little. He has but an imperfect sympathy with the genius of Cervantes. He has very little humour of his own, and will not allow anything to be good which he does not understand. He frequently mistakes his author's meaning—confounding irony with earnest; and his inability to comprehend the difference between Cervantes and Don Quixote amounts to a kind of intellectual colour-blindness. His remarks are very often purely trivial and impertinent. He is hypercritical, exacting, and cantankerous. He stands over Cervantes like a schoolmaster over a dull pupil, with ferrule in hand, and sublimely unconscious of the profane liberties he is taking with a great genius;—pruning, cutting up, and laying on, as if he had to do with a school-boy's exercise instead of the finest book in the world. For his numerous offences against good taste, his dulness, and his insensibility to the subtler beauties of the book, Clemencin has been the favourite butt of succeeding critics.[2] With all his faults, however, and I shall have frequent occasion to differ from him, we cannot

[1] There is a tradition, how well founded I do not know, though Hartzenbusch seems to hint that it is true, that Clemencin had got hold of certain manuscripts of one Don Ramon Cabrera, the author of an Etymological Dictionary, and used them as his own in the composition of his commentary.

[2] His chief enemy, and the most redoubtable champion on the Cervantist side, is Juan Calderon, the author of an admirable little book, entitled *Cervantes Vindicado* (Madrid, 1854). Calderon was one of the illustrious band of Spanish patriots who, in disgust at Ferdinand VII.'s system of government, came to England. He turned Protestant, and became Professor of the Spanish language in King's College, London, dying in 1854. He was the father of our distinguished painter, Philip Calderon, R.A.

do without Clemencin. He has certainly done more than any one else for the elucidation of DON QUIXOTE. On all points connected with the national manners and customs —on questions of grammar and orthography—on the traditions, the history, and the literature of Spain he is generally a safe guide; to the foreign translator at least, indispensable.[1] To him, as well as to Bowle, I must here express, once for all, my deep sense of obligation for assistance which it would be tedious in each particular instance to acknowledge—to the former for the greater number of my references to Spanish books and customs, and to the latter for his labours in the quotation of parallel passages from the Italian poets and the romances of chivalry.

I have been accused of making too much of Clemencin. But he can neither be ignored nor avoided. He fills the largest space in the world of Cervantic criticism. He is the greatest among the Spanish commentators. In bulk he equals all the rest together, and his commentary is as long as the text of Cervantes. His industry, zeal, and learning will always keep his name fresh. Indeed, except that he is destitute of humour, and is insensible to irony, and does not understand his author, and is out of touch with DON QUIXOTE, Don Diego Clemencin must be reckoned a very capable commentator. By the mass of his countrymen he is still so considered, in proof of which there is lying before me a new edition of his DON QUIXOTE, in the preface to which a fond admirer, Don Alberto Lista, speaks of him as "one of the most learned humanists and philologers of our nation," and of

[1] Towards the end of his sixth volume Clemencin seems to be visited with some glimmering sense of remorse for having been too hard on Cervantes, and tries to make up for his past freedoms with *Don Quixote* by some uncouth gambollings of delight over that good though ungrammatical work. In this he shares the common lot of those who have had to do with Cervantes, whose critics, commentators, and translators cannot help loving the man even when they ill-treat his book.

his book as "the best work of philology which we have in our language."[1]

Of Don Eugenio Hartzenbusch, himself a conspicuous man of letters, a poet, and a dramatist, who has enriched the language of Spain with many compositions of real merit and permanent value, I confess I cannot speak with much respect as a commentator on Cervantes. His services in the cause of Cervantic literature in the editing, in conjunction with Don Cayetano Rosell, of the magnificent edition of Cervantes' works printed at Argamasilla in 1865, have been to a great extent neutralised by the rashness with which he engages in the perilous work of conjectural emendation. What Cervantes left as the text of his Don Quixote was not held by Señor Hartzenbusch to be good enough. He takes it in hand, therefore, to re-fashion it; not only altering words and phrases which he cannot understand, or which he imagines the author did not write, but dislocating the narrative, cutting episodes out of one chapter and putting them into another,—introducing ideas and expressions into the text without any warrant whatever except his own belief that he (Hartzenbusch) knew better what Cervantes should, or might, or would have written than Cervantes has chosen to write. For this reason, and in spite of the ingenuity and acumen which are manifest in some of his emendations, I have had very little to do with Señor Hartzenbusch.

There has been of late years an extraordinary revival, both in Spain and England, of the interest in the works of Cervantes. In his native country the interest in the *Manco de Lepanto* has become a cult, which has assumed, after the Spanish manner, the form of national self-idolatry. Those

[1] The *Juicio Critico* of Alberto Lista was written for a supplemental volume to the original Clemencin which never appeared. The new edition just published (1894) omits nothing and corrects nothing. It forms part of a new series of *Biblioteca Clásica*.

who were once ashamed of him for having brought ridicule on follies essentially Spanish, and thereby made his country a laughing-stock to foreigners, have now grown to be proud of the finest product of the national genius—of the *Principe de los Ingenios*. This revival or growth of enthusiasm for Cervantes among Spanish men of letters has led to the removal from his name of much injustice and neglect from which it has suffered. Among the people DON QUIXOTE has never ceased to be taken seriously as something more than a book of humour—as the Bible of Spain and of Spanish life.

The best commentary which DON QUIXOTE can have is the life of the author; and this I have reserved, in this edition, for a final and supplementary volume. In this will be contained all that has been freshly gathered of a life the most adventurous, picturesque, and moving ever lived by any man of letters, told more fully and with ampler illustration than any biography of Cervantes yet undertaken. The whole work will be complete in five volumes.

This translation I claim to be in every part, prose and verse, original (except in one small poem only), so far as it is possible for any new version of a book so often translated as DON QUIXOTE to be original.

As every educated Englishman knows, or thinks he ought to know, some Spanish—a delusion based on some early acquaintance with Latin—I need not occupy my time in teaching my readers how to pronounce certain leading words which occur in DON QUIXOTE. I presume every one knows that *Quixote*—which we are now required to spell *Quijote*—is a word of three syllables, with the accent on the second, and the *x* or the *j* to be sounded, according to the established canon and practice, as a guttural aspirate. The change from *x* to *j* in all except certain words, where the old *x* sound (*eks*) is still retained, came into fashion about the middle of the eighteenth century. Before that period *x* and *j* were used indiscriminately. In the three centuries which

have elapsed since the writing of DON QUIXOTE, the Spanish, like every other European language, has altered its pronunciation. My own opinion is that Cervantes called his hero *Quishōte*, which was the old pronunciation of *x*, retained in the French *Quichotte*. There is evidence to show that the change in the sounding of the letter *x* came into fashion early in the reign of Charles V., whose German courtiers brought in the guttural aspirate.[1] The word *Quixote*, with its derivatives, has become acclimatised in every European language, being sounded in each according to its own genius and rule. Therefore, in an English book I prefer to retain the old English form *Quixote*—*Quicksot*. It has become naturalised as an English word, the parent of the English words *Quixotic* and *Quixotism*.

As to *Sancho* and *La Mancha*, we may combine correctness with English use and convenience without any effort. It is just as easy to say *Santcho* and *La Mantcha* as to say *Sanko* and *La Manka*, and more correct. *Rozinante* or *Rocinante*—the *z* and the soft *c* being unisonous and interchangeable—has these letters sounded, in pure Castilian, like the dental English *th*; but those who prefer, as I do, the plain old pronunciation have

[1] The rule, according to the *Ortografia Castellaña*, which carries the authority of the *Real Acadēmia de la Lengua*, is that *x* should be retained in all words of pure Latin origin, while *j* should be used in words from the Arabic. But this rule is disregarded by modern Spanish writers, who use *x* and *j* indiscriminately—there being a conspiracy to suppress poor *x* altogether. Thus we have *ejemplo* and *ejercito* for *exemplo* and *exercito*, which are barbarisms as great as *esperiencia* for *experiencia*. Among the proofs that *x* was once pronounced as English *sh*, may be adduced the fact that in the transliteration of Arabic words into Spanish the sound *sh* (which in Arabic has not changed) is rendered by *x* or *j*—as *baxa* for *basha* or *pasha*—*fartax* for *fartash*—*xarifa* for *shereefa*. And what is the Castilian *ojalá* but the Arabic *insh' allah*? So late as in 1623 Minsheu, in the Appendix to Percival's Spanish and English Dictionary, directs the learner that the Castilian *j* is to be pronounced as in French *jamais* and *x* like the French *ch*—*ojo* like *osho* and *floxo* like *flosho*. *Xéres* was clearly *Shéres* when we took from it *sherry*. In Mallorca to this day they still retain the old sound of *x*, calling a country-house *rasha*, and spelling it *raxa*.

the satisfaction of knowing that in the majority of Spanish-speaking countries, including all America, south and central, the letter is pronounced as in England.

In regard to the spelling of the proper names throughout DON QUIXOTE, I have adhered generally to the English mode, as being most in character in an English translation, not binding myself to any hard and fast rule. It is not always easy to say when the Spanish name has become sufficiently familiar to be used, in such a book as this, in its English form. We are all agreed to say Seville for *Sevilla*, and Biscay for *Biscaya*; but there is no sufficient reason for preferring Saragossa and Pampeluna to *Zaragoza* and *Pamplona*. In the case of the names of the heroes of fable, it is difficult to lay down any fixed rule; but I have generally Englished the foreign name, wherever an English form of it was known. I have preferred, however, Orlando to *Roland*, seeing that nearly always the allusions in DON QUIXOTE are to the Italian hero of Boiardo's or Ariosto's poem. While they are by origin one, the Italian *Orlando* differs materially from the English or French *Roland*, just as either differs from the Spanish *Roldan*. It would make confusion, however, were I to vary the name according to the several countries of this general Latin hero (who was not Latin at all, but Frank, if he was anything); so I have preferred to call him Orlando throughout. And for such a form as *Valdovinos* I need plead no excuse in substituting *Baldwin*, any more than for turning *Arturo* or *Artus* into *Arthur*. In regard to such an absurd name (however consecrated by usage) as *Don John*—half Spanish, half English—I have preferred the wholly Spanish *Don Juan*. We do not say *Sir Pedro* or *Sir Henrique*. The Oriental and Arabic names of persons and places I have given according to the English Romanised forms; as *Hadgi Murad* for *Agi Morato*. I do not pretend, in all this, to follow any scientific scheme of transliteration, but, amidst the multitude of systems of

spelling, have looked only to that which is most easy and familiar to the English reader.

There remains one other duty for me to discharge in this place, which is to record my acknowledgments to those who have helped me in this arduous undertaking. In expressing my obligations to Don Pascual de Gayangos for much kindly sympathy and assistance, especially in the bibliographical part, I merely repeat what has become almost a stereotyped phrase in the prefaces of English books relating to Spain or to Spanish literature. There is no living scholar of a knowledge so accurate and profound on all matters relating to the books of his country as my good friend Don Pascual, and no one of a good-nature and liberality so profuse and untiring. To all the other friends who have assisted me by their advice and sympathy, I beg to return my warmest thanks, praying them to be content with this general acknowledgment of their kindness.

To name all the authorities which I have consulted in the course of this work would occupy too large a space, apart from the various editions of Don Quixote in the original and in translation (which are duly entered elsewhere in the Bibliography of Cervantes); I need only mention a few of the books which are of best worth and of most use to the translator and illustrator of Don Quixote—including those which, whether of worth and use, they are compelled to consult. First among those, as an introduction to the study of Spanish literature, is the excellent *Catalogue of the Ticknor Collection* in the Boston Library, 1879, for a copy of which I am indebted to the courtesy of the trustees. It includes over 8000 volumes, all relating to Spain, forming the bulk of the library collected by Mr. George Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature, arranged and classified, with many notes and corrections, by Mr. Ticknor himself, Don Pascual de Gayangos, and other eminent scholars. The collection is perhaps the largest and most varied, if not

the most valuable for rare and costly books, ever made by any private individual, in Spain or elsewhere; as the catalogue is a model of lucid, orderly, and intelligent arrangement. In this respect it is a worthy supplement to Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*. There is nothing so good as this history for fulness of knowledge, extent of research, and sobriety of judgment, in any language. The Spanish translation by Gayangos and Vedia in four volumes (1851-56) contains some additional matter. In his second volume Ticknor has a judicious estimate of Cervantes and his works, which does not err on the side of enthusiasm. The *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*, published and edited by Rivadeneyra, and now extended to sixty-four volumes (1846-72), claims to include the whole body of Spanish literature "from the formation of the language to our own days." The form, in imperial octavo, double columns of small print, is unlovely and awkward; the volumes, by various editors, are unequal in merit. The collection is imperfect and incomplete; but so far as the series extends (it has still to include some of the chief monuments of Castilian literature, as the *Crónica General* of Alfonso X.) it is of extreme utility. The volumes on Cervantes by Aribau; on Quevedo (the first two) by Fernandez-Guerra; on Lope de Vega (including only a selection of his miscellaneous writings) by Hartzenbusch; the *Romancero General*, by Duran; the *Libros de Caballerías* (including the four books of *Amadis* and the *Sergas de Esplandian*) by Pascual de Gayangos; the *Novelistas Anteriores* and the *Novelistas Posteriores á Cervantes*, by Rosel—are those which will be found most useful for the student of DON QUIXOTE. Of guides to the language, the first and best is the *Tesoro de la Lengua Castellana*, by Sebastian de Covarrubias, a real treasure to the Spanish scholar, especially valuable for the study of DON QUIXOTE, as Covarrubias was a contemporary of Cervantes, who explains many words and antique phrases which have gone

out of use. There are two editions of Covarrubias—the first of 1611 and the second of 1674—of which the second is to be preferred as much the ampler. As an etymologist, Covarrubias, born before the days of scientific philology, is more quaint than sound; but he has learning and wisdom, and is especially entitled to our gratitude for his study of vulgar locutions and antique homespun phrases. The large Dictionary of the Spanish Academy in six vols. folio (1726-39) is a work of much labour and research, but deficient, as all Spanish dictionaries are, in the etymological part, and chiefly valuable for its examples. A second edition, on a still larger scale, was begun in 1770, but proceeded no farther than the letter *C*—a common "thing of Spain." Since then there have been some dozen editions of the Academy's Dictionary in one folio volume, containing more words than the larger edition but with the examples from authors omitted. Percival's Dictionary, Spanish and English—the second edition enlarged by J. Minsheu (1623)—is useful for the old words and their meaning in the English of the age of Cervantes. Of the Spanish bibliographers the best is Salvá, who published his first catalogue of Spanish books (priced) in 1826, when he was a bookseller in London. This has since been enlarged into the handsome *Catálogo de la Biblioteca de Salvá*, by his son Pedro de Salvá y Mallen, in two volumes, Valencia, 1872. The new catalogue includes not only the books which were in the possession of Vicente Salvá (who united to his trade of bookseller the profession of scholar and critic), but all early Spanish books of note; so that it is now a complete Spanish bibliography of the highest authority. The *Catálogo del Teatro Antiguo Español*, by Cayetano Alberto de la Barrera, gives a list of over one thousand writers, alphabetically arranged, with the titles of 4300 plays, besides [illegible]200 interludes and farces and 500 *autos*. It is the best guide through the vast and intricate wilds of Spanish drama. For illustrations of Castilian speech, domestic customs, and

parallel forms of life, among the popular books anterior to Don Quixote or contemporary with Cervantes, *Celestina* cannot be ignored. This extraordinary book—rather a dramatised romance than a "tragi-comedy," as it is called—was oftener printed in Spain than any other before the appearance of Don Quixote, and had an immense vogue throughout Europe. As a picture of life and manners during the latter half of the fifteenth century, it is of extreme interest, and for its purity of style and the spirit and truth of its characterisation has always been greatly esteemed by Spanish scholars, as it was by Cervantes. There is a capital English version by James Mabbe, under the punning pseudonym of Diego Puede-ser; and a poor translation in French by Germond de Lavigne, with some of the coarser passages omitted. Nor must *Lazarillo* be left out, the best, as it was the earliest, of the picaresque school, by the great Hurtado de Mendoza, as I must continue to believe despite of M. Morel Fatio. The author of Don Quixote, with whom *Lazarillo* was a favourite, certainly implies that he took it for the work of Mendoza. Of the proverbs which figure so largely in Don Quixote I have spoken elsewhere. For the history of Spain, so far as it is concerned with my book, the Chronicles of the individual kings may be consulted, of which the most useful collection is that made by Sancha in seven volumes (1779-87), which embraces the whole of the romantic period from Alfonso VIII. to Enrique IV., including an account of the *Paso Honroso* and of the great Constable Alvaro de Luna. To these may be added the Chronicle of Juan II., printed at Valencia in 1779, which deals with the longest reign and a time most fruitful in romantic incidents, when chivalry in Spain was in fullest bloom. The *Crónica General* of Alfonso X.—that vast mine of romance and legend—the quarry out of which so much of ballad and song has been hewed—is still, to the reproach of Spanish scholarship, to be found only in the old editions, buried in the dim black-letter of Zamora and

Valladolid[illegible]. There are t[illegible] Among literary histories, the works of Dozy, late Profes[illegible] and the secon[illegible] at the University of Leyden, cannot be omitted. His *Recherch[illegible]d* as much th[illegible] *sur l'histoire et la littérature d'Espagne pendant le Moyen* [illegible]efore the d[illegible] of which the third edition is of 1881, is of inestimable value, [illegible] but he [illegible] only for its monograph on the Cid which fills nearly the whole of [illegible]atitu[illegible] volume. The Glossary of Spanish words derived from th[illegible] phras[illegible] Arabic by Dozy and Engelmann (2nd edition of 1869) is six vols. also most useful. As an Arabist, Dozy is of the first rank, w[illegible]ch, b[illegible]ho has done more to illumine the dark places of Spanish history [illegible]nolo[illegible] than any one else —entirely eclipsing Conde and putting out oth[illegible] native lights. For the geography of Don Quixote there is no better popular authority than Richard Ford. There is only one Ford for the student of Spain and of Spanish—the Ford in the original edition of 1845. The book has been ruthlessly mutilated and defaced since the first edition, from which, as the author says mournfully in the second, "many are the wild Iberian flowers which have been rooted out," so that by gradual whittling away it is now only a handbook for tourists, nor so good as others. The *Viage de España*, by Antonio Ponz, in eighteen volumes (1786-94), is very useful for information respecting the ancient monuments and remains, as they were before the spoliations of the French, who made use of Ponz, it is said, to guide them to the articles best worth stealing. Besides these, the principal sources of knowledge on all points connected with the literature, the history, and the character of Spain, there is a large amount of miscellaneous learning in the shape of essays, notes, and disquisitions on Cervantes and Don Quixote, from which I trust I have profited, scattered throughout many of the ephemeral publications of Madrid, Seville, and other centres of the new faith in the Prince of Wits, such as the *Crónica de los Cervantistas*; the letters of Don Pardo de Figueroa; the effusions of that mad wag, Adolfo de Castro, who is always discovering some new work of Cervantes; the more

sober pieces of my excellent friend José Maria Asensio; the lucubrations of Benjumea; the monographs on special points of Cervantes' genius of Gamero, Caballero, Fernandez, Morejon, and Sbarbi; the various discursions of Hartzenbusch; the lucubrations of Tubino and of Mainez; in the *Semanario Pintoresco*, the several *revistas* of Madrid and Seville, the *Atenéo*, the *Concordia*, and other reviews, magazines, and periodicals—generally of a short life, which has long since ended.

In bringing to a conclusion a work in which I have been engaged, more or less busily, for the last twenty years,—begun in the midst of the cares, distractions, and turmoil of a harassing and jealous profession, which has been to me a perpetual and ever-abiding source of delight and comfort,—fulfilling in my regard, in a very special sense, that object for which the book was designed by its author, according to his own words,—I am sensible of an emotion which has in it more of pain than of pleasure. It is the taking leave of an old friend, who can never more be the same again—the companion of my leisure, the solace of many dull and weary hours. I can scarcely indulge my readers with the hope which is implied in the common form of an author's farewell to his book. I cannot flatter myself that any one will take so much delight in reading this translation of Don Quixote as I have had in making it. The mischief is that it is done, and the labour can delight no more.



THE AUTHOR'S DEDICATION

OF

THE FIRST PART[1]

TO THE DUKE OF BÉJAR,[2]

MARQUIS OF GIBRALEON, COUNT OF BENALCAZAR[3]
AND BAÑARES, VISCOUNT OF ALCOCER,
LORD OF THE TOWNS OF CAPILLA,
CURIEL, AND BURGUILLOS

On the faith of the good reception and honour which your Excellency accords to every kind of books, like a Prince so well disposed to favour the liberal arts, more especially those which are not abased to the service and profit of the vulgar, I have resolved to publish the INGENIOUS[4] GENTLEMAN DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA *under the shelter of your Excellency's most illustrious name, whom, with the reverence due to so much greatness, I beseech that you may graciously receive into*

[1] The First Part of *Don Quixote* was first printed by Juan de la Cuesta, in 1605. This Dedication is without date, but as the licence for the book is dated September 26th, 1604, we may presume it to be written about that time, when Cervantes was residing at Valladolid.

[2] D. Alonso Diego Lopez de Zuñiga y Sotomayor, seventh Duke of Béjar, succeeded to that title in 1601, and died in 1619.

[3] Printed, by a strange blunder, *Barcelona* in Cuesta's second edition (1605). "Count of Barcelona" is a title attached to Spanish royalty.

[4] *Ingenioso.* The word "ingenious" has, in English, lost its primary meaning of witty, clever, fertile in intellectual resource; but even had it not been hallowed by usage as belonging to Don Quixote, no other is available to the English translator. Though found fault with by critics from the first, I cannot doubt it

your protection, in order that, under your shadow, although denuded of that precious ornament of elegance and erudition with which the works composed in the houses of the learned are wont to go clothed, he may venture in safety to face the opinion of some who, not contained within the bounds of their ignorance, are accustomed to condemn the labours of others with more of rigour and less of justice.

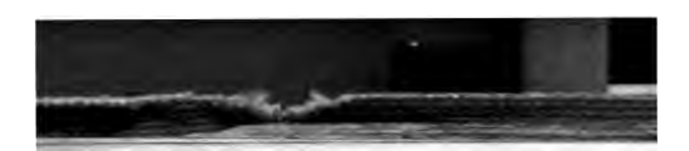
Your Excellency's wisdom, having regard to my good intent, will not, I trust, disdain the poorness of this humble offering.[1]

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

was used advisedly by Cervantes, and was intended to signify the true character of his hero, as well as to serve as the key-note to his fable. Clemencin thinks the epithet "obscure and consequently little felicitous." Later Spanish critics have recognised its propriety and happiness. The adjective *ingenioso* was much in vogue in Cervantes' time, as applied to the inventors or promulgators of novel and singular ideas, among whom Alonso Quijano, who proposed to revive knight-errantry as a remedy for the evils of society in that epoch, might fairly be classed. To have entitled Don Quixote the "fool," or the "mad gentleman," at the setting out of the story, would have been absurd and little humorous. Pellicer's theory that *ingenioso* applies not to the man but to the book, is untenable. Cervantes himself in several passages of his book—in his epigraphs to the second and sixteenth chapters of the First Part, and at the close of the Second Part, repeats, "el ingenioso Hidalgo." The Germans have a very good equivalent for *ingenioso* in *sinnreich*.

[1] The tradition that the Duke of Béjar at first refused to have *Don Quixote* dedicated to him, but was persuaded by the author to let him read a chapter of the book, after which he relented, has been referred to elsewhere. That Cervantes failed to obtain any advantage from the Duke's patronage is supposed to be shown by the fact that he dedicated his Second Part to another patron, the Conde de Lemos. But it was not unusual for writers in that age to dedicate portions of the same work to different patrons. Lope de Vega often did so. The Duke of Béjar was one of those most noted at the time for their affection for the class of books ridiculed in *Don Quixote*; and, perhaps, for this reason, as much as through the influence of his confessor, the ecclesiastic who is supposed to be alluded to in Part II. ch. xxxii., probably did not much favour Cervantes' design, and was still less pleased with its execution.

There is strong reason to believe that this Dedication, with its affected and artificial phrases of conventional compliment, is not the work of Cervantes, or at least that it was tampered with by some other hand. Don Eugenio Hartzenbusch, the editor of the magnificent edition of Cervantes' works, printed by Rivadeneyra



in 1863-65 (whose critical merits are not equal to its typographical beauties), has made a curious discovery, namely, that several of the leading phrases here occur, word for word, in the Dedication of his Poems by the celebrated Fernando de Herrera to the Marqués de Ayamonte in 1580. Hartzenbusch supposes that Cervantes' original Dedication was differently worded, and that the Duke, not being pleased with it, caused it to be altered by some one better provided with that "precious ornament of elegance and erudition with which the works composed in the houses of the learned are wont to be composed." Certainly, this Dedication is most unlike in tone and style to Cervantes' other Dedications, which have a marked character of lively courtesy and gay independence.



PROLOGUE

IDLE READER; thou canst believe me without any oath, that I would this book, as the child of my wit, were the most beautiful, the most sprightly, and the most sensible that could be conceived. But I could not contravene the ordinance of Nature, whereby each thing engenders its like. And so, what could my sterile and ill-cultivated genius beget but the story of a meagre, shrivelled, whimsical child, full of odd fancies never imagined by any other[1]—even like one who is engendered in a prison,[2] where every discomfort holds its seat, and all dismal noises have their habitation? Repose, a cheerful abode, the gladness of the fields, the serenity of the

[1] In the prologue to the false Second Part Avellaneda taunts Cervantes with his faults as necessarily arising from the condition here alluded to; his book being written in a prison, and therefore "querulous, grumbling, impatient, and choleric, as are those who are in imprisonment."

[2] There have been various theories as to the place where Cervantes was imprisoned when this notable child of his genius was engendered (*se engendró*). Señor Guerra y Orbe believes it to have been Seville, where Cervantes underwent a short imprisonment by the Crown on account of his liability for his defaulting agent, Simon Freire, in 1596. But there is nothing to show that Cervantes had any connexion with La Mancha at this date. The more reasonable theory is that *Don Quixote* was conceived in the town which was made his birthplace, which was Argamasilla de Alba, where we know Cervantes to have been imprisoned about 1599, in the Casa de Medrano. It is to be noted that Cervantes does not say that his book was written—only *conceived*—in a prison. The Casa de Medrano still stands—a miserable dog-hole, where it was impossible that Cervantes could have written a book, even had he been permitted to write one. But the whirligig of time brought him his revenge. In this same Casa de Medrano was printed, in 1863, a magnificent edition of *Don Quixote*, in four volumes imperial octavo—by way of homage to the memory of him who had been here so cruelly used.

skies, the murmur of rivulets, the tranquillity of the spirit,—these have a great share in making the most barren of muses to teem and bring forth to the world a progeny to fill it with wonder and delight. A father may happen to have a child ugly and ill-favoured, and the love he bears it claps a bandage on his eyes so that he sees not its blemishes, but rather judges them to be talents and graces, and recounts them to his friends as parts of wit and elegance. But I, who am a step-father,[1] though I seem a father, of Don Quixote, would not go with the current of custom nor ask thee, almost with tears in my eyes, as others do, Dearest Reader, to pardon or dissemble the faults which thou mayst see in this child of mine. Nay, thou art neither his kinsman nor his friend; thou possessest thy soul in thy body, and thy freedom of will like the best of them,[2] and art at home in thy house, where thou shouldst be lord thereof as the king is of his taxes, and thou knowest what is commonly said, "*Under my cloak the king I kill*"[3]—all which exempts and frees thee from all respect and obligation, and so thou mayst speak of the story wholly as it may seem fit to thee, without fear of their slandering thee for the evil, or rewarding thee for the good thou shalt say thereof.

I would have wished to present it to thee, neat and naked, without the adornment of Prologue, or the endless train of customary sonnets, epigrams, and eulogies which it is the fashion to place at the beginning of books.[4] For I

[1] A passage which has been misinterpreted. The allusion is to Cid Hamet Benengeli, the supposititious Arabic author.

[2] *Como el mas pintado*—lit. "like the most painted."

[3] *Debajo de mi manto al Rei mato*: a proverb.

[4] Scarce a book was published in that age without its prefatory verses of commendation. Cervantes himself had written many such, as for the *Romancero* and *Jardin Espiritual* of his friend Pedro de Padilla (1583 and 1584); the *Cancionero* of Lopez Maldonado (1586); the *Filosofia Moralizada* of Alonso de Barros (1589); the *Austriada* of Juan Rufo Gutierrez (1584); the *Dragontea* of Lope de Vega (1593), etc.

can tell thee that, though the story cost me some toil in the composing, none greater had I than in making this preface which thou art reading. Many times did I take up my pen to write it, and many times did I lay it down, not knowing what to say. Once, being in this suspense, with the paper before me, the pen in my ear, my elbow on the desk, and my hand on my cheek, meditating on what I should say, there entered unexpectedly a lively and clever friend of mine, who, seeing me thus pensive, asked me the reason. I, not concealing it, said that I was thinking of the Prologue which had to be written to the history of Don Quixote, and that it harassed me to such a degree that I was inclined not to write one, nor even to publish the exploits of so noble a knight. For, continued I, would you have me not troubled at what the ancient law-giver they call the public will say when it sees me, after the lapse of so many years that I have slept in the silence of oblivion,[1] come out now, with all my years on my back,[2] with a legend as dry as a rush, barren of invention, meagre in style, poor in conceits, and void of all learning and doctrine, without quotations in the margin and annotations at the end of the volume; when I see that there are other books, be they never so fabulous and profane, so full of sentences from Aristotle, from Plato, and from the whole herd of philosophers, as to astonish their readers and make their authors pass for well-read men, erudite and eloquent? But when they cite the Holy Scripture!—You will say that they are so many St. Thomases and other doctors of the Church, preserving in this a gravity so ingenious that in one line they paint a distracted lover, and in the next deliver a little Christian homily which it is a joy and a treat to hear and read. In all this my book will be

[1] Cervantes published his *Galatea* in 1584; so that it was twenty-one years since he had appeared in print as an author.

[2] Cervantes was in his fifty-eighth year when the First Part of *Don Quixote* was published.

lacking, for I have nothing to quote in the margin or to note at the end; nor even do I know what authors I follow therein, so as to set them at the beginning, as they all do, by the letters of the alphabet, commencing at Aristotle and ending with Zoilus or Zeuxis, though the one was a libeller and a painter the other. My book also will be wanting in sonnets at the beginning,—sonnets, at least, whose authors shall be dukes, marquesses, counts, bishops, great ladies, or celebrated poets;[1] although should I ask them of two or three friends in the trade I know that they would give them to me, and of such a sort as could not be equalled by those of the greatest name in this Spain of ours. In fine, dear Sir and friend, I continued, I am resolved that Sir Don Quixote shall remain buried in his archives of La Mancha until Heaven shall provide some one to adorn him with the many things he wants, for I find myself incapable of supplying them through my poverty and shallowness of learning, and because I am by nature too indolent and slow to go looking for authors to say what I myself can say without them. Hence come that abstraction and suspense in which you found me, there being cause enough for my mood in what you have heard from me.

On hearing this my friend, slapping his forehead with his hand and breaking out into a loud laugh, cried:—'Fore God, brother, now I am disabused of an error in which I have lain all the long years I have known you, during which I have ever taken you to be a man of sense and prudence in all your actions; but now I perceive that you are as far from

[1] An allusion to Lope de Vega, who went beyond even the extravagant fashion of the age in the number and variety of the commendatory verses, by persons of rank and eminence, which he appended to his books. His *Rimas*, published in 1604, just before *Don Quixote*, was furnished with no less than twenty-eight encomiastic stanzas, contributed, among others, by the Prince of Fez (a renegade Moor), the Duke of Osuna, the Marqués de la Adrada, the Counts of Villamor and Adacuaz, etc. In this distinguished company Miguel de Cervantes himself appears.

being one as the sky is from the earth. How? Is it possible that things of so little moment and so easy of remedy can have power to perplex and absorb a mind so ripe as yours, so framed to break through and trample under foot even greater difficulties? This, i' faith, springs not from lack of ability, but excess of laziness and poverty of resource. Would you be convinced that what I say is true? Then hearken to me attentively, and you shall see how, in the twinkling of an eye, I upset all your difficulties and remedy all the defects which, you say, embarrass and frighten you into giving up the publishing to the world the history of your famous Don Quixote, light and mirror of all Errant Knighthood.

—Speak, I replied, on hearing this; by what means do you propose to fill up the void of my anxiety, and reduce to order the chaos of my confusion?

To which he responded:—The first thing you stick at, the sonnets, epigrams, and eulogies which you lack for your preface, and which should be supplied by personages of weight and title, can be got over by your taking a little trouble yourself to make them; and afterwards you may baptize them, putting any names you please, fathering them on Prester John of the Indies, or the Emperor of Trebizond, of whom to my knowledge there is a rumour that they were famous poets; and suppose they were not, and there were pedants and Bachelors to snap and growl at you behind your back for the truth of it, care not two *maravedis* for them; for though they should convict you of a lie, they cannot cut off the hand with which you wrote it. As to quoting in the margin the books and authors whence you gathered the sentences and sayings you have put into your history,[1] there

[1] A manifest allusion to Lope de Vega, whose poem of *Isidro*, published in 1599, is distinguished by its redundant and wearisome erudition—the margins being crowded with notes and quotations, taken at random from sacred and profane writers. It contains references to the Apocalypse, to Aristotle, to the Toledan

is no more to do than to manage to bring in pat some phrases and scraps of Latin that you know by heart, or at least which cost you little pains to find; as, for example, treating of liberty and captivity, to introduce—

> Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro;

and then in the margin cite Horace, or whoever said it.[1] If you should treat of the power of death, run in presently with—

> Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
> Regumque turres;[2]

if of friendship and the love which God commands you to bear to your enemy, come at once to the point by the Holy Scripture, which you can do with so little research, and repeat no less than the Word of God Himself:—*Ego autem dico vobis: diligite inimicos vestros.* If you treat of evil thoughts, have recourse to the Gospel:—*De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ.*[3] If of the instability of friends, there is Cato[4] who shall give you his distich:—

> Donec eris felix,[5] multos numerabis amicos;
> Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.

Breviary, to the Vedas, the *Chronicle of the Cid*, and the Song of Songs; to Merlin and to Jeremiah.

[1] Æsop, bk. iii. fable 14.

[2] Horace, *Carm.*, lib. i. od. 4.

[3] Matthew, ch. xv.

[4] Cervantes quotes here with his usual carelessness, the distich being Ovid's (*Tristia*, lib. i. eleg. 6), and not Cato's. The *Disticha* of Cato was a very common book in that age.

[5] That this is a punning allusion to Lope *Felix* de Vega cannot be doubted. Cervantes had bitter cause to speak of the instability of friends, some of his oldest, such as Vicente Espinel, turning against him in his adversity; and the more, when there came a sudden gleam of light into his life by the popularity achieved by *Don Quixote*—a book which was the cause of a fresh outburst of envy and malice against its long-suffering author, on the part of the men of letters of that period. Among them was Lope de Vega, who, from pretending to be a close friend, became from the moment of this book's publication the author's bitter enemy.

And with these little scraps of Latin, and such like, they will take you perhaps for a grammarian, to be which is of no little honour and profit in these days. As to annotations at the end of the book, you may safely proceed in this manner: if you name any giant in your story contrive that he shall be the giant Goliath, with whom alone, which will cost you almost nothing, you may have a grand annotation, since you can write:—*The giant Golias or Goliath was a Philistine, whom David, the shepherd, slew with a stone from a sling in the Vale of Terebinth,*[1] *according to what is written in the Book of Kings*—in the chapter where you shall find it written. After this, to show yourself a man learned in the polite letters and in cosmography, manage so that in your story the river Tagus shall be mentioned, and you shall see yourself at once with another famous annotation, writing:—*The river Tagus was so called by a King of Spain. It takes its birth in such a spot, and dies in the Ocean, kissing the walls of the famous city of Lisbon, and it is reported to have sands of gold, etc.*[2] If you should treat of thieves, I will give you the story of Cacus, which I know by heart; if of courtesans, there is the Bishop of Mondoñedo,[3] who will help you to Lamia, Lais, and Flora, which annotation will win you great credit; if of cruel women, Ovid will introduce you to Medea; if of enchantresses and witches, Homer has Calypso, and Virgil Circe; if of valiant captains, Julius Cæsar will lend you himself in his *Commentaries*, and Plutarch will give

[1] 1 Sam. xvii. 2.—Cervantes has been reproved for making *Terebinth* a place, whereas it is a tree. In the Revised Version "the vale of Elah" is interpreted in the margin by the "vale of the terebinth." The Arabs call it to this day Wādy-el-Butmeh. The terebinth—*pistacia terebinthus*—is the "oak" of the Bible, a tree of common occurrence in Palestine.

[2] In the Index to Lope's *Arcadia* the Tagus is thus described.

[3] Antonio de Guevara, Bishop of Mondoñedo, chaplain and chronicler to Charles V.; whose *Epistolas Familiares*, published at Antwerp in 1603, give a particular and unedifying account of those famous courtesans of antiquity, Lamia, Lais, and Flora. By this unprofessional conduct the Bishop incurred much scandal, and brought down upon himself the reproof of the Archbishop of Tarragona.

you a thousand Alexanders.[1] If you treat of loves, with two ounces of the Tuscan you have, you will light upon Leo the Jew, who fills you to your heart's content;[2] and, if you care not to wander in foreign lands, you have at home Fonseca *On the Love of God*,[3] wherein is contained all that you and the greatest wits can desire on that matter. In sum, you have nothing more to do than to name these names and to touch these stories I have told you of in your own, and leave me the business of putting in the notes and quotations, and I warrant I will fill the margins for you and dispose of four sheets at the end of the book.

Let us come now to the citation of the authors, which the other books have, and in yours are lacking. The remedy for this is very simple, for you have nothing more to do than to look for a book which quotes them all, from A to Z, as you say.[4] Then, this same alphabet you shall put in your book; for, granted that the lie is clearly seen through, it is of no consequence, from the small need you have to use them, and perhaps there will be some one simple enough to believe that you have made use of them all in your plain and artless story. And, should it serve no other purpose, at least that long catalogue of authors will be of use, to give, at the first blush, authority to your book; and besides, no one will take the trouble to ascertain whether you follow or do not follow them, having nothing to gain by that. Moreover, if I take you rightly, this book of yours

[1] Señor Hartzenbusch, with his usual intrepidity, corrects the text here, reading *Magno Alexandro* for *mil Alexandros*. I see no sufficient reason for the change.

[2] Leon Hebreo, a Jew, native of Lisbon, and physician by profession, wrote *Dialogi di Amore*, published at Venice in 1572.

[3] Fr. Cristóval de Fonseca, an Augustinian, wrote *Del Amor de Dios*, published at Barcelona in 1594, and many times reprinted.

[4] Another hit at Lope, who, in several of his books, made a great display of the authors he quotes. In his *Peregrino* they are set out in alphabetical order, and number fifty-five. In *El Isidro* the list includes 277 names.

is in no need of any of those things which you say it lacks, for it is all one invective against the books of chivalries, which never had Aristotle any idea of, nor did Basil mention, nor Cicero reach.[1] Nor do the niceties of truth nor the calculations of astrology fall within the scope of their fabled extravagancies; nor are the dimensions of geometry concerned with them; nor does rhetoric serve for the refutation of their arguments; nor does the book pretend to preach to any one, mingling the human with the divine, which is a kind of motley with which no Christian understanding should be dressed. All it pretends to do is to make the best of the imitation in what you would be writing, and the more perfect this is, the better will be what is written.[2] And since this your writing aims at nothing more than to destroy the authority and influence which the books of chivalries have in the world and over the vulgar,[3] it is no business of yours to go begging for sentences from philosophers, maxims from Holy Writ, fables from poets, speeches from rhetoricians, miracles from saints; but only to endeavour that, simply, in words expressive, decent, and well-ordered, your periods shall come out harmonious and sprightly, setting forth, as far as you can attain, or is possible, your intention, and explaining your ideas without being intricate or obscure. Endeavour also that, in reading your story, the melancholy man shall be stirred to laughter, the merry be encouraged in his mood, the simpleton be not worried, the witty admire the invention, the sober not despise it, nor the judicious forbear from commendation. In short, let your aim be steadily fixed upon the overthrow of the evil-based fabric of these

[1] Aristotle, Saint Basil, and Cicero are three of the authors cited by Lope de Vega in his *Isidro*.

[2] Here is evidence of Cervantes' purpose to make his book a parody, as this First Part of *Don Quixote* essentially is, of the books of chivalries.

[3] Ample evidence of the extent to which the books of chivalries influenced the ideas and habits of the age, and of their popularity among all classes, is given in my Life of Cervantes.

chivalric books, abhorred of so many yet praised by many more; and if this you achieve, you will have achieved no little.

I listened in profound silence to what my friend said, and his reasonings so impressed me that, without question, I approved them for good, and even out of them chose to make up this Prologue; wherein, Gentle Reader, thou shalt see the wisdom of my friend, my good fortune in lighting on such a counsellor at such a time of need, and thine own relief in finding so simple and so guileless the story of the famous Don Quixote de La Mancha, about whom it is the opinion of all the inhabitants of the district of the Plain of Montiel[1] that he was the most chaste lover and the most valiant knight that for many years has been seen in those parts. I would not make too much of the service I am doing thee in introducing thee to so notable and honoured a knight, but I would ask thy thanks for making thee acquainted with Sancho Panza, his squire, centred in whom methinks I give thee all the squirely humours which are scattered through the swarm of the vain books of chivalries.

And so, God give thee health, and forget me not.

FAREWELL.[2]

[1] The Plain of Montiel, the main theatre of the exploits of Don Quixote, and of all districts of Europe by nature the best fitted for such a Knight Errant, is the south-east corner of La Mancha, bordering on the ancient province of Murcia. See map at the end of vol. iv.

[2] In the opinion of Coleridge, "this preface is a perfect model of the gentle, everywhere intelligible irony in the best essays of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. Equally natural and easy, Cervantes is more spirited than Addison, whilst he blends with the terseness of Swift an exquisite flow and music of style, and, above all, contrasts with the latter by the sweet temper of a superior mind, which saw the follies of mankind, and was even at the time suffering severely under hard mistreatment."

NOTE TO THE PREFATORY VERSES

The Prefatory Verses prefixed to *Don Quixote*, in burlesque imitation of the commendatory sonnets with which it was the fashion of the age to herald every new book to the world, together with all the poetry which is introduced in the story, constitute the hardest part of the duty which is imposed on the English translator—a duty scarcely to be discharged with perfect satisfaction, yet which cannot be avoided. The faithful translator, whatever he may think of the value or the propriety of these incidental verses, has no option, in my opinion, but to give them as Cervantes has given them. Here, more than anywhere, fidelity to the letter of the text becomes a first obligation; for the spirit has sometimes wholly vanished, often it is cloudy and obscure, nearly always it is extraneous from the story and unworthy of the author. Cervantes, though a great writer, was not a good poet. He himself, in a touching passage of his *Viaje del Parnaso* (in itself the best of his poetical efforts), confesses to his failure:—

> Yo que siempre trabajo y me desvelo
> Por parecer que tengo de poeta
> La gracia, que no quiso darme el Cielo.

> (I who ever watch, and toil, and strive,
> To show that I possess the poet's grace,
> The grace the Heavenly Powers cared not to give.)

The task is rendered harder for the translator by the fact that it is difficult sometimes to guess whether, when Cervantes is silly or obscure, he is so purposely or not—whether he deliberately makes his verses bad, in order to ridicule the practice, or whether they are bad from carelessness or lack of the poetical spirit. Sometimes it is certain that Cervantes, according to his favourite humour, is playing not only with his critics but with his readers. At other times I confess I cannot make up my mind whether the bad verses are made out of jest or earnest. I have the less hesitation in admitting my weakness in this respect, seeing how thoroughly the best of the Spanish critics themselves have been mystified over Cervantes' verses. Among translators the common fault is that they take these too seriously, which is a mistake that my friend, the late Mr. J. Y. Gibson, too often made, in his otherwise excellent versions of the *Don Quixote* poetry.

The most difficult nut of all to crack is the opening address by the fairy Urganda to Don Quixote, wherein, to make obscurity more obscure, the lines have their final syllables cut off. In giving to the English reader a version of these curious verses, truncated after the original (with the final syllables added, for the help of the reader), I am sensible of my rashness, and take credit for nothing but a scrupulous fidelity to the letter of the text. The early translators have all evaded the task. Mr. Gibson, the best of the modern ones, has done it only too well—turning nonsense into sense, and making clear what was intended to be dark. Even with his example before me I have felt that in honesty I could not shirk the duty which I have imposed upon myself of Englishing every word in *Don Quixote*. Whether I have succeeded or not, my consolation will be that success was scarcely possible, and is wholly immaterial. I have thought, however, that I was bound to attempt in English everything that Cervantes has thought worthy of doing in Spanish. There are critics

who have pretended to see in these truncated verses a key with which to decipher Cervantes' mystery. For me, I do not think that he had a mystery, though he intended much mystification—making, in this instance, the verses obscure, confused, and paltry, in order to carry out his purpose of ridiculing the foolish practice of his age. Pellicer affirms that Cervantes was the inventor of this kind of verse. Others maintain that the merit of the discovery belongs to F. Andrés Perez, the Dominican monk, who, under the name of Francisco de Ubeda, wrote that unsavoury book, *La Picara Justina*. Lope de Vega and Góngora adopted the practice, and examples of it may be found in their works. The question is of small importance, for it is a poor invention, devoid of either grace or wit. I cannot but agree with Clemencin that the execution, in the present case, is as little happy as the idea. If there was any humour or point in the allusions, it has been lost. A part of the original I quote, so that the reader may be able to see how far I have fallen short in the humour of these truncated verses :—

Si de llegarte á los bue—
Libro, fueres con letu—
No te dirá el boquirru—
Que no pones bien los de—
Mas si el pan no se te cue—
Por ir á manos de idio—
Verás de manos á bo—
Aun no dar una en el cla—
Si bien se comen las ma—
Por mostrar que son curio—

URGANDA THE DISGUISED[1] TO THE BOOK OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA

O Book if 'twere thy pur—pose
To reach the good and know—ing,
To thee won't say the boo—by
Don't put to it thy fin—gers.
But if thou art not ba—king
The bread to feed the noo—dles,
Thou'lt see the monkeys nib—bling,
And sucking of their fin—gers
To show that they are know—ing,
And well the fare do rel—ish.
And since experience teach—es
That he who's sitting un—der
A goodly tree's well sha—ded,
Thy lucky star in Bé—jar
A Royal tree[2] doth off—er
Whose fruit is noble prin—ces,
On which a Duke doth flour—ish.
A modern Alexan—der
Comes to its shade ; for For—tune
The bold doth ever fa—vour.
Thou shalt recount the sto—ry
Of the noble knight Manche—gan,
Whose head, by idle read—ing,
Was turnéd topsy-tur—vy.

---

[1] Urganda the Disguised, usually translated the Unknown, is the leading enchantress in *Amadis of Gaul*, a good fairy and the particular friend and patroness of that hero. She earned her title through her faculty and habit of transforming herself upon occasion. The Giant Gandalac, one of the good giants in the book, tells his pupil Galaor (Amadis' brother) that Urganda was called *La Desconocida* because she often disguised and transformed herself. (*Amadis*, bk. i. ch. ii.)

[2] The Duke of Béjar was believed to be descended from the old Kings of Navarre. (Fernan Perez de Guzman, *Generaciones y Semblanzas*, quoted by Bowle.)

Don Quixote

Loves, arms, and knights and la—dies [1]
Provoked him in such mea—sure,
That madder than Orlan—do
By force of arms he'd cap—ture
Toboso's Dulcine—a.
Don't stamp your hieroglyph—ics [2]
So idly on your scutch—eon,
For where are none but hon—ours [3]
You'll, may be, lose the rub—ber.
Be humble in thy call—ing,
And none will mock thee bawl—ing—
"Here's Don Alvaro de Lu—na!" [4]
"Here's Hannibal of Car—thage!"
"Here's Francis King from Par—is," [5]
"Complaining of his for—tune!"
Since Heaven is not will—ing

---

[1] Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori.
—Opening line of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*.

[2] This, the obscurest stanza in this cloudy poem, is said to refer to certain ambitious and intricate shields of arms affixed by Lope de Vega to some of his books. One example is to be found in the frontispiece to *La Hermosura de Angelica*, 1602, of which a facsimile is given in Salvá's *Catalogue*, vol. ii. p. 108. The *Arcadia* appeared with a scutcheon of the author, in which nineteen castles were figured; the *Peregrino* with a portrait of Lope and thirty castles, in an elaborate coat of arms.

[3] I have made the best of this obscure allusion, which Clemencin pronounces unintelligible. There is some reference to a game of cards, most likely to *Primero* or *Primera*, much in vogue at this time. In this game, which was something like *Ombre* or *Quadrille*, according to the Spanish Academy's Dictionary, four cards are dealt to each player. The seven counts twenty-one points (the highest), the six eighteen, the ace sixteen, the deuce twelve, and a court or coat card (*figura*) ten. Hence honours are in this game less valuable than plain cards, to which is probably the allusion. *Primero* was once very fashionable in England. Shakspeare introduces Henry VIII. playing it with the Duke of Suffolk at past one o'clock in the morning. (*Henry VIII.*, Act v. sc. 1.)

[4] Don Alvaro de Luna, the celebrated favourite of King Juan II., after holding the absolute power in his master's court for thirty years, was disgraced and beheaded in 1452.

[5] Francis the First, made prisoner at the battle of Pavia, was detained in captivity at Madrid.

That thou shouldst come out learn—ed,
As John Latine[1] the ne—gro,
Have naught to do with Lat—in,
Let not thy wit be sprout—ing,
No philosophy be talk—ing,
Lest some buffoon there twist—ing
His mouth, though ne'er a let—ter
He understands, be rail—ing,
Why to such as me these flow—ers?
In matters hard, don't med—dle,
Nor in other's loves be pry—ing,
To pass by without stop—ping
What's not your own is wis—dom;
For he who jests at ran—dom
May have the jest on's nod—dle;
So still thy thoughts be giv—ing
To learn how fame is got—ten;
For he who prints a fol—ly
Incurs a cess etern—al.
Take heed that it is mad—ness
In a house of glass when liv—ing
In hand to gather peb—bles
To fling them at your neigh—bour.
The wise man should be care—ful
In books which he compos—es
The wit should run with lead—en
Feet, for if he's writ—ing
Stuff for silly maid—ens
He writes for fools and nin—nies.[2]

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[1] Juan Latino was a negro, brought up in the house of the Duchess of Terranova, widow of the Great Captain Gonsalvo de Cordova, to whom was given that name for his great learning and especially for his knowledge of Latin, in which tongue he wrote poems.

[2] It has been supposed that Cervantes in these verses intended to reflect on the Duke de Lerma, the favourite and all-powerful minister of the reigning king, Philip III. That arrant gossip-monger, Moreri, in his Dictionary, published some fifty years after the death of Cervantes, was the first to give currency to this silly story, saying that Cervantes had been insulted by the Duke and took

AMADIS OF GAUL TO DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA[1]

Thou, that my tearful life didst imitate
When I took me disdained and all-forlorn
To Peña Pobre's[2] rugged sides to mourn,
From joy to penitence reduced by fate;
O thou, who didst thy raging thirst abate
From thine eyes' fountain, though to one not born
Saltish the drink; who tin and plate didst scorn
And on the ground what the ground gave didst eat:
Live thou secure that to eternity,
At least so long as on this terrene sphere
His steeds the ruddy god of day doth prick,
Thy name for valour shall renowned be,
Thy land the first among all lands appear,
Thy learned author stand alone unique.[3]

---

this mode of revenging himself:—Les vers tronqués qu'on voit au commencement témoignent que cette pièce (*i.e. Don Quixote*) regardait principalement le Duc de Lerma, car son nom y est caché avec addresse (Moreri, *Dictionnaire*, 1673). With so much address that the most curious eyes of friends and of enemies have never been able to discover it, or any allusion to the Duke; although we may be sure that had Cervantes intended such a reflection on the most powerful man in Spain, the nephew of his patron the Archbishop of Toledo and the father-in-law of his friend and protector the Conde de Lemos, some one of his jealous rivals would have detected the libel and denounced the libeller.

[1] It is no wonder, observes Clemencin, that Amadis should compose this present sonnet, seeing that according to his history (ch. li.) he was a poet and well versed in Castilian (ch. lxviii.); even though he lived many years before Castile was, having been a contemporary of Pontius Pilate, according to the genealogy of his great-great-grandson, the Prince Anaxartes, as given in the book of *Don Florisel de Niquea* (bk. i. ch. i.).

[2] *Peña Pobre*, the "Poor Rock" or Rock Dolorous, on which Amadis did penance after a tiff with his Oriana, in imitation of whom Don Quixote did likewise for his Dulcinea.

[3] A prediction which has been signally fulfilled. Amadis himself, the original, "the heresiarch of this evil sect," as Cervantes calls him elsewhere, survives only in the book of his pupil and imitator, Don Quixote. Cervantes, in the last line, speaks with a not unbecoming pride and modest assurance of the

DON BELIANIS OF GREECE[1] TO DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA

I tore, I slash'd, I bruised,[2] I did and said
More than in all the world did Errant Knight;
Dexterous and brave and proud was I in fight,
A thousand wrongs avenged and myriads sped.
My feats by fame eterne are hallowèd;
A lover delicate and eke polite;
A dwarf was every giant in my sight;
Each law of the duello I obeyed.
Dame Fortune prostrate at my feet I kept,
And by the forelock bold Opportunity
I willy-nilly dragged to do my will.
But though always my soaring luck o'erleapt
The crescent moon, thy prowesses and thee,
O Quixote! mighty knight, I envy still.

---

fame which was to be his, being conscious, as all great writers must be, of the enduring worth of his masterpiece. In this, as in his other sonnets, Cervantes follows the archetypal Petrarcan construction, with a preference, as usual in Castilian verse, for the feminine ending. Except in this last respect, I have followed him in form and in letter as closely as was possible. The word "unique" in the sonnet above, which some critics have thought to smack of boastfulness, was doubtless an allusion to a motto in Lope de Vega's *El Peregrino*—*Aut unicus aut peregrinus*.

[1] Belianis of Greece was one of the most redoutable and pernicious of the Knights Errant, "more venomous than viper, more courageous than lion," says his historian—given to fierce gusts of passion, so that in one of them "fire seemed to issue out of the vizor of his helmet"; yet withal a very good Christian, for it is said of him that "there was not to be found about that age another knight of equal sanctity, wherein he excelled even the most reserved of monks" (pt. 3, ch. xxviii.).

[2] Rompe, corta, desfaz, abolla, y talla.
—Camoens, *Lusiadas*, canto iii. st. 51.

THE LADY ORIANA[1] TO DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO

O beauteous Dulcinea, would that I
  Could have thy luck, and change our towns and stories,
  Trucking for thy Toboso Miraflores,[2]
For greater quiet and conveniency!
That soul and body in thy livery
  And loves I might adorn me, and the glories
  Share of thy famous cavalier, who bore his
Part in the unequal strife so gallantly!
O that I'd got off from Amadis
  So chaste[3] as thou didst from thy paramour,
    The gentle, tender-conscienced knight, Sir Quixote!
Then envied and not envious, I wis,
  I'd be, and glad instead of sad and sore,
    As tasting of the joy nor paying the scot.

---

[1] Oriana, the mistress of Amadis, of whom more will be heard in the progress of this story.

[2] Miraflores was a castle or pleasure-house belonging to King Lisuarte, of Great Britain, where Oriana was accustomed to reside. It was situated two leagues from London, and was small, but the most charming residence in all the world—in a forest at the top of a mountain, surrounded by orchards which bore much fruit, and by groves in which abounded plants and flowers of many kinds. Within a stone's throw was a nunnery, established by the Princess Oriana. (*Amadis de Gaula*, cap. liii.) Greenwich (?).

[3] The history relates that the loves of Oriana and Amadis (though he was one of the most continent of the knights and she the chastest lady in the books of chivalries) were not so innocent as those of Dulcinea and Don Quixote. A son was born to Oriana, at Miraflores, who was put in a chest and flung into the Thames. Miraculously preserved, he lived to be the celebrated Esplandian, whose deeds, as recounted in the Fourth Book of Amadis, *Las Sergas de Esplandian*, almost excelled those of his father.

GANDALIN, SQUIRE OF AMADIS OF GAUL, TO SANCHO PANZA, SQUIRE OF DON QUIXOTE

Illustrious wight, all hail! When Fate did place
  Thee in thy trade of squire, thou bore thee there
  So sweetly cunning and so debonair
That naught thou didst thy calling to disgrace;
Nor spade nor reaping-hook did fly in face
  Of errant enterprise, and now there are
  In use thy squire-simplicities which bear
The haughty down who would the moon deface.
Thine ass I envy, and no less thy name,
  Thy wallets equally I envy thee,
    Thy provender which proves thy providence.
Once more, O Sancho, hail! thou man of fame;
  Our Spanish Ovid, of his courtesy,
    Doth kiss thy crown to do thee reverence.

FROM DONOSO, A MIXED FAT AND LEAN POET,[1] TO SANCHO PANZA[2]

The squire am I, high Sancho Pan—za,
Of Quixote, Knight Manche—gan;
I took French leave, and cut my luck—y,[3]
To live in quietness discreet—ly;
For our taciturn Villadie—go

[1] *Poeta Entreverado: entreverado* is fat and lean mixed, as bacon, to which meat the use of the word is commonly confined.

[2] This is another specimen of the truncated verses, even more obscure than the first. I cannot pretend to give any sense where the Spanish critics themselves can find no meaning. Who is meant by the poet Donoso, the "gay" one, it is impossible to conjecture, any more than who was Villadiego, whose breeches have passed into a proverb.

[3] *Pusé piés en polvorosa*—literally, "I put feet in the dusty"—stands in Spanish slang, or *Germania*, for "I ran away." I have rendered it by an English slang term as the best equivalent.

Don Quixote

All his politic state rea—sons
Were summed up in seclu—sion,
As was perceived by Celesti—na,[1]
Than which's no book divin—er
If its nature were less nak—ed.

TO ROZINANTE

I am the famous Rozinan—te,
Great grandson of great Bavie—ca ;[2]
I for my sins of lean—ness
Was given to Don Quixo—te.[3]
Sluggishly I ran my match—es
But never missed my feed of bar—ley,
For this I learnt from Lazari—llo
When the wine he would be steal—ing
And gave the straw to his blind mas—ter.[4]

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[1] *La Celestina*, or the tragi-comedy of Calisto and Melibœa, is a prose drama of the fifteenth century, partly written by Rodrigo Cota and partly by Fernando de Rojas, which had an enormous popularity in that age. It was first printed at Salamanca in 1499, and passed through a great many editions, besides being translated into many languages. The anonymous author of the *Dialogo de la Lengua*, one of the first critical works published in Spain (*temp.* Charles V.), speaking of the *Celestina*, says that in no book was the language more natural, more proper, or more elegant. It was excellently translated into English by James Mabbe, in 1631.

[2] Bavieca was the horse of the Cid Ruy Diez de Bivar.

[3] Except here, for the sake of the metre, *Don Quixote* is pronounced always in this translation as in English—not, as in Spanish, as a trisyllable.

[4] The allusion here is to a passage in *Lazarillo de Tormes*, where the young picaroon practises on his master a trick learnt from his thieving parents.

ORLANDO FURIOSO TO DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA

If thou wert not a Peer, thou hadst no peer[1]
Who midst ten thousand Peers might well be one!
And where thou wast, there Peers could sure be none.
Thou conqueror unconquered, conquer'd ne'er!
Orlando hight am I, in arms thy fere,
Quixote!—by false Angelica undone,
The trophies of whose might Oblivion,
Offered at glory's shrine, itself did spare.
I cannot be thy peer, for peerlessness
Is to thy prowess due, and to thy fame,
Though equally with me thy head thou lost:
Yet mine thou mayst be, for in Heathenesse
No Scythian fierce or lion thou e'er didst tame,
And love doth make us peer, in love both cross'd.

THE KNIGHT OF THE SUN[2] TO DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA

My sword with yours, O Quixote, could not vie,
Spanish Alfebo! curious courtier;
Nor arm of mine with yours, though wont to flare
Like levin-brand where days are born and die.
Empires I spurn'd, and the proud monarchy
Which the red Orient offered I foresware,

[1] A play throughout upon the double meaning of "peer." Orlando was one of the Twelve Peers of Charlemagne's court. Orlando, unlike Amadis, was never a poet.

[2] The adventures of the Knight of the Sun, Alfebo, son of the great Emperor Trebacio, are contained in the four books of *Espejo de Principes y Caballeros*, written by Diego Ortunez, and first published at Zaragoza in 1562. It is, of all the books of chivalries, one of the most fantastic, extravagant, and tedious.

The sovran face of Claridiana[1] fair—
The bright Aurora of my heart—to see.
I loved her through a portent strange and rare,
And absent in her mishap, the very Hell
Quaked at my arm that did its fury tame.
But you, Illustrious Goth! thy name afar
Your Dulcinea through the world doth tell,
As she by you hath won wit, honesty, and fame.

DON SOLISDAN[2] TO DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA

What though you have by fools befooled been,
And nonsense with your pate has havoc played,
Yet none shall e'er, Sir Quixote, dare upbraid
You for a man of deeds or foul or mean:
Your works shall be your witnesses, I ween,
For setting right the wrongéd was your trade,
Wherein a thousand times well cudgelled
Ye were, by caitiffs vile and rogues obscene;
And if your mistress, beauteous Dulcinea,
Of promised love did your fond hope defraud
Nor kindly to your woeful suit did prove her;
Let this your comfort be, your grief to cheer,
That Sancho Panza was a sorry bawd;
He foolish, cruel she, and you no lover.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN BAVIECA AND ROZINANTE

B. What ails thee, Rozinante, art so lean?—
R. Because I travel aye, and never eat.
B. Is there for thee no straw or barley then?—

[1] Claridiana was the daughter of the Emperor of Trapisonda (Trebizond) and of the Queen of the Amazons.

[2] No such name occurs in any of the books, and it is supposed to be an invention of Cervantes. This sonnet in the original is stuffed with antique words and phrases.



R. Ne'er a bit of either from my lord I get.
B. Aroint thee, with thy ass's tongue obscene,
That doth thy master kind vituperate!—
R. 'Tis he, from cradle to his winding-sheet
Was ass, I trow, as in his love was seen.
B. Is love a folly?—R. Sure, 'tis no wit.
B. Thou art a cynic.—R. 'Tis because I'm hungry.
B. Complain'st of squire?—R. Faith, that complaint's too scanty;
For why the author of my pains acquit?—
Both squire and lord in this your Errant-mongery
Are hacks as sure as e'er was Rozinante.

FIRST PART

OF THE

INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

Don Quixote of La Mancha

CHAPTER I

Which treats of the condition and way of life of the famous gentleman, Don Quixote of La Mancha

In a certain village of La Mancha, whose name I will not recall,[1] there lived not long ago[2] a gentleman,—one of those who keep a lance in the rack, an ancient target, a lean hackney, and a greyhound for coursing.[3] A mess of some-

[1] This reticence in respect to Don Quixote's village has been variously interpreted, and has given rise to endless conjectures more or less uncomplimentary, sometimes to the locality, sometimes to the author. But Cervantes himself gives a simple and natural reason for the mystery, if he ever intended one, in the concluding sentences of the last chapter of the Second Part of *Don Quixote*.

[2] As Cervantes was writing towards the close of the sixteenth century, the action of the story must be taken as passing in the last years of the reign of Philip II., who died in 1598.

[3] *Lanza en astillero.* Antonio de Guevara, chronicler and chaplain to Charles V., in his *Menosprecio de la Corte*, "Contempt of the Court," describing the furniture of a village gentleman (*hidalgo*) of the period, mentions "a lance outside the door, a hackney in the stable, and a target in the chamber." The *astillero*, or lance-rack, is still to be seen in old houses in the interior of Castile and La Mancha, surviving as a stand for firearms. Its place was in the porch, sometimes in the central court or *patio*. The *adarga* was the old knightly triangular shield, made of leather, stretched on a frame of iron, sometimes of wood. The *rocin* (hackney) was a horse-of-all-work. As hares are plentiful in La Mancha the *galgo corredor* or greyhound was an indispensable member of the household.

what more beef than mutton,[1] a salad on most nights, a hotch-potch on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, with the addition of a pigeon on Sundays, consumed three parts of his substance.[2] The rest of it was spent on a doublet of fine broad-cloth, a pair of velvet breeches for holidays, with slippers of the same, and his home-spun of the finest, with which he decked himself on week-days.[3] He kept at home a housekeeper, who was past forty, and a niece who had not reached twenty, besides a lad for the field and market, who saddled the nag and handled the pruning-hook.

[1] Mutton was then dearer than beef in Spain; the sheep being reserved for wool, the oxen lean from hard work.

[2] The diet of Don Quixote may be taken as that of a small country gentleman of the period. The *olla* was, and is, the standing dish, more or less savoury according to its contents. The salad (*salpicon*) was one of meat cut into small pieces and dressed with vinegar, oil, and pepper. The dish *duelos y quebrantos*, which I have ventured, for want of a better equivalent, to translate "hotch-potch," has been a fertile subject for the commentators, and a hard bone for the translators to pick. *Duelos y quebrantos*, Pellicer has explained, arose out of the custom in the pastoral districts of Spain for the shepherds to bring home to their masters, at the end of the week, the remains or prime pieces of the animals which had come to a violent end, either from wolves or accidents in the field. Out of these was made the dish called *duelos y quebrantos*—literally, "griefs and breakings"—the first word expressive of the sentiment of the master at his loss, the second denoting the condition of the animal. This dish, as being meagre and little appetising, good Spaniards, by a special dispensation, were permitted to eat on Saturdays. On that day abstinence from meat used to be strictly observed throughout Spain, in commemoration of the great and crowning victory of *Las Navas de Tolosa*, gained in 1212 over the Moors. The custom lasted till the middle of the eighteenth century, when it was abolished by a Bull of Pope Benedict XIV. The name, *duelos y quebrantos*, as well as the dish, appears to be now obsolete in Spain,—at least, I never could hear of it; but it still survives in the Spanish countries of America. See Boddam-Whetham's *Across Central America* (1877), pp. 199 and 200.

[3] The minute account of Don Quixote's apparel enables us to realise the costume and appearance of a country gentleman in Spain at the close of the sixteenth century. The doublet was worn close to the body. The breeches were of a piece with the stockings, in shape similar to what are called "trews" by Highlanders. The slippers, *pantuflos*, worn presumably in the house only, were affected chiefly, according to Covarrubias, by old and grave folk.

The age of our gentleman bordered upon fifty years. He was of a vigorous constitution, spare of flesh, dry of visage, a great early riser, and a lover of the chase. They affirm that his surname was Quejada or Quesada (and in this there is some variance among the authors who treat of the matter), although by very probable conjectures we are led to conclude that he was called Quijana.[1] But this is of small import to our story; enough that in the telling of it we swerve not a jot from the truth.

Be it known then that this gentleman above mentioned, during the interval that he was idle, which was the greater part of the year, gave himself up to the reading of books of chivalries, with so much fervour and relish that he almost entirely neglected the exercise of the chase and even the management of his estate. And to such a pitch did his curiosity and infatuation reach that he sold many acres of arable land in order to buy romances of chivalry to read; and so he brought home as many of them as he could procure. And of all none seemed to him so good as those composed by the famous Feliciano de Silva,[2] for their brilliancy of

[1] The full name, as given in the Second Part, is Alonso Quijano. An endless amount of idle conjecture has been indulged in by Spanish critics as to who was meant by this name; what gentleman called Quijano or Quesada was to be found at that period in La Mancha; what was Cervantes' motive in choosing him for his hero; and other questions equally pertinent and interesting. Both Quijada and Quesada were well-known names in Spain at the time, the first having been borne by the famous Luis Quijada, major-domo to Charles V. and guardian to his son Don Juan, a distinguished general, who conducted the operations against the insurgent Moriscoes in the Alpujarras, and died of a wound received in battle in 1570. The name of Quijada was that of a family in the district of Esquivias, the town from which Cervantes married his wife. One Quesada, late governor of the Goleta, was a fellow-passenger with Cervantes in the galley *El Sol*, when she was captured by the Algerines. *Quijada* means "jaw-bone." Says Coleridge, "even in this trifle Cervantes shows an exquisite judgment, just once insinuating the association of *lantern-jaws* into the reader's mind."

[2] Feliciano de Silva, the author of *Don Florisel de Niquea*, was he who in these inventions carried rodomontade to the highest pitch. His style had already

style, and those entangled sentences seemed to him to be very pearls; and especially when he came to read of the passages of love and cartels of defiance, wherein he often found written things like these:—"*The reason of the unreason which is done to my reason in such wise my reason debilitates, that with reason I complain of your beauteousness.*" And also when he read:—"*The lofty heavens which of your divinity do divinely fortify you with the constellations, and make you deserver of the deserts which your mightiness deserves.*"[1]

Over these reasons our poor gentleman lost his senses, and he used to keep awake at night in trying to comprehend them and in plucking out their meaning, which not Aristotle himself could extract or understand, were he to come to life for that special purpose. He did not much fancy the wounds which Don Belianis gave and received; for he thought that, however potent were the masters[2] who had healed him, the Knight could not but have his face and all his body full of scars and marks.[3] Nevertheless, he

brought down upon him the ridicule and censure of writers of judgment, even before *Don Quixote* gave him immortality. Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, the celebrated author of the *Guerra de Granada*, had quoted in his *Letters of the Bachelor of Arcadia* (then and I believe still in manuscript) the very passages which Cervantes has selected for a sample of Feliciano de Silva's extravagance.

[1] Clemencin quotes from other authors of that age passages quite as absurd as these, proving how much the popular taste had been debauched by the writers of the books of chivalries.

[2] The surgeons and physicians were called "masters," both in the books of chivalries and in the old chronicles. At the *Paso Honroso*, a famous knightly function held at Orbigo, near Leon, in the year 1434, which was attended by many Knights Errant from various countries, several eminent masters of surgery were present; nor had they a sinecure, for it is told that, on the last day of the tourney, of the sixty-eight adventurers who contended, only one remained in a state fit to bear arms. See Appendix D, vol. I.

[3] Belianis, who was not enchanted nor invulnerable in any part like Orlando, was distinguished by the number of wounds he received during his career. In the two first books of his history alone are reckoned a hundred and one painful hurts, besides many others in the other two books.

praised in the author the ending of his book with the promise of that interminable adventure,[1] and oft-times he was seized with a desire to take up the pen, and put a finish to it in good earnest, as is there proposed. And doubtless he would have done so; aye, and gone through with it, had not other greater and more lasting thoughts diverted his mind.

Many times he held dispute with the Priest[2] of his village (who was a learned man, a graduate of Siguenza[3]) as to who should have been the better knight, Palmerin of England[4] or Amadis of Gaul; though Master Nicholas, the Barber of the same village, was used to say that none came up to the Knight of the Sun, and that if any one could compare with him it was Don Galaor,[5] brother of Amadis of Gaul, for he had a very accommodating temper for everything; he was no prudish cavalier, nor such a sniveller[6] as his brother, nor in the article of valour any behind him.

[1] Gerónimo Fernandez, the author of *Belianis of Greece*, says at the conclusion of his history that he had wished to mention other particulars, but the enchanter Friston swore to him that he had lost the copy, in passing from Greece into Nubia.

[2] *El cura*—made into "the curate" by all the old translators; but *cura* is not equivalent to our English curate. He is the French *curé*, the English "rector," the priest of the parish. In this story he plays a leading part, and as a gentleman of good sense, wit, and judgment, is an excellent foil both to the crazy knight and to the vulgar barber.

[3] According to Part I. ch. v., the priest was not a graduate, but only a licentiate. In the time of Philip II. the living was worth 300 ducats (£35) a year. At Siguenza, on the Henares, was a small university.

[4] Palmerin of England, of whom more will be heard anon, was the great rival of Amadis in popularity, the two being read more than any other of the kind in Spain.

[5] Galaor, son of Perion King of Gaul, and own brother to Amadis, was a contrast to that hero in temper and in morals, being a general lover, and of a gallant, amorous disposition.

[6] The bold Amadis, it is true, was much given to tears. He weeps profusely at nearly every interview with his mistress. The contrast between this sentimental chaste lover, and the gay, Mercutio-like Galaor, is very well kept up by the author.

In fine, our gentleman was so absorbed in these studies that he passed his nights reading from eve to dawn and his days from dark to dusk; and so with little sleep and much study his brain dried up, to the end that he lost his wits. He filled himself with the imagination of all that he read in the books; with enchantments, with quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, amorous plaints, loves, torments, and follies impossible. And so assured was he of the truth of all that mass of fantastic inventions of which he read that for him there was no other history in the world so certain. He would say that the Cid Ruy Diez must have been a good Knight, but not to be named with the Knight of the Flaming Sword,[1] who only with one back-stroke had severed two fierce and monstrous giants through the middle. He better liked Bernardo del Carpio,[2] because at Roncesvalles he had slain Orlando the Enchanted,[3] availing himself of Hercules' trick when he throttled Anteus,[4] son of Terra, in his arms. He spoke very well of the giant Morgante,[5] for, though of that gigantesque brood who are all arrogant and uncivil, this alone was affable and well-mannered. But, above all, he esteemed Rinaldo of Montalvan,[6] especially

[1] This was Amadis of Greece, the grandson or great-grandson of him of Gaul, called "of the Flaming Sword," because he was marked on the breast with that emblem, always red-hot, from which awkward distinction he was relieved by the sage Alquife.

[2] A famous ballad-hero, invented by the Spaniards to match Orlando.

[3] Orlando was almost invulnerable, like Achilles, and could only be wounded in the sole of his left foot.

[4] *Acteon* in the text. Probably a printer's blunder.

[5] One of the few of large stature who had any civility. He was conquered and then converted to the true faith (whatever that was) by Orlando, and is the hero of Pulci's poem, *Il Morgante Maggiore*.

[6] Rinaldo was one of the Twelve Peers of France, a leading character in the *Orlando Furioso*, and one of the most important of the heroes of the Carlovingian romances. There was always bad blood between him and Orlando. There was a prevailing notion in that age that the Mahomedans were idolaters, the three chief of whose gods were Mahound, Apollo, and Termagaunt. In the Chronicle of Turpin, the first of all Carlovingian romances, the idol of Mahomed, or

when he saw him sally from his castle and rob all he met, and when in Heathenrie he stole that idol of Mahound which was all of gold, as his history tells. As for the traitor Galalon,[1] for a volley of kicks at him he would have given his housekeeper,—aye, and his niece to boot. In short, his wits utterly wrecked, he fell into the strangest delusion ever madman conceived in the world, and this was, that it was fitting and necessary for him, as he thought, both for the augmenting of his honour and the service of the state, to make himself a Knight Errant, and travel through the world with his armour and his horse seeking for adventures, and to exercise himself in all that he had read that the Knight Errant practised, redressing all kinds of wrong, and placing himself in perils and passes by the surmounting of which he might achieve an everlasting name and fame. Already the

Mahound, is described as "an image of the finest gold, cast in the shape of a man, and standing on its feet on a lofty stone pedestal" (the Kaaba?). (Turp., l. 1, ch. xxviii.) See also Pulci, *Morgante Maggiore*, ch. xxi. st. 62.

[1] Galalon, Ganalon, Gano, Gan, is the archetype of the traitor in mediæval romance, the leading villain in the myth of Roland. He was one of the Twelve Peers, who married the widowed Bertha, the daughter (some say sister) of Charlemagne, and thus was the step-father of Roland. He figures in Dante's *Inferno*, as Roland does in the *Paradiso*. Suborned by heathen gold, he it was who led Charlemagne's army to destruction in the "dolorous rout" of Roncesvalles. He was brave, noble, and of handsome figure. One of the most picturesque scenes in the *Chanson de Roland* is the accusation, trial, and defence of the traitor before the assembled barons. Confessing his guilt, he pleaded that it was vengeance, not treason—*Venget m'en fui mais n'i ad traisom* (st. 274, in edition of L. P. de Julleville, 1878). Roland, his enemy, had sent him on a treacherous embassy to the King Marsilian for his destruction, and it was Roland, not the Emperor, whom he designed to punish. The assembled barons, it is curious to know, admitted the plea, to Charlemagne's great wrath—declaring that, now Roland was dead and could not come back for any money, Ganalon might be permitted to live *car mult est gentilz hum*. After the defeat of his champion Pinabel by Thierry, Ganalon was condemned to be torn to pieces by wild horses. M. Hugo Meyer (*Revue Critique*, February 12, 1872) ingeniously suggests an historical vein in the fable. Ganalon comes, he says, from the Frankish *gamalo*, which is the Norsk *gamal* (old). But the wolf is called the "old one" in the traditions of the *Eddas*; and it was *Lupus*, the Duke of Gascony, who betrayed and destroyed Charlemagne's army at Roncesvalles.

poor man imagined himself, by the valour of his arm, crowned with, at the least, the Empire of Trebizond.[1] And so, with these imaginations so delightful, rapt in the strange zest with which they inspired him, he made haste to give effect to what he desired. The first thing he did was to furbish up some armour which had belonged to his great-grandfathers, which, eaten with rust and covered with mould, had lain for ages where it had been put away and forgotten, in a corner. He scoured and dressed it as well as he was able, but he saw that it had one great defect, which was that there was no covered helmet,[2] but only a simple morion or head-piece. This his ingenuity supplied, for, with pieces of pasteboard, he fashioned a sort of half-beaver, which, fitted to the morion, gave it the appearance of a complete helmet. The fact is that, to prove it to be strong and able to stand the chance of a sword-cut, he drew his sword and gave it a couple of strokes, demolishing with the very first, in a moment, what had cost him a week to make. The ease with which he had knocked it to pieces not seeming to him good, in order to secure himself against this danger he set to making it anew, fitting some bars of iron within in such a manner as to leave him satisfied with his defence; and without caring to make a fresh trial of it he constituted and accepted it for a very perfect good helmet. He went then to inspect his nag, a beast which, though it had more quarters than there are in a *real*,[3] and more blemishes than

[1] A city frequently mentioned in the romances. It was the seat of a branch of the Greek Empire till it was yielded to Mahomet II. in 1461. It probably came into vogue as a theatre of romantic adventure from its being the port at which the Spanish embassy to Timur (Tamerlane) disembarked in 1403, according to Clavijo's *Itinerary*.

[2] *Celada de encaje.* The complete helmet of the sixteenth century—*celada borgoñona*—was composed of the head-piece, or morion, with a vizor to defend the face, and a beaver (*bevoir*) which lifted up to permit the warrior to eat and drink.

[3] *Mas cuartos que un real:* a play upon the word *cuarto*, which has a double meaning—first, the quarter of a piece of money (*real*); second, a disease to which

the horse of Gonela,[1] which *tantum pellis et ossa fuit*,[2] appeared to him to surpass Alexander's Bucephalus and the Cid's Bavieca.[3] Four days were spent by our gentleman in meditating on what name to give him; for, as he said to himself, it was not right that the steed of Knight so famous, and in himself so good, should be without a recognised appellation; and therefore he endeavoured to fit him with one which should signify what he had been prior to his belonging to a Knight Errant, and what he was then; since he thought it but right that, the master having changed his condition, the horse should also change his name, and get him one sublime and high-sounding, as befitted the new order and the new office which he professed. And so, after many names which he devised, effaced, and rejected, amended, remade, and unmade in his mind and fancy, finally he decided to call him ROZINANTE—a name, in his opinion, lofty, sonorous, and significative of what his animal had been when he was a common hackney, previous to his becoming what he now was,—before, and in front of, all the hackneys in the world.[4]

Having given to his horse a name so much to his liking,

horses' feet are subject, *i.e.* sandcracks. The pun cannot be retained in English.

[1] Gonela was an Italian, fool to the Marquis of Ferrara in the fifteenth century, whose buffooneries are recorded in the old jest-books. He had a horse famous for leanness.

[2] Plautus, *Aulularia*, Act i. sc. 6.

[3] *Bavieca*, literally "Slaverer," hence "stupid," "booby"; from *baba*, spittle, from which come English *babe* and *baby*. The name arose thus, according to the chronicler:—The young Ruy Diez, being in want of a horse, went to his godfather for one. "There came out a mare with a colt, very ugly and mangy. Said he to his godfather, 'I'll have this one.' And his godfather said angrily, 'Bavieca, thou hast chosen ill.' And then said Rodrigo, 'This will be a good horse, and Bavieca shall he have for name.' And on this horse did my Cid win afterwards many battles in the field."—*Crónica del Cid.*

[4] A happy and humorous choice. Rozinante—*quasi Rocin-ante*—a hack before, or a hack above, all hacks. *Rocin* signifies a horse of ill figure and of small value—in fact, a "screw."

he then desired to give one to himself, and the thinking of this cost him eight other days. At last he decided to call himself DON QUIXOTE;[1] whereupon the authors of this truthful history, as has been said, have found occasion to affirm that his name was Quijada, and not Quesada, as others would have it. Then recollecting that the valorous Amadis was not contented with calling himself simply Amadis, but added the name of his kingdom and native country, to make it famous, taking the name of Amadis of Gaul,[2] so he desired, like a good Knight, to add to his own the name of his native land, and call himself DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA,[3] whereby, to his seeming, he made lively proclamation of his lineage and his country, and honoured it by taking his surname therefrom.

His armour then being cleaned, his morion manufactured into a helmet, a name given to his horse, and himself confirmed with a new one,[4] it struck him that he lacked nothing else than to look for a lady of whom to be enamoured; for the Knight Errant without amours was a tree without leaves and without fruit, and a body without soul.[5] He would say

[1] *Quixote*, Fr. *cuisse*, Eng. *cuish*, is the part of armour which covers the thigh. In the original, it is needless, perhaps, to say, it is a tri-syllable, with the accent on the penultimate. The final *ote*, in Spanish, is a ridiculous and depreciatory augmentative. The name, which has now passed into every European language as a synonym for all that it expresses, was found much fault with by some of Cervantes' contemporaries, and with the *Don* before it was ridiculed as far-fetched and vulgar.

[2] Gaul was not France, as commonly supposed, but Wales—*Guallia*.

[3] There have been many conjectures as to the reasons why Cervantes chose La Mancha as the native country of his hero. No one will doubt the happiness of that choice who has ever visited that province. The tradition is that Cervantes had been ill-used by the Manchegans, and took this method of revenging himself. No living Manchegan, however, looks upon Don Quixote in any other light than as an honour to La Mancha.

[4] At the sacrament of confirmation it was sometimes the custom for the confirmed to take a new name.

[5] Perch'ogni cavalier, ch'è senza amore,
Se'n vista è vivo, è vivo senza core.
—Boiardo, *Orlando Innamorato*.

to himself—Were I, for my sins, or through good luck, to encounter hereabouts some giant, as usually happens to Knights Errant, and to overthrow him at the onset, or cleave him through the middle of his body, or, in fine, vanquish him and make him surrender, would it not be well to have some one to whom to send him as a present, that he might enter and bend the knee before my sweet mistress, and say with humble and subdued voice:—I, lady, am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island of Malindramia,[1] whom the never-to-be-praised-as-he-deserves Knight Don Quixote of La Mancha vanquished in single combat, —he who hath commanded me to present myself before your grace that your highness may dispose of me at your pleasure.

Oh, how our good Knight was pleased with himself when he had delivered this speech!—And the more when he found one to whom to give the name of his lady. It happened, as the belief is, that in a village near his own[2] there was a well-looking peasant girl, with whom he once had fallen in love, though it is understood that she never knew it or had proof thereof. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo,[3] and upon her he judged it fit to bestow the title of mistress of his fancy; and, seeking for her a name which should not much belie her own, and yet incline and approach to that of a princess or great lady, he decided to call her DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO, for she was a native of El Toboso—a name, in his opinion, musical, romantic, and

[1] These names are coined with Cervantes' usual felicity, and in them is embedded more than one pleasant jest at the expense of the giants and their authors.

[2] El Toboso is about seven leagues distant from Don Quixote's town, in a direction almost due north.

[3] According to Covarrubias, Aldonza, an ancient and not uncommon name in Spain, is formed from *donza*, a corruption of *dulce*, with the addition of the Arabic article *al*. Thus it lends itself easily to the invention of Dulcinea, which is "the sweet one."



significant, as were all which he had given to himself and his belongings.[1]

[1] Dulcinea, which in all tongues has become the synonym of sweetheart, is a name which has greatly exercised some of those who would go *á buscar pan de trastrigo*—to look for better bread than is made of wheat—who, not content with Cervantes' plain declaration of the purpose of his romance, pretend to find in it a deep esoteric meaning. A recent critic, Señor Benjumea, holds that Dulcinea, which he finds to be the anagram of *diña* (divina) *luce*, is the "objective soul" of Don Quixote, *la digna Donna Lux de Guinicelli*, *la Donna Filosofia de Dante*, *la Angelica de Boyardo y Ariosto*, etc. Hardly more absurd is Landor's conjecture that in Dulcinea Cervantes intended remotely to ridicule the Immaculate Virgin Mary. (Works, vol. i. p. 534.)

CHAPTER II

Which treats of the First Sally which the Ingenious Don Quixote made from his village

THESE preparations having been made, our gentleman determined to wait no longer to put his scheme into execution, being spurred thereto by the thought that his tardiness was causing a loss to the world, seeing the grievances there were to redress, the wrongs to right, the errors to amend, the abuses to correct, and the debts to pay off. Therefore, without imparting his design to any person, and without being seen by anybody, one morning before dawn (it was one of the hot days in the month of July [1]) he armed himself in all his armour, mounted upon Rozinante, donned his ill-framed head-gear, braced on his shield,[2] seized his lance, and by the back gate of the yard [3] sallied out into the plain, overjoyed to perceive with how much ease he had made a beginning of his fair design. But scarce did he find himself

[1] The curious in these matters—and there has been much written on the chronology of *Don Quixote*—have been able to fix the exact date of the Knight's sally by the informations given in the course of the story. A little further on we are told that the day was a Friday, when the moon was at the full. By help of these hints and of the calendar, Hartzenbusch has been enabled to fix the date of Don Quixote's first sally as the 28th of July 1589.

[2] The shield, when worn by knights on horseback and not required for defence or carried by the squire, was slung by a buckle and thong round the neck.

[3] The *corral*, or outer yard, then a necessary appanage of every house such as would be inhabited by a gentleman of Don Quixote's condition.

in the open plain when a terrible thought assailed him, and such as well-nigh made him give up the enterprise as soon as it was begun; and it was the recollection that he was not a dubbed Knight, and thus, in conformity with the laws of chivalry, he neither could nor should take arms against any Knight; and even if he had been one, he was bound as a novice to wear plain armour,[1] without device on the shield until he had gained one by his prowess. These reflections made him falter in his purpose, but, his frenzy prevailing over every other argument, he proposed to have himself dubbed Knight by the first man he met, in imitation of many who had done the like as he had read in the books by which he was so much influenced.[2] As touching the plain armour, he purposed, when he had leisure, to scour his so that it should be whiter than ermine.[3] And with this he quieted himself and pursued his way, taking no other road than such as his horse pleased,[4] in the belief that therein consisted the force of adventures.

Journeying along, our brand-new[5] adventurer talked to himself as he went, saying:—Who doubts but that, in the ages to come, when the true history of my famous feats shall issue to the light, the sage who writes of them[6] will,

[1] *Armas blancas*, lit. "white armour," worn by the new knight until he had distinguished himself by some feat of arms. The armour and shield had to be of one colour or of one metal, without device or ornament, nor was a sword allowed, but only a lance.

[2] As Don Galaor had done, who, meeting his brother Amadis casually, was by him received into knighthood, neither knowing the other. (*Amadis*, ch. xi.) A knight only could make a knight, according to the *Doctrinal de Caballeros*, compiled by the Bishop of Burgos in the fifteenth century. The exception was in the case of a king, who could make a knight without being one.

[3] Cervantes plays with the double meaning of *blancas*—"white" and "plain" (blank), *i.e.* without colour.

[4] So Amadis did, and many others, at the outset of their Errantries.

[5] *Flamante*—absurdly translated by Shelton "burnisht," and by Jarvis "flaming."

[6] It is generally a sage or an enchanter, or both, to whom is assigned the

when he comes to recount this my first sally, so early in the morning, put it in this manner:—Scarce[1] had the rubicund Apollo shed over the face of the broad and spacious earth the golden threads of his beauteous locks, and scarce had the tiny, painted birdlings, with their forked tongues, saluted with sweet and honeyed melody the coming of the roseate Aurora, who, deserting the smooth couch of her jealous husband, displayed herself to mortals through the portals and balconies of the Manchegan horizon, when the famous Knight, Don Quixote of La Mancha, quitting the slothful down, mounted his famous steed Rozinante and commenced to journey by the ancient and renowned Plain of Montiel[2]—(and true it was that by that way he was travelling). And he continued, saying:—Happy the age, and happy the time in which shall be made public these famous feats of mine, worthy of being engraven in brass, sculptured in marble, and painted in pictures for a memorial in future. O thou, sage enchanter, whoever thou mayst be, who art destined to be the chronicler of this unparalleled history, I beseech thee forget not my good Rozinante, for ever companion of mine in all my journeys and courses!—

rôle of author in the romances of chivalry. So Alquife wrote *Amadis of Greece*, and Friston wrote *Belianis of Greece*.

[1] Capmany, in his *Teatro de la Elocuencia Española*, quotes this passage as a model of fine writing, while Pellicer says of it that Cervantes' purpose was to ridicule the pomp and affectation so frequent in the romances of chivalry. There are numberless pedantic, extravagant, and wearisome descriptions, especially of the dawn of day, in those books; but Cervantes, while imitating their style, has contrived that the imitation shall be good, eloquent Castilian; so that both Capmany and Pellicer are right.

[2] *Campo de Montiel*, a plain celebrated in Spanish history as the scene of the fratricidal combat between King Pedro of Castile and his bastard brother, Enrique of Trastamara, in 1369, in which the former was slain. It is a district of La Mancha, extending in a wild, bare plain to the northern slopes of the Sierra Morena, the most characteristic portion of an unlovely region. According to Pellicer's *Itinerary*, Don Quixote, in this his first sally, steered a course almost due west of his native village; yet the Campo de Montiel is the southernmost part of La Mancha.

Presently he cried again, as though he were really enamoured:—O Princess Dulcinea, mistress of this captive heart! Sore wrong have you wrought me in casting me off and afflicting me with the cruel rigour of your mandate not to appear before your beauteousness.[1] Vouchsafe, lady, to bear in mind this your vassal heart, which suffers pangs so grievous for the love of you.

With these he went stringing other rhapsodies, all in the fashion of those which his books had taught him, imitating as well as he was able their language. And he rode on so leisurely, and the sun became so hot that it was enough to melt his brains, had he possessed any. Nearly the whole of that day he journeyed without meeting anything worthy of mention, at which he was in despair, for he longed on the instant to encounter some one with whom he might make trial of the might of his strong arm. There are authors who say that the first adventure which befell him was that of the Puerto Lapice; others hold it was that of the windmills;[2] but that which I have been able to ascertain on this point, and which I have found inscribed in the annals of La Mancha, is that he rode all that day, and at nightfall his nag and himself found themselves tired and dying of hunger. Looking round on every side to see if he might discover some castle or shepherd's cot where he might take shelter and supply his pressing wants, he descried not far off from the road on which he was travelling an inn,[3] which to him seemed as a star to guide him to the portals if not to the palaces of his redemption.[4] Quickening his pace, he reached it just as night set in. There chanced to be standing at

[1] Such a mandate, imposed by Oriana on her Amadis, forms the principal motive of action in his story.

[2] Both these adventures belong to the second sally (ch. viii.).

[3] The inn, or some inn, with a yard, draw-well, and stone trough, called *Venta de Quesada*, still stands, almost as here described, with an inscription affirming it to be the very one where Don Quixote was knighted.

[4] An allusion to the star of Bethlehem.

the door two young women, such as they call *of the game*,[1] who were on their way to Seville with some muleteers, who had happened to take up their quarters in the inn that evening. And since, to our adventurer, all that he thought, saw, or imagined, seemed to be done and pass after the manner of what he had read, as soon as he saw the inn he made himself believe that it was a castle with its four towers and spires of shining silver,[2] nor wanting drawbridge and moat and all the appurtenances with which such castles are painted. Arriving at the inn, which to his mind was a castle, when still a little way off he drew bridle on Rozinante, awaiting some dwarf to plant himself on the battlements and with a trumpet to announce that a Knight to the castle was coming. But when he perceived that they delayed, and that Rozinante was in a hurry to reach the stable, he went up to the inn door, where he saw the two wanton lasses standing, whom he believed to be two lovely damsels or two graceful dames, taking their recreation at the castle gate. Just then it happened that a swineherd, who was collecting from the stubbles a drove of hogs (saving your presence for calling them so[3]), sounded a horn, at which signal they mustered; and on the instant there was represented what Don Quixote looked for, which was that some dwarf was giving notice of his approach. And so, with prodigious complacency, he went up to the window and to those ladies, who, when they saw coming towards them a man thus accoutred in armour, with lance and shield, were for flying

[1] *Del Partido*,—which a recent translator has boldly rendered "of the Liberal party." The ladies of that profession were known by that euphemism in ancient Spanish documents. It was, in fact, the legal name of public women, according to an edict of Juan II.

[2] Such as the castles had in *Belianis—que daban gran sabor á quien los miraba* (ch. viii.)

[3] When pigs were mentioned it was usual, in that age of delicacy, to put in this saving clause, not to offend the ears of the hearer—a survival, doubtless, from Moorish times. (See Part II. ch. xlv.)

all in fear within the inn. But Don Quixote, gathering by their retreat that they were frightened, raising his vizor of pasteboard and disclosing his lean and dusty countenance, with a courteous mien and a placid voice, exclaimed:—Let your graces fly not, nor dread any scathe, for with the order of chivalry which I profess it doth not consist or comport to do aught to any, more especially to maidens so exalted as your appearance proclaims you to be.[1]

The wenches stared at him, and sought with all their eyes to make out the face which that sorry vizor enshrouded; but when they heard themselves called maidens, a thing so foreign to their profession, they could not contain their laughter, so that Don Quixote came to be nettled and said to them:—Civility well becomes the beautiful; and the laugh which proceeds from a light cause is, furthermore, great foolishness; but this I say to you not to offend you nor to incur your displeasure, for my intent is no other than to do you service.

This language, which was unintelligible to the ladies, and the uncouth aspect of our Knight, increased their laughter, which angered him the more; and it would have gone much farther if at this moment the innkeeper had not come out—a man who, through being very fat, was very pacific. He, seeing that grotesque figure, accoutred with arms so discordant, as were the lance, shield, and coat of armour, with the manner of riding,[2] was on the point

[1] Our knight here, as elsewhere upon like occasions, uses antique and archaic forms of speech, such as he found in the books of chivalries, saying *fecho* for *hecho*, *fermosa* for *hermosa*, *ca* for *porque*, *al* (*aliud*) for *otro*, etc. The *f* did not finally give place to *h* in words derived from Latin until the beginning of the fifteenth century.

[2] The appearance of a man in armour at a roadside country inn must have been in itself a strange and novel spectacle to a Spanish innkeeper. The wearing of complete suits of armour had gone out for more than a century before Don Quixote's days. But the traditions of the fashion must have been still fresh in the minds of men for the innkeeper to detect the discordance between the several parts of Don Quixote's equipment. The knight is described as riding

of keeping the wenches company in their demonstrations of mirth. But, in sooth, being afraid of that mass of warlike material, he decided to speak him fairly, so accosted him thus :—If your worship, Sir Knight, is in quest of a lodging, saving a bed (for in this inn there is none), everything else will be found in great plenty.[1]

Don Quixote, noting the humility of the Governor of the fortress (for such he took the innkeeper and the inn to be), responded :—For me, Sir Castellan, whatever you will shall suffice, for—

My ornaments are arms,
My rest the battle-fray.[2]

The host thought that the Knight had called him a

in full armour, *á la brida*, with his shield slung from his neck. *A la brida* means with the legs stretched out at full length, after the usual manner of heavy-armed horsemen, with heavy stirrups. Knights so mounted could not carry their own shields on a journey, which were borne by their squires, who rode behind. The other mode of riding was *á la gineta*—"jennet-wise"—that is, with short stirrups, which was the fashion of light cavalry, probably introduced into Spain by the Moors. The incongruity, therefore, was in Don Quixote's carrying his own shield, though armed *cap-a-pié*, and riding *á la brida*.

[1] The Spanish *venta* is not much improved since the days of Cervantes. It hardly corresponds to the English "inn," seeing that it professes to provide only shelter for man and horse, with drink, but no food. There are three classes of houses of accommodation in Spain—first the *fonda* or hotel (the Turkish *fondack*), which, in the large cities and frequented places, is equal in comfort to the Continental hotel ; second, the *posada*, or inn proper, where both food and lodging are provided ; third, the *venta*, facetiously derived, says Ford, *a vendendo*,—because nothing is sold there, except, as old Covarrubias says, a cat for a hare. The *ventero*, or host, is very independent, and makes a favour of his service. He will condescend sometimes to bring food to his guest, and charges for his trouble in the bill under the item of *ruido* (noise), the general disturbance which the traveller causes by his coming. In the time of Cervantes the innkeepers had a very ill reputation as being the accomplices of thieves and receivers of stolen goods. (See the picaresque novels, *passim.*)

[2] These two lines are from the old ballad :

Mis arreos son las armas,
Mi descanso el pelear.
—Duran, vol. i. p. 161.

Castilian because he looked like one of the safe men of Castile,[1] although he was an Andalusian and from the San Lucar shore,[2] no less a thief than Cacus or less tricky than student or page. And so he replied:—According to that—

> Your couch shall be the flinty rock,
> Your sleep to watch alway;[3]

and, it being so, your worship can safely alight with the certainty of finding in this cottage matter and occasion for not sleeping a whole twelvemonth, not to say one night.

Saying this he went to hold Don Quixote's stirrup, who dismounted with great difficulty and effort, for he had not broken fast all day. He then told the host to take great care of his steed, for it was the best bit of horseflesh that ever ate bread in the world. The innkeeper looked at the beast, which did not appear to him to be as good as Don Quixote said, nor even one-half; but he put him up in the stable, and returned to see what were his guest's commands, whom the damsels (for they were now reconciled) were disarming. They took off his breastplate and back-piece, but they could not extricate him from his gorget nor rid him of the counterfeit helmet, which was fastened with green ribbands, whose knots they could not loose without cutting, to which he would by no means consent. So he remained all that night with his helmet on, which was the

[1] *Sano de Castilla*—a cant term in the language of *Germania*, or the thieves' slang of Spain, for *ladron disimulado*, "disguised thief."

[2] The *Playa de San Lucar*; a favourite haunt of vagabonds and bad characters in that age.

[3] The innkeeper continues and caps Don Quixote's quotation from the same ballad—

> Mi cama las duras peñas,
> Mi dormir siempre velar,

with a readiness which shows, as in some other passages of this story, how familiar in the mouths of the people were their ballads as well as their proverbs. To-day, it is only the proverbs which survive.

drollest and strangest figure conceivable. On getting out of his armour, imagining those draggled and hackneyed light-o'-loves[1] who disarmed him to be illustrious ladies and dames of that castle, he addressed them with much gracefulness:—

> Never sure was gallant knight
> By ladies fair so well attended,
> As was he, Don Quixote hight,
> When from home his way he wended.
> Damsels to him minister'd
> And Princesses to his *rozin*[2]—

or Rozinante, which, dear ladies, is my horse's name, and Don Quixote of La Mancha mine, although it had not been my intention to declare myself until the feats performed in your service and weal should discover me. The necessity of accommodating to the present occasion that old romance of Lancelot has been the cause of your learning my name out of all season; but the time will come when your ladyships may command me and I obey, and the valour of mine arm disclose the desire I have to serve you.

The wenches, who were not used to hear harangues like

[1] *Aquellas traídas y llevadas*; lit. "those brought and carried ones."

[2] Don Quixote applies to himself the old ballad of Lancelot:—

> Nunca fuera caballero
> De damas tan bien servido,
> Como fuera Lanzarote
> Cuando de Bretaña vino,
> Que dueñas cuidaban dél,
> Doncellas de su rocino.
> —Duran, vol. i. p. 198.

The turn at the last word, *rozin*, has been ludicrously misapprehended by all the early translators, who, following Shelton, make a full stop at *rozin* and begin "O Rozinante!"—mistaking the disjunctive *ó* for the interjection. The references for the ballads are in every case to Duran's *Romancero*, published in two volumes in Rivadaneyra's series of *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*. In this, which includes all the old *romanceros* and *cancioneros*, every known Spanish ballad is printed, with all its variations.

these, answered not a word, only asking him if he would please to eat anything.—I would some provand, whatever it be, Don Quixote replied, for I apprehend it would come very opportune.

That day chanced to be Friday, and there was nothing in the whole inn but some portions of a fish which in Castile is called *abadejo*, in Andalusia *bacallao*, in some parts *curadillo*, in others *truchuela*.[1] They asked, if his worship would haply eat *truchuela*, for there was no other fish they could give him to eat.—So there be many troutlets, answered Don Quixote, they might serve for one trout, for it is the same to me whether they give me eight *reals* severally or one piece of eight. Moreover, it may be with these troutlets as with veal, which is better than beef, and with kid, which is better than goat; but let it be what it will, so that it comes at once, for the toil and burthen of arms cannot be borne without the government of the stomach.

They set the table at the inn door for coolness, and the host brought the Knight a portion of ill-soaked and worse cooked stock-fish, and a loaf black and grimy as his armour. It was matter of much laughter to see him eat, for as he kept his helmet on, with the vizor up, he could put nothing into his mouth with his own hands without assistance, so one of the damsels performed for him that service. But to give him drink was impossible if the host had not bored a reed, and, putting one end into the Knight's mouth, poured wine down the other; and all this Don Quixote patiently endured rather than they should break the strings of his helmet.

While they were thus engaged there chanced to come to the inn a sow-gelder, and as he arrived he blew on his

[1] These are various Spanish slang names for salt cod, or stock-fish, or "poor Jack"—a dish much in request in all Roman Catholic countries for meagre days. *Truchuela* is literally "little trout," used facetiously, by which epithet Don Quixote is (or affects to be) taken in to believe it such.

pipe of reeds four or five times, which finally confirmed Don Quixote in the belief that he was at some famous castle, and that they were serving him with music; that the stock-fish was trout, the bread of the finest flour, the harlots ladies, and the innkeeper the constable of that castle; and, therefore, he was well content with his enterprise and sally. But that which chiefly distressed him was the not finding himself a full-made Knight, he believing that he could not lawfully enter into any adventure without receiving the order of Knighthood.

CHAPTER III

Wherein is related the pleasant method by which Don Quixote got himself dubbed Knight

TROUBLED by this reflection, Don Quixote cut short his scanty pot-house supper, which being ended he called to the innkeeper, and, shutting himself with him in the stable, went down on his knees before him, saying :[1]—Never will I rise from where I am, valiant Knight, until your courtesy shall accord me the boon which I crave, the which shall redound to your praise and the weal of the human race.

The innkeeper, seeing his guest at his feet and hearing these words, was confounded, and stared at him without knowing what to say or do. He implored him to rise, but in vain, until he promised him the boon which was besought. —I looked for no less from your Exalted Magnificence, kind Sir, responded Don Quixote, and I say unto you that the boon I have sought of you, and is of your liberality granted to me, is that on the morning of to-morrow you should dub me Knight ; and this night, in the chapel of this your castle, I will keep vigil of my arms,[2] and on the morrow, as I have

[1] The same demand, in the same posture, made Enil to Amadis of Gaul (ch. lviii.). The language and action are closely imitated throughout this scene from the books of chivalries.

[2] This custom of keeping vigil on the eve of being made knight was one religiously observed by all novices. In the *Doctrinal de Caballeros* is laid down the precise mode in which the maiden knight is to watch and pray. The night before the dubbing he is to pass in prayer in some church; on the coming of

said, shall be accomplished that which I so greatly desire, to the end that I may be able, as becometh me, to go through all the four quarters of the earth, seeking for adventures on behalf of the distressful, as pertains to the obligation of Knighthood and Knights Errant such as I am, whose heart is bent on such deeds.

The innkeeper, who, as has been said, was somewhat of a trickster, and by this time had got some inkling of his guest's lack of wits, was confirmed in his suspicion when he heard this speech; and in order to have some sport that night he determined to follow him up in his humour. So he told our hero that there was much propriety in what he desired, and that such a proposal was natural and becoming to Knights so illustrious as he seemed to be and as his gallant presence indicated; that he himself, in the days of his youth, had been given to that honourable profession, journeying through divers parts of the world looking for his adventures, not omitting the Fish Market of Malaga, the Islets of Riarán, the Compass of Seville, the Aqueduct-Square of Segovia, the Olive Grove of Valencia, the Precinct of Granada, the Strand of San Lucar, the Colt-fountain of Cordova, the Pot-houses of Toledo,[1] and various other

day he must hear a mass, and armed in all his armour except only his head, which shall remain uncovered, he must make declaration that he comes to be made a knight; that he desires part in the order of chivalry; and that he will maintain it as best he is able. Then he who has to knight him, or some other knight at his direction, is to buckle on the candidate his spurs, and then invest him with his sword, which the new knight unsheathes, taking an oath that he will die, if necessary, for his law, his lord, and his country. This done, the senior knight is to give him the accolade, and kiss him in token of peace. These forms were observed by all the knights in the books of chivalries, who, whatever be their period, their lineage, or their country, it is scarcely necessary to say were all good Spaniards and sound Catholics of the fifteenth century.

[1] *Los Percheles de Malaga*, *Islas de Riarán*, *Compas de Sevilla*, *Azoguejo de Segovia*, *Olivera de Valencia*, *Rondilla de Granada*, *Playa de San Lucar*, *Potro de Cordova*, *Ventillas de Toledo*—these were the slums of Spain in the time of Cervantes—the sinks into which flowed all the vice of the age,—the homes of the picaresque gentry, the Bohemian and the Alsatian, the cut-purse, rogue, and

places, where he had exercised the lightness of his feet and the dexterity of his hands, doing many wrongs, soliciting many widows, undoing sundry damsels, and deceiving some minors, ending by causing himself to be known in almost every police-office and court in Spain; and at the last he had come to retire to that castle of his, where he lived upon his estate and that of other people, entertaining therein all Knights Errant of whatever quality or condition they were, solely out of the great affection he bore them, and that they might share with him their substance in payment of his good-will. He told Don Quixote also that there was no chapel within that castle where he could watch his arms, for it had been pulled down to be rebuilt; but that in a case of necessity he knew that a vigil might be kept where-ever he pleased, and that night he might keep his watch in the courtyard of the castle, and in the morning, God willing, the other ceremonies might be performed in such wise as to leave him a full-made Knight, as much a Knight as any could be in the world. He asked him if he had any money, and Don Quixote replied that he had not a doit, for he had never read in the histories of Knights Errant that they carried any. The innkeeper assured him that he was mistaken; he granted that it was not written in the histories, the authors thereof not deeming it necessary to mention a thing so obvious and so needful to take with one as money and clean shirts; nevertheless, it was not to be supposed that such were not taken, and therefore he might

bona-roba, of whose lives and haunts Cervantes here, as in his Novels and Interludes, displays so minute and accurate a knowledge,—gleaned, doubtless, from experience when serving his poor offices of tax-gatherer and under-commissary, during that dark period of his life between 1598 and 1604. The innkeeper, who stands out so vividly in this scene, was clearly born free of the guild—"littered under Mercury"—a past-master of the craft. He speaks "according to the trick," humouring Don Quixote's frenzy and glibly parodying his guest, while showing his own familiarity with the ways and the terms of Knight Errantry.

accept it for certain and proved that all Knights Errant (of which so many of the books were full and witness) carried purses well lined against what might happen, and that they also carried shirts, and a little box full of unguents to heal the wounds they received. For, in the fields and deserts where they fought and came out wounded, they had not always people to cure them, unless they retained some learned enchanter as friend to relieve them at once, bearing through the air on some cloud some damsel or dwarf with a phial of water of such virtue that on tasting even a drop thereof, in a trice they remained whole of their scars and wounds, as if they had never received any damage. In default of this, the Knights of old took assurance that their squires were provided with money and other necessaries, such as lint and salves for healing; and when it happened that such Knights had no squires, of which the cases were few and rare, they themselves carried everything, in wallets so very fine as scarcely to be visible, on the charger's haunches, as though it were something other of more importance; for except on such occasions this carrying of wallets was not much admitted among Knights Errant. Wherefore he counselled Don Quixote — though as his godson, as he was so soon to be, he (the innkeeper) might even command him — not to travel thenceforth without money and without the above-mentioned requisites, and he would see how useful they were to him when he least expected.

Don Quixote promised to perform all that was recommended to him with all exactness; whereupon he was enjoined forthwith to keep watch over his armour in a large yard by the inn-side. Collecting the pieces all together, he placed them on top of a stone trough which stood near a well, and, buckling on his shield, he grasped his lance, and began with a jaunty air to pace in front of the trough, it being now dark when he commenced his exercise.

The landlord told all who were staying in the inn of his guest's craze, the watching of the armour, and the dubbing of Knighthood which he awaited. Wondering at this strange kind of madness, they went to look at him from afar, and saw him sometimes pacing with a tranquil mien, sometimes resting on his lance, with his eyes fixed on his armour, from which he would not take them off for some time. The night had now closed in, with a moon of such brightness that she might have vied with him who lent it to her,[1] so that whatever our novice did could be plainly seen by all. Just then one of the muleteers who were staying in the inn, wanting to give water to his team, found it necessary to remove Don Quixote's armour from where it lay on the trough. The Knight, seeing the man approach, exclaimed with a loud voice :—O thou, whosoever thou art, rash cavalier! who comest to touch the armour of the most valiant Errant that ever girt sword on himself,—take heed what thou doest, and touch it not, if thou wouldst not lose thy life in forfeit of thy temerity.

The muleteer paid no regard to these words (and better for him it had been had he regarded them, for he would have re-guarded his safety[2]), but, taking hold of the armour by the straps, flung it some way from him. When Don Quixote saw this, he lifted his eyes to heaven, and addressing himself, as it seemed, to his Lady Dulcinea, cried :—Succour me, mistress mine, in this the first affront which is offered to this enthralled bosom : let not your favour and help fail me in this first trial![3]

And uttering these and other such words and loosing his shield, he raised his lance in both hands, and with it dealt

[1] Meaning, of course, the sun.

[2] In the original there is a play upon the double meaning of *curarse*, to be attentive and to be healed.

[3] This invocation by the knight of his lady-love in the moment of peril is a common form in the romances of chivalry.

such a mighty blow on the muleteer's head that it felled him to the earth in such ill plight that, if it had been followed up with a second, there would have been no need of a leech to cure him. This done, he collected his armour again, and resumed his walk with the same composure as before. Soon after, another muleteer, without knowing what had passed (for the first still lay stunned), came up with the same purpose of giving water to his mules, and was going to remove the armour so as to clear the trough, when Don Quixote, without speaking a word or asking any one's favour, again loosed his shield and again raised his lance, and without breaking it made more than three of the second muleteer's head, for he broke it into four pieces. At the noise all the people of the inn ran out, and the landlord among them. Seeing this, Don Quixote buckled on his shield, and, setting his hand to his sword, cried :—O lady of beauty ! strength and vigour of this debile heart ! now is the hour when you should turn the eyes of your grandeur on this your captive Knight, who is awaiting this mighty adventure !

Thereupon he seemed to himself to acquire so much courage that if all the muleteers in the world had assailed him he would not have budged a foot backwards. The companions of the wounded, seeing them in that plight, began to shower stones upon Don Quixote from a distance, who sheltered himself as well as he could with his shield, not venturing to leave the horse-trough lest he should seem to abandon his armour. The innkeeper called out to them to leave him alone, for he had told them already that it was a madman, and being mad he would be scot-free even if he killed them all. Don Quixote also cried out yet louder, calling them cowards and traitors, and declaring the Lord of the castle to be a craven and a base-born Knight for consenting to Knights Errant being so treated, and that if he himself had received the order of Knighthood he would have made him sensible of his perfidy :—But of you, base

and vile rabble, I make no account. Shoot! come on! advance! assail me as much as ye are able; you shall see the penalty you have to pay for your folly and insolence!

This he said with so much spirit and intrepidity that he struck all who heard him with a terrible fear; and therefore, and partly for the host's persuasions, they left off pelting him, and he on his part permitted them to carry off their wounded, returning to the vigil of his arms with the same calmness and composure as before.

These pranks of his guest were not to the innkeeper's liking, so he determined to despatch and give him that plaguy order of Knighthood forthwith, before other mischief should happen. Going up to him, therefore, he apologised for the insolence with which those base fellows had behaved without his knowledge, but, he added, they had been well chastised for their hardihood. And seeing there was no chapel in that castle, as he had said before, there was no need, he declared, for the rest of the performance; that the whole point of Knight-making consisted in the slap of the hand and the stroke on the shoulder, according to his knowledge of the ceremonial of the order, and this could be done in the middle of a field; and that Don Quixote had already accomplished all that pertained to the watching of arms, more by token that he had been more than four hours at what might have been finished off with a two hours' watch.

To all this Don Quixote gave credence, and he said to the host that he was there ready to obey him, praying him to conclude the business as soon as possible, for, were he assaulted again when full Knight, he purposed not to leave any one alive in the castle, except those he might spare at the Castellan's bidding, and out of regard for him.[1]

The Castellan, thus forewarned, and apprehensive of what

[1] Here there is a triple play upon the word *castellano*, which may be either "native of Castile," or "owner of a castle," or one of the *sanos de Castilla*; see note in last chapter.

might happen, brought out a book in which he used to enter the straw and barley which he supplied to the muleteers, and, with a candle-end borne by a lad, the two damsels aforesaid with him, went up to where Don Quixote was standing, whom he ordered to go down on his knees. Reading in his manual as though he were reciting some devout prayer, he broke off in the middle, and, lifting up his hand, dealt Don Quixote a sound blow on the head, and after this a brisk thwack on the shoulder with his own sword, still muttering between his teeth as though he were praying. This done, he commanded one of those ladies to gird on Don Quixote's sword,[1] which she did with much sprightliness and discretion, and it needed no little of that last article to avoid bursting with laughter at each point of the ceremonies, though the prowess they had witnessed of the new Knight kept their mirth within bounds. At the girding on of the sword the good lady said:—God make your worship a fortunate Knight, and give you good luck in battles!—Don Quixote besought her to tell him her name, that thenceforward he might know to whom he was indebted for the favour received, for he designed to bestow on her some portion of the honour which he was to reap by the valour of his arm. She replied, with much humility, that her name was *La Tolosa*,[2] and that she was the daughter of a cobbler, native of Toledo, who lived among the stalls of Sancho Bienaya,[3] and that, wheresoever she might be, she was at his service and took him for her master. Don Quixote begged her in reply, for love of him, henceforth to assume the *Don* and call herself Doña Tolosa, which she promised to do. The other damsel buckled on him his spurs, with

[1] Numerous precedents are to be found in all the books of chivalries of illustrious ladies assisting in the making of knights.

[2] The definite article before the name, as in *La Tolosa* and *La Molinera*, sufficiently indicates the profession of the ladies.

[3] Sancho Bienaya, or Mienaya, was an ancient square of low shops in Toledo, the name being supposed to be a Moorish or Mozarabic patronymic.

whom there passed almost the same colloquy as with her of the sword. He asked her her name, and she answered that she was called *La Molinera*, and was the daughter of a miller of Antequera. Her also Don Quixote besought to take upon her the *Don*, and call herself Doña Molinera,[1] renewing his offers of service and favour.

These never-before-seen ceremonies having been despatched at a gallop and post-haste, Don Quixote could not rest till he saw himself on horseback, sallying forth in quest of adventures. So saddling Rozinante at once he mounted, and, embracing the innkeeper, thanked him for the favour done in the knighting, in terms so extravagant as that it is impossible to give an exact relation of them. The innkeeper, seeing him well outside his inn, responded to his speeches with others no less flowery although more brief, and, without asking him for the cost of his lodging, let him go with a hearty good-will.

[1] The ridicule is levelled at the indiscriminate use of the honorary prefix of *Don*, which had become an abuse of the age. Pellicer quotes from a contemporary writer to the effect that the Jews were those who most affected the title, and that even public women would assume it, especially in Andalucia. Elsewhere Cervantes ridicules the practice.

CHAPTER IV

Of what happened to our Knight when he sallied from the inn

It was dawn when Don Quixote went out from the inn, so happy, so blithe, so enraptured at finding himself now a full-dubbed Knight, that his joy was like to burst his horse's girths. But the counsels of the host coming into his mind respecting the supplies which he needed to take with him, especially of money and of shirts, he resolved to return home and provide himself with everything, also with a squire; calculating on taking into his service a labouring man, a townsman of his, who was poor and had a family, but was very fit for the squirely office in Knighthood. With this intention he turned Rozinante's head towards his village, who, as if he knew that he was on his road home, began to travel with such good will that he seemed not to put his feet to the earth. He had not gone far when he became aware that from a thicket hard by, on his right hand, there came faint sounds as of some one complaining, and no sooner did he hear them than he exclaimed:—I thank Heaven for the favour accorded me, seeing that it places before me so promptly occasions for me to perform that which is due to my profession, and whence I may be able to gather the fruit of my good desires. These cries, doubtless, proceed from some man or woman in distress, who has need of my protection and assistance.—Then, turning rein, he

rode Rozinante towards the spot whence the voice seemed to proceed;[1] and, at a few paces from the entrance into the wood, he saw a nag tied to an oak-tree, and to another a youth, naked to his middle, about fifteen years of age. This was he who was uttering those cries, nor without cause, for a sturdy fellow of a peasant was flogging him soundly with a waist-belt, and accompanying each stroke with a reproof and a piece of advice, for he would cry—*A still tongue and a ready eye!* The lad was saying in reply:—I will not do so any more, master; by the passion of God! I'll not do so any more; and I promise to take better care of the flock in future.—Seeing what passed, Don Quixote cried out with an angry voice:—Ill it beseems you, discourteous Knight, to engage with one who cannot defend himself. Mount your steed, and take your lance (for the other also had a lance resting against the tree to which his mare was made fast[2]), that I may teach you that what you are doing is a coward's deed.

On beholding that figure in full armour come at him, brandishing a lance over his head, the peasant gave himself up for a dead man, and so answered with gentle words:—Sir Knight, this youth whom I am beating is my servant, whom I employ to look after a flock of sheep I have in these parts, and he is so careless that every day I miss one, and, because I chastise his carelessness or his roguery, he declares I do it out of miserliness, so as not to pay him the due wages, and, on God and my soul, he lies!

[1] A precisely similar adventure was that of Don Belianis when, on entering a forest, he heard loud cries which seemed to proceed from persons who were in great extremity (*Belianis of Greece*, bk. i. ch. iv.).

[2] From this it is evident that the stock-keepers and flock-masters in that age carried lances while occupied in their business. Cervantes himself, in his novel of the *Colloquy of the Two Dogs Scipio and Berganza*, speaks of a farmer who went over the country looking after his sheep, "riding upon a nag with lance and shield." So that the spectacle of an armed horseman on the highway was not so very uncommon a one, except as to the armour, in those days.

—Do you lie before me, wretched clown? cried Don Quixote. By the sun which shines above us, I will run you through and through with this lance. Pay him at once, without another word, or, by the God who rules us, I finish and annihilate you this moment. Unbind him instantly!— The peasant bowed his head, and without answering a word released his servant, of whom Don Quixote inquired how much his master owed him. He answered, for nine months, at seven *reals* a month. Casting it up, Don Quixote found it came to sixty-three *reals*, and he bade the peasant disburse them on the instant unless he had a mind to die for it. The rustic, in a fright, replied that by the pass in which he stood and the oath he had sworn (though he had sworn not at all), it was not so much, for there had to be deducted and taken into account three pairs of shoes he had given the lad, and one *real* for two blood-lettings when he was ill.

—It is well, Don Quixote answered; let the shoes and the blood-lettings go for the lashes you have given him undeservedly, and if he has cracked the leather of the shoes you gave, you have cracked that of his body; and if the barber drew his blood when sick, you have drawn it in health; on that score, therefore, he owes you nothing.

—The worst of it is, Sir Knight, that I have no money here. Let Andrés come with me home, and I will pay him *real* by *real*.

—I go with him! cried the lad; no, indeed! Devil a bit! No, sir, I don't intend to; for, going with him alone, he will skin me like a Saint Bartholomew.

—He will not do so, replied Don Quixote. It is enough that I lay my command on him for him to respect it; and on condition that he swears to me on the law of chivalry he has received, I will let him go free and will guarantee the payment.

—Good your worship, look ye what you say, quoth the youth, for this my master is no Knight, nor has he received

any order of chivalry, for he is Juan Haldudo the rich, and lives at Quintanar.[1]

—That is no matter, Don Quixote replied; for there may be Haldudos Knights; the more as every one is the child of his works.[2]

—That is true, cried Andrés; but this master of mine, what works is he the child of, since he denies me my wage, my sweat, and my toil?

—I deny it not, brother Andrés, answered the peasant; do me the favour to come with me, and I swear by all the orders of chivalry in the world to pay you as I have said, *real* by *real*, and perfumed into the bargain.[3]

—The perfuming I excuse you, said Don Quixote; give it to him in *reals*, with that I am content, and take care that you accomplish what you have sworn to, or else, by the like oath, I swear to seek you out once more and to chastise you; and I shall find you even though you hide yourself as close as a lizard. And if you would know who it is that lays this command on you, and in order that you may rest under the greater obligation to comply with it, learn that I am the valorous Don Quixote of La Mancha, the undoer of wrongs and injuries; and God be with you, and be not false to what you have promised and sworn, on pain of the forfeit pronounced.

Saying this, the Knight clapt spurs to his Rozinante and was quickly gone from them. The farmer followed him with his eyes; and when he saw him disappear, clear of the wood, he came back to his servant Andrés, and said to

[1] A town on the border of New Castile, a day's journey from Don Quixote's village.

[2] *Cada uno es hijo de sus obras*—an ancient proverb, repeated by Sancho, Part I. ch. xlvii., and by Don Quixote, Part II. ch. xxxii.

[3] Spoken facetiously, to denote that he would give with good-will and in full measure. The phrase is used repeatedly by Cervantes in *Don Quixote* and in his novel of *Rinconete y Cortadillo*; also in *Guzman de Alfarache*. We have a similar form in English slang: for an example, see *Oliver Twist*, ch. xliii., where, upon the Artful Dodger asking, "Where are my privileges?" the jailer replies: "You'll get your privileges soon enough—and pepper with 'em."

him,—Come hither, my son, for I wish to pay you what I owe, as that undoer of wrongs ordered me to do.

—And on my oath, said Andrés, you would do well to comply with the order of that good Knight—may he live a thousand years!—who is so brave and so just a judge that, on my life,[1] if you don't pay me, he will come back and do what he said.

—That I, too, swear, quoth the farmer; but, for the much love I bear you, I wish to increase the debt that I may add to the discharge.—And seizing him by the arm he tied him once more to the tree, where he gave him so many stripes as to leave him for dead.—Now, master Andrés, call upon that undoer of wrongs; you shall see that he does not undo this one, though I think I have not finished the doing of it, for I have a mind to flay you alive, as you were fearing.—But he untied him at last, and giving him leave to go and look for his judge to execute the prescribed sentence. Andrés went off in dudgeon, vowing he would go in search of Don Quixote of La Mancha, and tell him exactly what had passed, and that he would have to be paid sevenfold. Nevertheless, he wept as he went along, and his master remained behind laughing; and thus did the valiant Don Quixote redress the wrong.

As to the Knight, greatly elated at what had passed, it appearing to him that he had made a very happy and noble beginning of his chivalries, he rode on towards his village, much pleased with himself, repeating in a low voice:—Right well mayst thou be called fortunate above all women who this day are alive on earth, O beyond all the beauties beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso! since it has fallen to thy lot to hold subject and submissive to thy entire will and pleasure a Knight so valorous and renowned as is, and shall

[1] In the original Andrés swears "by Roque," a common oath, though who or what Roque is no one now knows. *Vive Roque* is used by Sancho several times in the course of this story.

be, Don Quixote of La Mancha, who, as all the world knows, but yesterday received the order of Knighthood, and to-day has redressed the greatest wrong and outrage that injustice ever conceived or cruelty perpetrated; to-day hath he wrested the scourge from the hand of that merciless foe who so causelessly was beating that delicate infant.

Thereupon he arrived at a spot where the road branched into four, and anon there came into his fancy the cross-ways where the Knights Errant were used to place themselves to ponder which of the roads they should take. After their example,[1] he stood still a while, and after he had well reflected, he let loose the reins on Rozinante, submitting his will to that of his steed, who followed his first intention, which was to go straight the way of his stable. Having proceeded about two miles Don Quixote descried a great throng of people, who, as he afterwards learnt, were merchants of Toledo going to buy silk in Murcia.[2] There were six, carrying their umbrellas,[3] with other four, servants, on horseback, and three muleteers on foot. So soon as Don Quixote made them out, he conceived it to be a matter of new adventure, and, to imitate as much as was possible of the passes[4] he had read of in his books, it seemed to him that this was presently one such as he designed to perform; and so, with a gallant air and resolute mien, he settled himself firmly in his stirrups, grasped his lance, brought his shield over his breast, and stood waiting, posted in the middle of

[1] Bowle cites many parallel passages in the romances of chivalry; which it is needless to re-quote, as a similar choice of road under like circumstances has been made by heroes of novels innumerable, ancient and modern.

[2] Murcia was then the seat of the chief silk manufacture in Spain. In his *Discursos Historicos*, 1621, Cascales says that in that year there were 355,500 mulberry trees in Murcia, which produced more than a million of pounds of silk. In these days the growth of silk in the province has greatly declined.

[3] *Quitasoles*—lit. "parasols"—first used in Spain many years before they were known elsewhere in Europe.

[4] *Pasos*, *i.e.* jousts, or solemn functions of knighthood, as *El Paso Honroso*, held at the bridge of Orbigo, near Leon, in 1434.

the road, the advent of those Knights Errant (for so he took and judged them to be); and when they had arrived so near that they could see and hear, Don Quixote lifted his voice, and, in a haughty tone, exclaimed:

—Let all the world halt, if all the world does not confess that there is not in the whole world a damsel more beautiful than the Empress of La Mancha, the peerless[1] Dulcinea del Toboso.

The merchants stopped at the sound of these words, and at sight of the strange figure of him who spoke them; and by them and the figure they at once divined the madness of their owner. Being desirous of knowing more fully whither that confession tended which he required of them, one of the party, who was a bit of a wag and very sharp-witted, said to Don Quixote:—Sir Knight, we know not who that good lady may be you speak of; show her to us, and if she is so beautiful as you report, with right good will and without any compulsion will we confess the truth of what, of your part, is demanded of us.[2]

—If I show her to you, replied Don Quixote, what merit would there be in your confessing a truth so manifest? The essential thing is that without seeing her you must believe, confess, affirm, swear, and maintain it; otherwise you engage with me in battle, ye proud, preposterous crew; and now come on! one by one, as the rule of chivalry requires, or all together, as is the custom and base usage of those of your breed; here I stay and await you, confiding in the right I have on my side.

—Sir Knight, replied the merchant, I beseech you in the name of all these princes here present that, in order that we may not burden our consciences by testifying to a thing

[1] *La sin par*—an epithet first applied to Oriana, the mistress of Amadis, and afterwards adopted in all the romances to qualify all the heroines.

[2] The Toledan merchant raises the same point as was raised by the Knight of the Cross when the same kind of challenge was made to him by the Bold Burgundian, in the book of *El Caballero de la Cruz*, bk. i. ch. cxv.

never seen or heard of by us, and the more since it is so much to the prejudice of the Empresses and Queens of Alcarria[1] and Estremadura, that your worship be good enough to show us a portrait of that lady, although it be no bigger than a barley-corn, for by the thread the clue is discovered,[2] and we shall rest satisfied and assured with this, and you remain content and satisfied. Nay, I believe that we are already so much on her side that, though her portrait show her to us a-squint of one eye and distilling vermilion and brimstone from the other, nevertheless, in order to please you, we will say all that you wish in her favour.

—There distils not, ye infamous rabble! responded Don Quixote, incensed with anger;—there distils not, I say, what thou speakest of, but only amber and civet; nor is she crook-eyed or hump-backed, but straighter than a spindle of Guadarrama.[3] But ye shall pay for the foul blasphemy ye have uttered against such transcendent beauty as that of my lady!

So saying, he charged with lowered lance against him who had spoken, with such wrath and fury, that, if his good fortune had not so ordered as that Rozinante should trip and fall in mid career, it would have fared ill with the rash merchant. Rozinante fell, and his master went rolling some distance along the plain; nor when he wanted to rise was he able to do so, encumbered as he was with his lance, target, spurs, and helmet, together with the weight of the antique armour. And, while he struggled to get up and

[1] A district of New Castile, on the left bank of the Henares, of which presumably one of the merchants was a native.

[2] *Por el hilo se sacará el ovillo*—old proverb: *E fimbriâ de texto judico*—Erasmi Adagia.

[3] Guadarrama—a range of mountains north-west of Madrid, dividing Old from New Castile and the basin of the Douro from that of the Tagus. Thence blow in winter and spring those keen, piercing winds which make the climate of the capital so unpleasant. The "spindle of Guadarrama" (*huso de Guadarrama*) refers not to the implement, so called because made of the beech which grows there, but to a straight peak of the mountain. *Los husos de Guadarrama* is a phrase still applied to a portion of the range.

could not, he kept shouting:—Flee not, coward brood! Stay, ye caitiff crew! for not by any fault of mine, but of my horse, am I stretched here.[1]

A muleteer of the company, who was not over good-natured, hearing the poor fallen gentleman utter these saucy speeches, could not refrain from giving him the response on his ribs; and coming up to him he seized his lance, and having broken it into pieces, with one of them began to belabour him, so that, in spite and defiance of his armour, he pounded him like wheat in a mill. His masters called out to him to desist and let the gentleman be; but the muleteer was piqued, and would not give up the game till he had gone the whole stake[2] of his anger. Catching up the other pieces of the lance, he shivered them all over the poor fallen one, who, amid all that tempest of blows which rained upon him, never closed his mouth, hurling threats to heaven and earth against the brigands, as he took them to be.

At last the muleteer tired himself out, and the merchants pursued their journey, carrying with them matter enough to talk about for the rest of the way concerning the poor belaboured one. He, when he found himself alone, again tried if he were able to rise; but, if he could not do so when sound and well, how could he after being pounded and almost beaten to pieces? Yet still he esteemed himself as fortunate, it seeming to him that this was a disaster proper to Knights Errant, and he attributed it all to the fall of his horse; nor was it possible for him to rise, so bruised and mauled was all his body.

[1] So Angelica in *Orlando Furioso* excuses the fall of Sacripante, overthrown by an unknown cavalier:—

> Deh, disse ella, Signor, non vi rincresca,
> Che del cader non è la colpa vostra,
> Ma del caballo.
>
> —Canto i. st. 67.

[2] The phrases are taken from the game of Piquet, much played in that age.

CHAPTER V

Wherein is continued the narrative of our Knight's disaster

FINDING that in very fact he was unable to stir, the Knight was minded to have recourse to his usual remedy, which was to think of some passage in his books, and his frenzy brought to his memory that of Count Baldwin and the Marquess of Mantua when the first was left wounded by Carloto on the mountain[1]—a story familiar to children, not unknown to youth, enjoyed and even believed by old men, and for all that no truer than the miracles of Mahomed. Now this seemed to him to come pat to the pass in which he found himself; and so, with signs of great suffering, he began to roll himself about on the ground, and to repeat, with feeble breath, what the wounded Knight of the Wood is reported to have said :—

[1] The trilogy of ballads relating to the death and vengeance of Baldwin (Valdovinos) is to be found in Duran's collection, vol. i. p. 207, and they are among the best, as they are the longest and most elaborate, of the Spanish ballads relating to the Carlovingian legends—full of poetic grace, truth, and simplicity, and giving an interesting picture of chivalric manners and sentiment. Though the language has been modernised, the ballads themselves are believed by Clemencin to be of the thirteenth century. Baldwin was one of the Twelve Peers of France. The traitor Carloto was a son of Charlemagne. The Marquess of Mantua, by whom the murder of Baldwin was discovered and avenged, was his uncle, and seems to be identical with the Paladin better known as Ogier the Dane.

Where hidest thou, O mistress mine,
That thou grievest not for me?
Or thou knowest not of my plight,
Or false and faithless thou must be.[1]

And in this wise he went on repeating the ballad until he came to the lines which ran :—

O noble Marquess of Mantua,
My uncle and my natural lord![2]

As fortune ordered it, when he arrived at this verse there chanced to pass by there a labouring man of his own village and a neighbour of his, who was going to take a load of wheat to the mill. He, seeing a man lying there, went up to him, and asked who he was and what mishap he was bewailing so dolefully. Don Quixote believed this to be, without doubt, the Marquess of Mantua, his uncle, and so he gave no answer, but went on with his ballad, in which he told of his disaster and of the amours of the Emperor's son with his spouse, all as it is sung in the romance. The labourer was astonished at hearing these rhapsodies, and, taking off the Knight's vizor, which was now broken to pieces with the beating, he wiped his face, which was

[1] Donde estás señora mia
Que no te duele mi mal?
O no lo sabes, señora,
O eres falsa y desleal.

These lines are not to be found as quoted in the original ballad, but in one founded upon it of later date, first published in the *Romancero General*, of Pedro de Flores, 1614.

[2] O noble Marqués de Mantua,
Mi tio y señor carnal.

Mio señor tio carnal, in the original. Cervantes is evidently quoting from memory. *Tio carnal* is literally "uncle of my flesh," *i.e.* uncle by blood—the Marquess of Mantua being a brother of the father of Baldwin.

covered with dust, and, when he had wiped it, he recognised him,[1] and cried:—Señor Quixada (for so was he named when he had his wits and had not passed from a peaceful gentleman into a Knight Errant), who has brought your worship to this plight?—But still the Knight went on with his ballad, and made no other answer to all questions. Perceiving this, the good man took off, as well as he could, his breast-plate and corslet to see if he had any wound, but he found no blood, nor sign of any. He tried to raise him from the ground and set him, with no little trouble, upon his own ass, which seemed to him the easier mount. Gathering up his arms, even to the fragments of the lance, he fastened them upon Rozinante, whose bridle he took hold of, as well as of the ass's halter, and so journeyed towards their village, in much distress at hearing the nonsense which Don Quixote uttered. Nor less dolefully did Don Quixote go, who, of the sheer beating and bruising, could not keep his seat on the ass, giving vent from time to time to groans that seemed to rend the skies, so that the labourer was compelled to ask him once more what hurt he felt. And it seemed that the devil himself put into his mind the stories suitable to his mishaps, for, forgetting Baldwin at that moment, he bethought him of the Moor Abindarraez when the Governor of Antequera, Rodrigo de Narvaez, seized and held him prisoner in his castle.[2] So that when

[1] Full of his ballad, Cervantes makes the labourer to do precisely as the Marquess of Mantua did:—

> Con un paño que traia
> La cara le fué a limpiar:
> Desque lo hubo limpiado,
> Luego conocido lo hae.

[2] Rodrigo de Narvaez was a distinguished Christian leader against the Moors, who, on the capture of Antequera by Juan II., in 1410, was appointed governor of that city.

the labourer asked him again how he was, and how he felt, Don Quixote replied in the same words and phrases which the captive Abencerrage used to Rodrigo de Narvaez, as he had read the story in the *Diana* of Jorge de Montemayor, where it is written,[1] applying it so aptly to his case that the labourer wished himself at the devil for hearing such a heap of fooleries. Discovering thereby that his neighbour was mad, he made haste to reach the village so as to be rid of the worry of listening to Don Quixote's long harangue. At the close of it the Knight exclaimed :—Let your worship Sir Don Rodrigo de Narvaez know that this lady Xarifa, of whom I have spoken, is now the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, for whose sake I have done, am doing, and shall do, deeds of chivalry the most famous that have been, are, or will be, seen in the world.

To this the labourer replied :—Look ye, Sir, sinner that I am, I am no Don Rodrigo de Narvaez nor Marquess of Mantua, but Pedro Alonso, your worship's townsman; neither is your worship Baldwin nor Abindarraez, but the worthy gentleman, Señor Quixada.

—I know who I am, answered Don Quixote, and I know that I could be not only they of whom I have

[1] The story of Abindarraez, a noble Moor of Granada of the family of the Abencerrages, is told in the old chronicles, and was the subject of a ballad before it was introduced by Montemayor into his pastoral poem of *Diana*. Cervantes, as usual, not having apparently the use of any library, quotes the story wrongly. The Moor was never kept by Narvaez in confinement. Taken prisoner in an ambuscade, when going to keep an appointment made by his mistress, Xarifa, the daughter of the Moorish governor of Cártama, Abindarraez was released on condition of presenting himself at Antequera in three days. He kept his word, the fair Xarifa bearing him company. Touched by his chivalrous loyalty and sympathising with his condition, Narvaez gave the lovers their liberty, and even sent an escort with them to a place of safety. The incident is to be found recorded in the Moorish histories, and the generosity of the Christian governor, together with the good faith and the romantic love of the Moor, has been a frequent subject of romance and ballad. (See Duran, vol. ii. p. 105.) Lope de Vega made a play on it, *El Remedio de la Desdicha*.

spoken, but all the Twelve Peers of France,[1] aye, and all the Nine of Fame,[2] since all the exploits they performed together and each by himself are surpassed by mine.

Thus discoursing, they reached the village about the hour of sunset, but the labourer waited until it should be a little darker in order that the battered gentleman might not be seen on so scurvy a mount.[3] When he thought it was fit time, he entered the village, and went to Don Quixote's house, which he found all in uproar; for the Priest and the Barber of the place were there, great friends of Don Quixote's, to whom his housekeeper was crying at the top of her voice:

—What think ye, Master Licentiate Pero Perez (for such was the Priest's name), of my master's mishap? Six days[4] it is that they have not been seen, he and his horse; nor the shield, nor the lance, nor the armour. Woe is me! and I am certain, and it is as true as that I am born to die, that those cursed books of chivalries which he has, and is used to read so often, have turned his brain; for, now I

[1] The Twelve Peers, of whom frequent mention will be made in this story, were a body of the most famous knights in the Court of Charlemagne, said to have been instituted by that monarch in imitation of King Arthur's Round Table. The names of the Peers are variously given in the legends. The most famous, who appear in every catalogue, were Roland, Oliver, Guy of Burgundy, Rinaldo of Montalvan, Richard of Normandy, and Ogier the Dane. In the *Chanson de Roland*, which is believed to be anterior in date to the pseudo-chronicle of Turpin, and therefore to all the legends and romances springing from that source, only Roland and Oliver of these are mentioned, while the remaining ten are almost unknown in the other fables.

[2] The Nine of Fame, or the Nine Worthies, were three Christians, King Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon; three Jews, Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabeus; three Gentiles, Alexander, Hector, and Julius Cæsar. See Shakspeare, 2 *Henry IV.*, Act ii. sc. 4:—"Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies."

[3] *Porque no viesen al molido hidalgo tan mal caballero*—the point of which is necessarily lost in English, we having no word like *caballero*, to signify at once a rider on horseback and a degree of gentility.

[4] It is strictly a little less than two days, as the precise Clemencin remarks.

mind me, I have heard him say often, speaking to himself, that he would turn Knight Errant and go about in those worlds seeking adventures. Let them go to Satan and to Barabbas those books, for they have spoilt the finest understanding there was in all La Mancha.

The same said the Niece, and she said moreover:—Know, Master Nicholas (for such was the Barber's name), that many times it has happened to dear uncle to be reading in those impious books of disventures[1] for two days and two nights together, at the end of which he would fling the book from his hands, draw his sword, and go slashing at the walls; and when he was tired out he would say he had killed four giants like four towers, and the sweat which he sweated out of his exhaustion he would say was blood from the wounds he had received in the battle, and then he would drink off a great pitcher of cold water, and rest quiet and easy, saying that the water was a very precious liquor which the sage Esquife[2] had brought him, a great enchanter and a friend of his. But I take the blame of it all on me for not having told you of my uncle's follies, so that you might have relieved him before he came to what he has come, and might have burnt all these execrable books, of which he has a great many, which well deserve to be burnt as if they were heretics.

—So I say, too, quoth the Priest; and i' faith, to-morrow shall not pass without a public process[3] being held of them, and let them be condemned to the flames so that they may give no occasion to such as read them to do what my good friend must have done.

All this was overheard by the labourer and by Don

[1] *Desventuras*,—a dyslogistic coinage of the Niece's.

[2] *Esquife* (a small boat, a skiff), an intentional *equivoque* depreciatory for Alquife, the famous enchanter in *Amadis*, husband of Urganda.

[3] *Auto publico*, i.e. *auto-de-fé*. For some reason or other it is the Portuguese form, *auto-da-fé*, which has come to be Anglicised and used in preference to the Spanish, even when they are acts of the Spanish Inquisition which are in question.

de Narvaez, governor of Antequera, leads

At this cry they all came out, and recog
friend, others their master and uncle,—
dismounted from his ass, for he was not ab
embrace him. But he said:—Forbear, all
sore wounded through the fault of my ste
bed, and summon, if it be possible, Urgand
she may examine and heal my hurts.

—See now in an ill hour, cried the Ho
heart did not tell me right on which foot m
Come up, your worship, and welcome, and
for that Urgada[3] we shall know how to
Accursed, say I, may they be again, and a
more, those books of chivalries which broug
to this pass!

They carried him straight to bed and s
wounds but found none, he saying that he wa
through having a grievous fall with his hors
a fight with ten giants, the most enormous a
be found almost anywhere upon earth.

—So ho, quoth the Priest, are there giant
By my halidome, but I will burn them to-

[1] The reader of *Waverley* will remember the effective
great reader and lover of Cervantes, makes of this passage, wh
escorts the wounded Waverley to his Castle of Gl

night comes.—They put many questions to Don Quixote, but to none would he make other answer than that they should give him something to eat and let him sleep, for that was of most importance to him. They did so, and the Priest inquired more particularly of the labourer of how Don Quixote had been found. The labourer told him everything, with the fooleries the Knight had uttered when found and as he was brought along, which increased the desire of the Licentiate to do that which next day he did; which was to call on his friend the Barber, Master Nicholas, and go with him to the house of Don Quixote.

CHAPTER VI

Of the pleasant and famous Inquisition which the Priest and the Barber held on the library of our Ingenious Gentleman

HE was still sleeping.[1] The Priest asked the Niece for the keys of the room where the books were kept, the authors of the mischief, which she gave him with a very good will. Then they all went in, the Housekeeper with them, and found more than a hundred large volumes,[2] very well bound, and other smaller ones; and, as soon as the Housekeeper saw them, she ran out of the room again in a great hurry, returning presently with a vessel of holy water and a bunch of hyssop.[3] And quoth she :—Look you, Master Licentiate; take and sprinkle this room, lest there be here some enchanter, of the many these books contain, to bewitch us in punishment of that which we want to do to them, casting them out of the world.

The Licentiate laughed at the Housekeeper's simplicity, and bade the Barber hand him those books, one by one, to

[1] Cervantes appears to have written the first part of this story without much attention to the divisions into chapters. This opening sentence begins simply with the personal pronoun *el cual*, of which the antecedent is Don Quixote, the last words of the preceding chapter.

[2] In a passage hereafter (Part I. ch. xxiv.), Don Quixote says that he had more than three hundred books at home. But this must be taken to include his whole library. The hundred large volumes—*cuerpos de libros*—were those of the romances of chivalry, which were all printed in folio.

[3] Hyssop was of old the plant of purification, of which the hedge variety was once called *Gratia Dei*. It was used in exorcising.

see what they treated of, since he might be able to find some which did not deserve the discipline of the fire.

—No, cried the Niece; there's no need to pardon any of them, for they have been all evil-doers.[1] Better fling them out of the windows into the court, and make a heap of them, and set them on fire, or, if not, take them out into the yard, and let the bonfire be made there and the smoke will not be a nuisance.—The Housekeeper said the same, so eager were the two for the slaughter of those innocents; but the Priest would not have it so, without first reading the titles at least.

And the first which Master Nicholas put into his hands was, *The Four Books of Amadis of Gaul.* This, said the Priest, is curious, for, as I have heard say, this book was the first of chivalries printed in Spain, from which all the others have taken their origin and groundwork,[2] and therefore I am of opinion that, as the heresiarch of a sect so pernicious, we ought to condemn him to the fire without any mercy.

—Not so, Sir, said the Barber, for I have heard also that 'tis the best of all the books which have been composed in that kind; therefore, as being unique in his art, he ought to be pardoned.

—That is true,[3] cried the Priest, and for that reason let

[1] There is still standing a ruin on the outskirts of the town of Argamasilla, by the townsmen called *La Casa de Don Quixote*, with the remains of a large circular window looking out into the *corral* or outer yard, which might well have served for the scene of this episode. Cervantes doubtless had this house in his eye when he described the Knight's dwelling.

[2] Cervantes is taken to task by Clemencin for saying that this was the first book of chivalries printed in Spain. But though the earliest edition extant of *Amadis* is of the date 1510, whereas *Tirante el Blanco* was first printed at Valencia, in the Catalan or Valencian dialect (they were one in those days), in 1490, Cervantes was right if he meant, as he probably did, the first book of chivalries in Spanish. The Castilian version of *Tirante* was not printed till the year 1511. It must be said, moreover, that *Tirante* owes nothing to *Amàdis*, and is of a kind totally different, characteristic of a life as distinct from that depicted in the *Amadis* books as Castile was from Valencia in the fifteenth century.

[3] From this, as from numerous other indications in *Don Quixote*, it is very clear that Cervantes, while ridiculing the exaggerations and the absurdities in the

his life be granted him for the present. Let us see that other who lies next him.

—It is, quoth the Barber, *The Exploits of Esplandian*,[1] the lawful son of Amadis of Gaul.

—In sooth, then, said the Priest, the merit of the father shall not avail the son. Take him, housekeeper; open that window and throw him out into the yard for the foundation of the bonfire which has to be made.

The housekeeper obeyed him with great alacrity, and the good Esplandian went flying into the back yard, there to await in all patience the threatened flames.

—Let us get on, quoth the Priest.

—This who comes here, said the Barber, is *Amadis of Greece*,[2]—yea, and all on this side, as I think, are of the same lineage as *Amadis*.[3]

—Then let them all go to the yard, cried the Priest; for rather than not burn the Queen Pintiquiniestra and the shepherd Darinel,[4] and their eclogues and the be-devilled

books of chivalries, had a tender feeling for this kind of literature, and did by no means seek to destroy the legitimate influence of chivalric romances.

[1] *Las Sergas de Esplandian*, the Fifth Book of Amadis of Gaul, written by the compiler of the four first, who is now ascertained to be Garci Ordoñez de Montalvo. Esplandian was the son of Amadis by Oriana. *Sergas* is a word compounded of *ἔργα*=*gesta*, *hechos*,—exploits, to keep up the fiction of the Greek original. The bibliography of the *Romances of Chivalry* quoted in this chapter, and in others of *Don Quixote*, is given at large in Appendix A.

[2] *Amadis de Grecia*, the Ninth Book of the Amadis series, by Feliciano de Silva.

[3] These would be *Florisandro*, the Sixth Book; *Lisuarte de Grecia y Perion de Gaula*, the Seventh Book; *Lisuarte de Grecia*, by Juan Diaz, the Eighth Book, in which the old Amadis dies and is buried; *Florisel de Niquea*, by Feliciano de Silva, the Tenth Book; and a continuation of the same by the same author, forming the Eleventh Book; *Silves de la Selva*, the Twelfth Book; *Esferamundi de Grecia* (no longer extant in Spanish), the Thirteenth Book. There is also mention of a Fourteenth Book, *Penalva*, extant only in Portuguese, with whom the long line of Amadis ends. See the Genealogy of Amadis in Appendix C.

[4] These are characters in *Amadis of Greece*. Pintiquiniestra, Queen of Sobradisa, was the wife of Perion, son of Galaor, and nephew of Amadis of

and perplexed discourses of their author, I would burn with them the father who begat me if he went in the shape of a Knight Errant.

—Of that mind am I, said the Barber.

—And so am I, added the Niece.

—Since it is thus, quoth the Housekeeper; come, to the yard with them!

They handed them to her, and being many, she, to save the stairs, threw them below out of the window.

—What huge thing is that there? asked the Priest.

—This, replied the Barber, is *Don Olivante de Laura.*

—The author of that, said the Priest, is the same with him who wrote the *Garden of Flowers*,[1] and, in truth, I cannot determine which of the two books is the more truthful, or rather the less mendacious: all I can say is that he shall to the yard for a blockhead and a blusterer.

—He who follows is *Florismarte of Hyrcania*,[2] said the Barber.

—Is Sir Florismarte there? asked the Priest; i' faith, then, he must to a quick ending in the yard, in spite of his strange birth and fantastic adventures, for the hardness and dryness of his style deserve naught else: to the yard with him, and that other one, Mistress Housekeeper.

Gaul. Darinel was a shepherd and famous wrestler, enamoured of Silvia, daughter of the Princess Onoloria.

[1] *El Jardin de Flores*, "The Garden of Flowers," written by Antonio de Torquemada, was a book of vulgar stories, prodigies, wonderful myths and superstitions, which was translated into many languages. Among the stories is one of an Irishwoman, who gave birth to 378 children; another, who produced an elephant; others who brought forth frogs and toads, "a common thing, they say, in Naples." It treats also of men with tails; of the herb with which King Solomon healed those possessed of the devil; of St. Christopher's monster tooth at Coria; of witches, apparitions, devils, *incubi* and *succubi*.

[2] *Felixmarte*, or *Florismarte, de Hyrcania.* This was the book which Dr. Johnson, who, as a boy, was immoderately fond of reading romances of chivalry, read quite through while at Dr. Percy's parsonage-house in the country—a feat which probably no mortal man has since attempted.

—With all my heart, dear Sir, responded she, and, with much cheerfulness, did what she was bidden.

—This one, said the Barber, is the *Knight Platir*.[1]

—An old book is that, cried the Priest; nor do I find in it aught which deserves mercy; let him keep company with the others without another word.—Which was done accordingly. Another book was opened, and they found the title to be *The Knight of the Cross*.[2]

—For a title so holy as this book has, its ignorance might be pardoned, but they are wont to say, too, *Behind the Cross the Devil stands*:[3] let him go the fire.

Taking up another book the Barber exclaimed:—This is *The Mirror of Chivalries*.[4]

—His worship I know, quoth the Priest: here you have the lord *Rinaldo of Montalvan*, with his friends and companions, thieves greater than Cacus; and the *Twelve Peers*, with the veracious historian Turpin;[5] and, in sooth,

[1] *El Caballero Platir*—of the family of the Palmerins, one of the stupidest of the series.

[2] *El Caballero de la Cruz*—a title borne by Lepolemo, son of the Emperor of Germany.

[3] *Tras la cruz está el Diablo*—a proverb, several times cited in *Don Quixote*.

[4] *El Espejo de Caballerías*, in four parts, the great storehouse and nursery of Carlovingian romance—the source whence, as indicated in the text, the poets and romancers drew their legends (expanded from Turpin's Chronicle) of Orlando and his companions.

[5] Turpin, or Tilpin, was Archbishop of Rheims about the year 770, and a prominent figure in the *Chanson de Roland* and the French *gestes* of Charlemagne. His name was used, some three or four centuries afterwards, to give credit to the Latin Chronicle, which is devoted to the exploits of the Frankish Emperor and his Paladins. Of this book a canon of Barcelona, towards the end of the eleventh century, is supposed to be the real author; though some have attributed it to Pope Calixtus II., who is said to have written it with the pious purpose of inciting Christendom to the Crusade. The name of Turpin was from the earliest days a by-word among the lettered laity, and even among the poets, who "spun their web from his yarn." Cervantes' irony in regard to *el verdadero historiador*, was anticipated by Boiardo, Pulci, and Ariosto, who all took their materials from Turpin.

Turpin che mai non mente in alcun loco.

—Boiardo, bk. xxiv. st. 53.

I am for condemning them to nothing more than perpetual banishment, if only because they have a share in the invention of the famous Mateo Boiardo, whence also the Christian poet Ludovico Ariosto spun his web. Him, if I find here, and he speaks any other language than his own, I shall pay no respect to him; but, if he speaks his own tongue, I will place him on my head.[1]

—I have him in Italian, observed the Barber, but I do not understand him.

—Nay, it were not well that you understood him, responded the Priest; and we should have forgiven the good Captain had he not brought him to Spain[2] and made him a Castilian, for he has robbed him of much of his native worth, and this is what all shall do who turn books of verse into another tongue, for, in spite of all the care they can take and the skill they may use, they will never reach the level of the first begetting. In fine, I say, let this book, and all that shall be found which treat of these affairs of France,[3]

Ma Turpin lascia quá l'istoria vera.
—*Id.*, bk. iii. st. 8, etc.

Se Turpin non mente.
—Pulci, *M. M.*, bk. xi. st. 38, etc.

Scrive Turpin veráce in questo loco.
—Ariosto, bk. xxx. st. 49.

[1] An Orientalism. A good Mahomedan places the Koran upon his head in token of veneration.

[2] Jarvis, the translator, here observes: "It is plain from hence that Cervantes did not relish Ariosto's extravagancies," a curious remark to make for one who thought himself so well versed in Cervantes' humour as to translate *Don Quixote*. It is certain, not only from other passages in Cervantes' works, but from this, which Jarvis has not understood, that the author of *Don Quixote* had a great admiration for the kindred genius of the Italian poet. "Christian poet," the epithet which puzzles Clemencin, is probably irony. The Priest thinks it well that the Barber should not be able to read Italian, that his morals might not receive damage from the loose passages from which unhappily the *Orlando Furioso* is not exempt. The rest of the censure applies to the Spanish version of the poem by Don Gerónimo Jimenez de Urrea, an Aragonese gentleman, first published at Lyons in 1556; which is a very poor production.

[3] Meaning the romances relating to the Carlovingian heroes.

be thrown and deposited in some dry well until it be seen, after further deliberation, what shall be done with them—excepting one *Bernardo del Carpio*,[1] who is hereabout, and another called *Roncesvalles*,[2] for these shall pass from my hands into those of the Housekeeper and from her to those of the fire, without any remission.

In all this the Barber concurred, holding it to be good and very proper, for he knew the Priest to be a sound Christian and so great a lover of the truth that he would never tell aught else for the world. Opening another book they found it was *Palmerin de Oliva*,[3] and near it was another called *Palmerin of England*, on seeing which the

[1] This poem referred to is supposed to be one by Augustin Alonso, printed at Toledo in 1585, of which Pellicer knew only one copy.

[2] This may refer to a poem by Francisco Garrido de Villena, entitled *El Verdadero Suceso de la batalla de Roncesvalles*, printed at Toledo, 1583; or to a continuation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, in Spanish, by Nicholas de Espinosa, devoted to Roncesvalles and the slaughter of the Twelve Peers, published at Zaragoza, 1555.

[3] The two Palmerins, though classed under the same section of romances and connected with each other, are of very different style and merit, as Cervantes, with his usual good taste and judgment, here denotes. *Palmerin de Oliva*, which is the earlier book, is believed by Clemencin to date from the close of the fifteenth century, which would make it anterior to almost all the romances excepting the *Amadis of Gaul*. *Palmerin de Inglaterra* was long supposed, on the authority of the Portuguese Manoel de Faria y Sousa, to be the work of the King Joam II., who lived between the years 1455 and 1495. All controversy on this point has now been settled by the discovery of the Spanish original, of which there is a copy in the Grenville Library, which was printed at Toledo, in two parts, in 1547-48. The author, as declared in a dedicatory acrostic, was Luis Hurtado, a poet of Toledo, who also wrote some dramas and translated the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid. See a tract by Don Pascual de Gayangos, *Del Palmerin de Inglaterra y de su verdadero autor* (Madrid, 1862); also the admirable *Discurso Preliminar*, by the same learned authority and my excellent friend, affixed to his *Libros de Caballerías* in the *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*, 1857. Southey made a spirited translation, or rather abridgment, of the *Palmerin*, which had been translated in full by Anthony Munday in 1587. Ticknor praises the romance highly for its literary merit, though placing it below *Amadis* in simplicity and naturalness. To Englishmen this "Palm of England" has a certain special interest, as it claims to be founded on ancient English chronicles. The hero himself is an English prince, son of Don Duarde, or Edward, King of England.

Priest exclaimed:—That Olive, let it be made into chips forthwith and burnt, so that even its ashes may not be extant. But for that Palm of England, let it be kept and preserved as a thing unique, and a casket be made for it such as Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, which he dedicated to the keeping of the works of the poet Homer. This book, gossip, deserves respect for two things: one, because in itself it is very good; and the other, because it is reputed to have been composed by a clever King of Portugal. All the adventures in the castle of Miraguarda are capital, and very artfully contrived; the speeches polished and perspicuous, for they observe and keep up the character of the speaker with much propriety and discernment. I say, then, saving your good judgment, Master Nicholas, let this and *Amadis of Gaul* be exempt from the fire, and let all the rest perish without further trial or enquiry.

—No, gossip, replied the Barber, for this I have here is the renowned *Don Belianis*.[1]

—Nay, even he, said the Priest, with his second, third, and fourth part hath need of a little rhubarb to purge his redundant choler, and it is necessary to strip them of all that about the Castle of Fame,[2] and other impertinences of greater gravity; on which account there is adjudged them a beyond-sea term,[3] and as they show amendment so shall mercy or justice be accorded them. Meanwhile, gossip, keep them in your house, but let not any one read them.

[1] *Don Belianis de Grecia*, written by Geronimo Fernandez, is said to have been the favourite reading of the Emperor Charles V.

[2] The Castle of Fame was a device invented at a tournament held in London by the King of England. It was large enough to contain ten thousand knights inside, and was drawn by forty elephants of an incredible bigness, upon wheels of silver. Out of it there issued nine cavaliers in blue armour (one of whom is described as Arthur King of Britain), on whose shields was painted *Fame*, so lettered.

[3] *Termino ultramarino*, which the old translators take to be banishment. It is a phrase of Spanish law, meaning the term allowed to one beyond the seas, according to distance, for putting in a plea of defence.

—That I will do with pleasure, responded the Barber; and the Priest, not being inclined to tire himself any more by reading books of chivalries, bade the Housekeeper take all the big ones and throw them out into the yard. He spoke to one who was neither deaf nor dull, but who had a greater mind for the burning of them than for the spinning of the largest and finest web that could be; so, seizing about eight at once, she tossed them from the window. She took so many of them together that one fell out of the heap at the Barber's feet; who, wishing to see what it was, found it to be called *History of the Famous Knight Tirante the White.*[1]

—Bless me, cried the Priest in a loud voice, and is *Tirante the White* here? Give it to me, gossip, for I reckon that I have found herein a treasure of delight and a mine of entertainment. Here you have Don Quirieleison of Montalvan, the valiant cavalier, and his brother Thomas of Montalvan, and the Knight Fonseca, with the fight which the valiant Tirante had with the big mastiff, and the witty conceits of the damsel Placer-de-mi-vida,[2] and the amours and tricks of the widow Reposada, and my lady the Empress in love with Hippolito, her squire. I tell you truth, good master gossip, that this for its style is the best book in the world. Here the Knights eat and sleep and die in their beds, and make their wills before dying, with other things that are wanting in all other books of this sort. For all this, I say that he who wrote it is well deserving; for he did not commit follies purposely which should send him to the

[1] *Tirante el Blanco*, or, as in the Catalan original, *Tirant lo Blanch*, is one of the most curious of all the romances of chivalry, as it is one of the most eminent. Its author was Juan Martorell, a Provençal gentleman. See the Romances of Chivalry, in Appendix A of this volume.

[2] *Quirieleison*—"Lord-have-mercy-upon-us"; *Placer-de-mi-vida*—"Pleasure-of-my-life," as names for a knight and a lady are doubtless intentional touches of humour, contributing to give the book its singular tone of latter-day unchivalrousness.

galleys for the term of his life.[1] Take it home and read it, and you will see that what I have said of it is true.

—So it shall be, answered the Barber; but what shall we do with these little books that remain?

—These, said the Priest, should be not of chivalry, but of poetry. Opening one he found it was the *Diana*[2] of Jorge de Montemayor, and thinking all the rest to be of the same kind,—These, said he, do not deserve to be burnt like the others, for they do not, nor will they do, the mischief which those of chivalries have done; for they are books of entertainment, without danger to anybody.

—O, sir, cried the Niece, you may well order them to be burnt like the others, for I should not wonder if my uncle, when cured of his chivalric infirmity, were to long to become a shepherd on reading these books, and wander about among the woods and meadows, singing and piping, and, what is

[1] Clemencin declares this to be "the obscurest passage in *Don Quixote*"; for which absurd and incomprehensible flight of dulness he is sharply reprehended by Juan Calderon in his *Cervantes Vindicado*. I see no difficulty whatever, under the guidance of Calderon, in the passage when translated literally; though every translator before me, including the two last, has muddled the sense, and made Cervantes say precisely the opposite to what he intended. Cervantes is a great master of irony, and sometimes it is difficult to know when he is serious and when jocose. But here his meaning is plain enough, if, in the clause *que merecia el que lo compuso*, we take *merecia* for a verb intransitive. Cervantes praises *Tirante* as being, on the whole, well deserving, though had the author committed designedly the follies pointed out, he should have been sent to the galleys for life. What is there inconsistent in the Priest advising the Barber to take the book home and read it?

[2] *Diana*, a pastoral novel in mixed prose and verse, by Jorge de Montemayor, a Portuguese, first published in 1545. In it the author, an old servant of the Duke of Alva, was supposed to have portrayed that grim old tyrant in the character of the shepherd Sireno. *Diana* was much in vogue in its day, being the first in that kind of composition in the language. The heroine, according to Lope de Vega, was a lady of the neighbourhood of Leon, who long outlived her poet-lover, and on the strength of the poem became a celebrity. *Diana* was turned into English by B. Young, whose version was printed in London in 1598. Shakspeare derived part of the plot of his *Two Gentlemen of Verona* from the story of the shepherdess Felismena.

opinion that it should not be burnt, bu
expunged as relates to the witch Felicia ar
water, with most of the longer poems, and
in God's name the prose and the honour of
among such books.[1]

—This which comes next, said the Barbe
called the *Second*, of the Salamantine ;[2] an
one bearing the same name, whose author is

—Nay, let her of the Salamantine join ar
company of those condemned to the yard ;
Gil Polo be preserved as if it were by Apoll
on, good neighbour, and let us despatch, for it

—This work is, said the Barber, opening
Ten Books of Fortune of Love, by Antonio de L
Sardinia.

—By the orders I have received, cried th
Apollo was Apollo, the Muses Muses, and the
humorous and fantastical a book as that has no
and one which in its way is the best and most
those of this kind that ever have seen the wo
he who has not read it may reckon that he

[1] The first, that is, in Spain. Jacobo Sannazaro, the N
in 1552, has the honour of being the first to write the mix
pastoral, in his *Arcadia*,—among whose imitators was Cerv

anything delightful. Give it to me here, gossip, for I prize more this find than if they had given me a cassock of Florence serge.[1]

He laid it aside with very great delight, and the Barber proceeded, saying:

—These which follow are *The Shepherd of Iberia*, *Nymphs of Henares*, and *Unveiling of Jealousy*.[2]

—Then there is no more to do, said the Priest, than to deliver them over to the secular arm of the Housekeeper, and let me not be asked why, for that would be never to end.

—This who comes here is *The Shepherd of Filida*.[3]

—No shepherd is he, quoth the Priest, but a very knowing courtier: let him be kept for a precious jewel.

—This big one here is entitled, said the Barber, *Treasury of Divers Poems*.[4]

—Had they been not so many, remarked the Priest, they would have been more esteemed. This book needs to be

[1] The irony here is tolerably palpable, yet it has taken in more than one reader, native and foreign—among them one Pedro Pineda, a teacher of the Spanish language (author of a Spanish and English Dictionary) who resided in London during the first half of the eighteenth century. Poor Pedro Pineda, taking what the Priest says for earnest, printed a sumptuous edition of Lofraso's *Fortuna de Amor* in 1740, declaring it to be a production worthy of being prized for its "goodness, elegance, and acuteness," and that for these merits it had been commended by "*el aguila de la lengua Española* Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra." The original was published in 1573. Lofraso seems to have been the butt of the poets of the age, and was ridiculed again in terms of exceptional severity by Cervantes in his *Voyage to Parnassus*, ch. iii.

[2] *El Pastor de Iberia*, written by Bernardo de la Vega, and published at Seville, 1594.—*Ninfas de Henares*, by Bernardo Gonzalez de Bobadilla, Alcalá, 1587, referred to in the *Voyage to Parnassus*, ch. iii. *Desengaño de Zelos*, by Bartolomé Lopez de Enciso, a tedious pastoral in prose and verse.

[3] *El Pastor de Filida*, written by Luis Galvez de Montalvo, a gentleman of the Court, and published at Madrid in 1582. Montalvo was one of Cervantes' personal friends, praised by Lope de Vega in his *Laurel de Apolo*.

[4] *Tesoro de várias poesias*, by Pedro de Padilla, printed at Madrid in 1575. He wrote also *El Jardin Espiritual*, which bears an eulogistic sonnet by Cervantes, and is doubtless one of the more "heroical and lofty poems" here spoken of.

weeded and cleared of certain irregularities which it contains in the midst of its great things: take care of it, for the author is a friend of mine, and out of respect for other more heroical and elevated works which he has written.

—This, continued the Barber, is a book of songs by Lopez Maldonado.[1]

—The author of that book also, replied the Priest, is my great friend, and his poems, by those who hear them from his own mouth, are much admired, and so sweet is his voice that he enchants when he chants them. He is over long in his eulogies; though what is good was never too much. Keep him with the chosen ones. But what is that book which lies next him?

—The *Galatea* of Miguel de Cervantes,[2] said the Barber.

—That Cervantes has for many years been a great friend of mine, and I know him to be more versed in sorrows than in song. His book contains a little of good invention: it proposes something but concludes nothing. We must wait for the second part he promises; perhaps with amendment he will achieve that full grace now denied him. Meanwhile, until this be decided, keep him a recluse in your lodging, good neighbour.

[1] *El Cancionero de Lopez Maldonado*, published at Madrid, 1586, also with some friendly verses of introduction by Cervantes.

[2] It is impossible not to admire the mingled modesty, *naïveté*, and judgment with which Cervantes here speaks of his own youthful production. The second part of the *Galatea* here spoken of, and again promised in the dedication of *Persiles and Sigismunda* to the Conde de Lemos, written four days before the author's death, never appeared. The inference drawn by a recent English translator from this passage that "until *Don Quixote* made the author's name known, the *Galatea* had remained unnoticed," is without warrant. There is ample evidence, cited by Navarrete in his *Life of Cervantes*, p. 279, etc., to show that the *Galatea*, though, like most pastorals, it missed popularity, was not unnoticed by the writers of his period. Galvez de Montalvo, Pedro de Padilla, and even Lope de Vega himself, placed Cervantes among "the great poets of the age,"—a title he could only have earned by his *Galatea*, before the appearance of *Don Quixote*. Nay, Lope de Vega so far noticed the *Galatea* as to imitate it (as he imitated everything that Cervantes wrote) in his *Arcadia*.

—With pleasure, answered the Barber. And here came three together: *The Araucana* of Don Alonzo de Erçilla; *The Austriada* of Juan Rufo, magistrate of Cordova; and *The Monserrat* of Christóbal de Virués,[1] poet of Valencia.

—All these three books, said the Priest, are the best which have been written in the heroic verse in the Castilian tongue, and may compare with the most famous of Italy. Let them be preserved as the richest treasures of poetry that Spain possesses.

The Priest was too tired to look at any more books, and wished all the rest to be burnt, contents unknown; but the Barber had already one opened, which was called *The Tears of Angelica*.[2]

—I would have shed them, said the Priest on hearing the title, if I had ordered such a book to be burnt; for its author was one of the most famous poets, not only in Spain but in the whole world, and was most happy in the translation of some of the fables of Ovid.[3]

[1] These three are among the masterpieces of Spanish heroic poetry. Erçilla was a friend of Cervantes, and distinguished, like many of that age, as a soldier as well as a poet. The *Austriada* of Juan Rufo has for its hero Don Juan of Austria, and deals with his campaign against the Moriscoes of Granada, concluding with the victory of Lepanto. The *Monserrat* of Cristóbal de Virués comes nearer in form and structure to the epic than any other poem in the language. These three poets were also praised by Cervantes in his *Canto de Caliope*, which formed part of his *Galatea*.

[2] *Las Lágrimas de Angelica*, the true title of which is *Primera Parte de la Angelica*, was a poem by Luis Barahona de Soto, whom Cervantes had praised before, a little extravagantly, as was his wont to do when speaking of the works of his friends, in the *Voyage to Parnassus*, ch. iii.

[3] This famous chapter, so skilfully introduced precisely in the very place for it, so far as the action of the story is concerned, and a perfect sample of the author's humour, does not seem to have received due attention for its undercurrent of raillery at the Holy Office and its ministers. There can be no doubt, from the phrases and the forms employed, that the burning of the books was meant to be a burlesque on the process of the Inquisition, under the mask of a critical scrutiny. No writer of the age certainly went so near to laughing at the dread tribunal, and it is rather remarkable that no notice was ever taken either of this chapter or of others manifestly of the same bent in *Don Quixote*.

CHAPTER VII

Of the Second Sally of our good Knight Don Quixote of La Mancha

THEY were thus employed when Don Quixote began to call out at the top of his voice, exclaiming :—This way, this way, valorous Knights! Here are ye needed to show the might of your valorous arms! for the Courtiers are getting the best of the tourney!

Called away by this noise and clamour, they did not proceed any further with the inquisition on the remainder of the books, and so, it is believed, there went to the fire, unseen and unjudged, the *Carolea* and the *Lion of Spain*, with the feats of the Emperor, composed by Don Luis de Avila,[1] which, doubtless, would have been among those which remained, and perhaps if the Priest had seen them they would not have suffered so rigorous a sentence. When they had come to Don Quixote he was risen from his bed and was repeating his outcries and ravings, laying about with his sword all over the room, with slashes and back-strokes, and as wide awake as if he had never been asleep. They

[1] *La Carolea*, by Gerónimo Sempere, published at Valencia, 1560, is a poem upon the principal events in the life of the Emperor Charles V., in thirty cantos, of little merit. *El Leon de España*, by Pedro de la Vecilla Castellanos (Salamanca, 1586), is a poem devoted to the commemoration of the glories of the city of Leon. It is not certain what is the third book to which Cervantes here alludes. Don Luis de Avila wrote no poem on the deeds of the Emperor, but a prose history of the campaign against the Lutherans.

grappled with him, and by force took him back to his bed; and, after he had rested quietly a little while, he began to address the Priest, saying:

—Sure, my Lord Archbishop Turpin, it is a great default in us, who call ourselves Twelve Peers, to let the crown of this tourney be carried off without more ado by the Courtier-Knights,—we, the Adventurers, having won the prize in the three preceding days.[1]

—I pray you be still, dear comrade, cried the Priest, for God may yet be pleased to change the luck, and that which is lost to-day may be redeemed to-morrow. For the present attend to your health, for methinks you should be over-wearied, if not sorely wounded.

—Wounded! no, replied Don Quixote, but bruised and pounded,—there is no doubt of that, for that bastard of a Roland has battered me with the trunk of an oak, and all out of envy, since he saw that I alone was his rival in prowess.[2] But never call me Rinaldo of Montalvan if, on rising from this bed, I do not pay him for it in spite of his enchanteries. For the present, let them bring me some food, for I believe this would most suit my case, and let the avenging me stand to my charge.

They complied with his request, and having given him to eat, he fell asleep again, leaving them wondering at his madness. That same night the Housekeeper set fire to and burnt all the books that were in the yard and throughout the house, and some must have gone to the flames which

[1] The courtier-knights, or defenders, and the adventurer-knights, or challengers, figure in the tourney of Persepolis, described in *Belianis*, as well as in several other of the romances. The Archbishop Turpin, of the Carlovingian *chansons* and ballads, was a doughty warrior as well as prelate, and figures largely in the former character in the *Chanson de Roland*.

[2] The quarrels of the two Paladins, Roland and Rinaldo, form a favourite theme of the old ballads, especially in the fine old romance of Conde Dirlos. In the *Orlando Innamorato* they are represented as fighting in the presence of Angelica, after a passage of angry words.

merited preservation among the eternal archives, but destiny and the laziness of the inquisitor did not allow it; and thus was fulfilled in them the saying, the saint sometimes pays for the sinner.[1]

One of the remedies which the Priest and the Barber then used for their friend's malady was to wall up and close the room where the books had been, so that when he rose he should not find them, and, perhaps, the cause being removed, the effect would cease; and they might say that enchanters had carried them off, room and all; and so it was done with great promptitude.

Two days afterwards Don Quixote rose from his bed; and the first thing he did was to go and look for his books, and when he could not find the room in which he had left them, he went searching for it hither and thither. He came up to where the door used to be, and felt for it with his hands, and looked and looked again all around, without speaking a word. After some while he asked the Housekeeper whereabouts was his book-closet. The Housekeeper, who was well instructed in what she had to answer, said:

—What room, or what anything does your worship seek? There is neither room nor books in this house now, for the Devil himself has carried it all away.

—It was not the Devil, said the Niece, but an enchanter who came upon a cloud one night, after you went away from here, and, alighting from a serpent on which he was riding, he entered the chamber; and I don't know what he did inside, for after a little time he went flying out through the roof, and left the house full of smoke;[2] and when we thought of looking to see what he had done, we found neither books nor room. But we remember very well,

[1] *Pagan á las veces justos por pecadores*—a proverb, found in the collection of the Marqués de Santillana.

[2] This proves that the Niece was a reader of romances as well as her uncle. In *Amadis* and *Belianis* there are magicians who behave like this.

myself and the Housekeeper, that at the time of going away that bad old man said in a loud voice that, for the secret enmity he had for the owner of those books and that room, he had done him the ill turn which should by-and-by be seen. He said, too, that he was called the sage Muñaton.

—Freston,[1] he would say, quoth Don Quixote.

—I can't say, struck in the Housekeeper, whether he called himself Freston or Friton. I only know that his name ended in *ton*.

—It is so, said Don Quixote. He is a learned enchanter, a great enemy of mine, who has a grudge against me, for he knows through his arts and his learning that I am to come, in process of time, to fight in single combat a Knight whom he favours, and to vanquish that Knight without his being able to prevent it; and therefore he tries to do me every ill turn he can. But I tell him that he cannot oppose or avert what Heaven has decreed.

—Who doubts of that? cried the Niece. But who has mixed you up, dear Uncle, in those quarrels? Would it not be better to stop peacefully at home, and not go through the world seeking for better bread than is made of wheat,[2] never considering that many go for wool and come back shorn?[3]

—O Niece of mine, responded Don Quixote, how greatly art thou out in thy reckoning! Ere they shear me I will pluck and strip the beards of all who think to touch me in the point of a single hair!

The two would not make further reply, for they perceived that his anger was being inflamed.

It so befell that he stayed fifteen days at home very

[1] Freston, or Friston, is the archimage in *Belianis*, where he figures largely.

[2] *Buscar pan de trastrigo*—a proverbial saying, in common use to this day. *Trastrigo*—*trans-triticum*—is wheat in some impossible superlative of excellence beyond the best known—the best in Spain being that of Seville.

[3] A proverb, common to many languages, and very old in Spanish, being quoted in the poem of the Conde Fernan González of the fourteenth century.

quietly without showing any signs of an inclination to repeat his former vagaries, during which period he held many pleasant disputes with his two good gossips, the Priest and the Barber, upon his declaration that the thing of which the world stood in greatest need was Knights Errant, and that in himself should be revived Knight Errantry. The Priest would sometimes contradict him, and sometimes yield to him, for if he had not used this artifice there would have been no bringing him to reason. During this period Don Quixote was besetting with his solicitations a peasant, a neighbour of his, an honest fellow (if such a name can be applied to one who is poor), but of very little salt in his brain-pan.[1] In the end, he said so much to him, and plied him with so many fair words and promises, that the poor clown determined to go out with him and serve him as squire. Don Quixote told him, among other things, that he ought to be very well disposed to accompany him, for at some time or other an adventure might befall which should, in the twinkling of an eye, win him an Isle,[2] and leave him governor thereof. On the faith of these and other such promises, Sancho Panza (for so the peasant was named) forsook his wife and children and took service as squire to his neighbour. Don Quixote then set about to provide himself with money, and, by selling one thing and pawning another, and making bad bargains in all, he raised a moderate sum. He furnished himself also with a buckler,[3] which he

[1] *De muy poco sal en la mollera*—a proverbial phrase, which loses nothing by literal translation. Sancho scarcely deserves such a character, but no doubt he grew in wisdom with his author as he grew in love.

[2] *Insula*—a classical and high-flown word for *island*, used in the romances, which Sancho did not clearly understand—at least, till towards the end of the story—as being identical with *isla*. I have translated it by *isle* as being our corresponding English antique word for island.

[3] *Rodela*—for which Hartzenbusch, without any warrant, reads *lanza*,—observing that Don Quixote needed a lance more than a shield, his lance having been broken to pieces by the servant of the Toledan merchants, as we have seen in ch. iv., whereas nothing is said about the *adarga*. But we cannot tell, and it

borrowed from a friend, and, patching up his broken helmet as best he could, he gave his squire Sancho notice of the day and hour on which he designed to set out, so that Sancho might supply himself with all that was needful; above all, he charged his squire to procure wallets,[1] which the other promised to do, saying moreover that as he was not very apt at travelling a-foot, he preferred to take his ass along with him, which was a very good one. In the matter of the ass Don Quixote hesitated a little, racking his brains to remember whether any Knight Errant ever carried a squire mounted on ass-back; but no case occurred to his memory. Nevertheless, he decided that the ass should be taken, with the intention of providing his squire with a more dignified mount when he had a chance, by unhorsing the first discourteous Knight he encountered. He provided himself also with shirts and as many other things as he could, according to the advice given him by the innkeeper.

All this being done and arranged, Sancho Panza, without taking leave of his children and wife, and Don Quixote,

is vain to enquire, why Don Quixote furnished himself with another shield. Perhaps, as Clemencin suggests, the *adarga* was worn out by age. The *rodela*, which I have translated "buckler," was the round target of wood, strengthened with iron, used by infantry up to the sixteenth century. Borne by a knight in armour on horseback, it contributed to render Don Quixote's appearance still more bizarre and ridiculous. Cervantes does not always bear in mind the change he has made in his hero's equipment, for hereafter the knight's shield is called sometimes *rodela* sometimes *adarga*.

[1] *Alforjas*: the wallets, or saddle-bags, were a portion of the universal and indispensable equipment of travellers in Spain, whether on foot or mounted. They are always in pairs, made of cotton and worsted, more or less gaily embroidered. On foot they are slung across the shoulders. On horse- or ass-back they are borne in front of the rider, hanging down on each side.—The *bota*, or leather bottle to hold wine, was scarcely a less necessary part of travelling gear, in a country where inns are far between and water scarce. It is the ancient wine vessel mentioned in Job and in Matthew, in shape like an elongated pear, in capacity equal to from two to five quarts. Sometimes it is furnished with a wooden cup; but Sancho, as we shall see, like all his brethren, used no such refinement, but drank out of the bottle direct, after a fashion which none but a native has ever mastered.

without good-bye to his Housekeeper and Niece, sallied forth from the village one night[1] without any person seeing them, making such good way that at daybreak they felt themselves safe against discovery, even if they were searched for. Sancho Panza rode on his ass like a patriarch, with his wallets and his leather-bottle,[2] and a huge desire to see himself Governor of the Isle which his master had promised him. It chanced that Don Quixote took the same course and road which he had taken on his first journey,[3] which was by the plain of Montiel, along which he travelled with less discomfort than on the former occasion, because it was the hour of dawn, and the sun's rays, striking them obliquely, did not distress them. Presently Sancho Panza said to his master:

—Look, your worship, Sir Knight Errant, that you do not forget that about the Isle you promised me, for I warrant me able to govern it, be it ever so large.

To which Don Quixote replied:—Thou must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a custom greatly in vogue with the Knights Errant of old to make their squires Governors of the Isles or Kingdoms they won;[4] and I am resolved that, on my part, so grateful a usage shall not fail—rather I design to surpass me therein, for they sometimes, and perhaps for the most part, waited till their squires were grown old; and when worn out with service, and spending evil days and worse nights, they got some title of Count, or at the least Marquess, of some valley or province of more or less value. But if thou livest and I live, it may well be that

[1] The date has been precisely fixed by Hartzenbusch, by an elaborate process of calculations, such as might make the spirit of Cervantes lose its "serious air," to be the night of Thursday, the 24th of August, 1589. See the Chronology of Don Quixote, in Appendix A, vol. iv.

[2] See note 1 on p. 97.

[3] See the Itinerary of Don Quixote in Appendix B, vol. iv.

[4] The leading precedent in the books is that of Amadis' squire, Gandalin, whom his master made Lord of the *Insula Firme*, in reward and payment of his good services.

ere six days I shall win me some Kingdom, which has others adhering to it, just fit for thee to be crowned King of one of them.[1] And hold not this for any great matter, for things and events happen to such Knights Errant by means so unheard and unthought of, that with ease I might be able to bestow on thee even more than I have promised.

—By the same token, said Sancho Panza, if I become King by some one of those miracles of which your worship speaks, no less will Juana Gutierrez,[2] my deary,[3] come to be Queen, and my children Princes.

—Who doubts it? answered Don Quixote.

—I doubt it, replied Sancho Panza, because I am thinking that, even though God rained kingdoms upon the earth, none of them would sit well on the head of Mari-Gutierrez. Know, sir, that she is not worth two *maravedis* for Queen. Countess would suit her better—nay, and God help her.

—Commend thee to God, Don Quixote answered, for He will give her what is most befitting; but do not thou debase thy heart so low as to be content with aught less than to be Captain-General.[4]

—I will not, dear sir, quoth Sancho; especially as I have a master so grand as your worship, who will know how to give me all that will do me good and I am able to bear.

[1] The heroes of chivalric romance give away kingdoms as easily as they conquer them. Amadis of Greece gave the damsel Finistea, who served him as squire in male disguise, the kingdom of Thebes, and Tirante made one of his knights King of Fez.

[2] Sancho's wife, here called Juana Gutierrez, is presently named Mari-Gutierrez. By-and-by we shall know her as Juana Panza, and again as Teresa Panza, whose maiden name was Cascajo. This carelessness, for which he has been severely reproved, is turned by the author himself into a jest in the Second Part.

[3] *Oislo*—a vulgar name for wife or sweetheart, in use among the picaresque gentry.

[4] *Adelantado*—lit. a man put in front (*en adelante*) by the king on some special service—according to the law of the *Partida*, an officer invested with extraordinary powers, administrative and judicial, on the frontier—a warden of the marches, something higher than governor. In modern times the title remains though the duties have ceased.

CHAPTER VIII

Of the good success which Don Quixote had in the terrible and never-before-imagined Adventure of the Windmills, with other events worthy of happy remembrance

While thus conversing they caught sight of some thirty or forty windmills which are in that plain,[1] and as soon as Don Quixote perceived them he exclaimed:

—Fortune is guiding our affairs better than we could have desired; for look yonder, friend Sancho, where thirty or more huge giants are revealed, with whom I intend to do battle and take all their lives. With their spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves, for this is fair war, and it is doing

[1] This, the most famous adventure in *Don Quixote*, which has become a world's parable, appears at first sight to be a little too extravagant,—the English reader not being able to conceive how a man on horseback, however bold, could reach so high as with levelled lance to attack the sail of a windmill. The windmills, however, of Spain, and certainly of La Mancha,—as may be seen in Don Quixote's country to this day,—are much smaller than those of England. La Mancha being an elevated, treeless plain, there is no occasion to make the mills lofty in order to catch the wind. The plain about the Pass of Lápice is dotted with windmills, about which there is a local tradition that they once belonged to a Señor Quixote; and, as Ford observes, they are "really not unlike giants at a distance." The Knight on horseback would have his arms about on a level with their sails; nor would the encounter be quite so desperate an enterprise as it would be to one assailing a windmill in Kent or Sussex. The introduction of windmills into Spain was only a generation antecedent to the time of Cervantes, so that they were still novelties in the country. The Zancara, one of the feeders of the Guadiana, according to an authority quoted by Clemencin, dried up entirely between the years 1505 and 1545, which led to the institution of windmills in this arid, corn-growing district.

God great service to clear this evil spawn from off the face of the earth.

—What giants? asked Sancho Panza.

—Those thou seest there, replied his master, with the long arms, which some of them are wont to have of two leagues' length.

—Take care, sir, cried Sancho, for those we see yonder are not giants but windmills, and what in them look like arms are the sails which, being whirled about by the wind, make the mill-stone to go.

—It is manifest, answered Don Quixote, that thou art not experienced in this matter of adventures. They are giants, and if thou art afraid, get thee away home and dispose thyself to prayer while I go to engage with them in fierce and unequal combat.

So saying he clapped spurs to Rozinante, his steed, without heeding the cries which Sancho Panza his squire uttered, warning him that those he was going to encounter were beyond all doubt windmills and not giants. But he went on, so fully persuaded that they were giants that he neither listened to the cries of his squire Sancho nor stopped to mark what they were, but shouted to them in a loud voice:

—Fly not, cowards, vile creatures, for it is a single cavalier who assails you!

A slight breeze having sprung up at this moment, the great sail-arms began to move, on perceiving which Don Quixote cried:

—Although ye should wield more arms than had the giant Briareus, ye shall pay for it!

Saying this, and commending himself with his whole soul to his lady Dulcinea, beseeching her to succour him in this peril, well covered with his buckler, with his lance in rest, he charged at Rozinante's best gallop and attacked the first mill before him, and thrusting his lance into the

sail the wind turned it with so much violence that the lance was shivered to pieces, carrying with it the horse and his rider, who was sent rolling over the plain sorely damaged.

Sancho Panza hastened to his master's help as fast as his ass could go, and when he came up he found the Knight unable to stir, such a shock had Rozinante given him in the fall.

—God bless me, cried Sancho, did I not tell your worship to look to what you were doing, for they were naught but windmills? And nobody could mistake them but one who had other such in his head.[1]

—Peace, friend Sancho, said Don Quixote; for the things of war are more than other subject to continual mutation. And, moreover, I believe, and that is the truth, that the same sage Friston who robbed me of my room and my books hath turned these giants into windmills, in order to deprive me of the glory of their overthrow, so great is the enmity he bears to me; but in the upshot his evil arts shall little avail against the goodness of my sword.

—God send it as He will, answered Sancho; and helping him to rise, the Knight remounted Rozinante, whose shoulders were half dislocated.

Discoursing of the late adventure, they followed the road to the Pass of Lápice,[2] for there, said Don Quixote, it was not possible to miss finding many and various adventures, it being a spot so much frequented. He was much concerned, however, at the loss of his lance, and, accosting his squire, said:—I remember to have read that a certain Spanish Knight, named Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in a battle, tore off a bough or stem of an oak, and

[1] Meaning other such windmills.

[2] *Puerto Lápice—Portus Lapidum*,—a pass between two olive-clad hills, so called because of the stones which compose them, once used for building. Through this ran the highroad from Madrid to Andalucia. In the time of Cervantes the country hereabouts seems to have been well wooded. It is now bare of any but stunted olive trees.

with it performed such deeds that day, and pounded so many Moors, that he got the surname of *Machuca*, and thus he and his descendants were called from that day forth Vargas y Machuca.[1] I have told thee this, because I propose, from the first oak or stout tree to rend a branch such and so good as that, with which I design and intend to do such deeds that thou mayst regard thyself as right fortunate to have merited to come to see them, and be a witness of things which shall scarce be credited.

—By God's help, answered Sancho, and I believe it all as your worship says; but straighten yourself a bit, for methinks you go lop-sided, and it must be from the bruising of your fall.

—That is the truth, said Don Quixote, and if I complain not of the pain, it is because it is not allowed to Knights Errant to complain of any wounds, though their bowels should protrude therefrom.[2]

—If that is so, I have no more to say, replied Sancho; though God knows I should be glad for your worship to complain when anything hurts you. As to myself, I can say that complain I must of the smallest pain I have, if so

[1] From *machucar*, to pound. The exploit of Diego Perez de Vargas is mentioned by Diego Rodriguez de Almela, a Canon of Murcia in the fifteenth century; and is the subject of a ballad in Sepulveda's collection (Duran, vol. ii. p. 15). It is also celebrated by Lope de Vega in his *Laurel de Apolo*, st. viii. Over the Jerez gate at Seville there was once to be seen, carved on the stones, the following tribute to this hero's brother,—a celebrated Christian leader in the wars of the king San Fernando:—

Hercules me edificó,
Julio César me cercó
De muros y torres altas;
Y el Rey santo me ganó
Con Garci Perez de Vargas.

[2] It was one of the rules of the Order of Knighthood instituted by Alfonso XI. in 1330, called *La Banda*, that no Knight, however badly wounded, must cry *Ay!*

be as that this law of not complaining reaches not to Knights Errants' squires.

Don Quixote could not help smiling at his squire's simplicity, and explained to him that he might very well complain how and when he pleased, with or without cause, for up to that time he had read nothing to the contrary in the ordinance of chivalry. Sancho bade him consider that it was the hour of dinner, but Don Quixote replied that he had need of none, but that Sancho might eat whenever he chose. With this licence Sancho made himself as comfortable as he could upon his ass, and taking out of the wallets what he had deposited there, went riding and feeding very leisurely behind his master; and from time to time he would lift the bottle with so much relish that the daintiest tapster of Malaga might have envied him. And whilst he rode in that fashion, multiplying his draughts, he remembered nothing of any promise which his master had made him, nor held it to be any toil, rather a recreation, to go in search of adventures, however dangerous they might be.

They passed that night among some trees, and from one of them Don Quixote tore off a dry bough which might serve him in some sort for a lance, fixing on it the iron head which he took from that which had been broken. He slept not all that night, thinking on the lady Dulcinea, in order that he might conform to what he had read in his books of those who passed many nights in the forests and deserts without sleeping, entertained by the memories of their mistresses. Not so did Sancho Panza pass the night, who, his stomach being full, and not with succory water,[1] had carried it all off in one sound sleep; and, if his master had not awakened him, neither the rays of the sun which shone in his face nor the song of the birds, who in great number

[1] That is, with nothing so innocent. Succory, or chicory, water was much in vogue in that age as a cooling drink, the herb having "much vertue to coole the hot burning of the liver," according to Gerarde, his *Herbal*.

and very gleefully saluted the coming of the new day, would have been able to make him stir. On rising, he made trial of his bottle, finding it somewhat leaner than the night before, and his heart was grieved to think that they were not taking the road soon to remedy this defect. Don Quixote would not break his fast, for, as we have said, he had resolved to diet upon savoury memories.

They turned into the track they had before been taking towards the Pass of Lápice, which, about three o'clock of the day, they discovered. At sight of it Don Quixote exclaimed:

—Here, brother Sancho, we may dip our hands up to the elbows in what they call adventures. But take note, though thou seest me in the greatest danger on earth, thou must not set thy hand to thy sword[1] to defend me, unless thou shouldst perceive that they who assail me are rabble and low people, in which case thou canst come to my aid; but if they are Knights, by no manner of means is it lawful nor allowed by the rules of chivalry that thou shouldst assist me until thou art dubbed a Knight.

—Sure, your worship, replied Sancho, you shall be right well obeyed in this, more by token seeing that, for me, I am a peaceful man, and not fond of thrusting myself in broils and battles. Verily, in what touches the defending of my person I shall not take much account of those rules, for those of God and man permit every one to defend himself against any one who would harm him.

—Nor do I say less, Don Quixote replied; but in this matter of helping me against Knights, thou hast to put a curb on thy natural impulses.

[1] This passage is one of those quoted in proof of Cervantes' carelessness, as Sancho is made to carry a sword, whereas, from subsequent passages, it is clear that he had none. But, surely, we may conceive this to be part of Don Quixote's delusion, who, imagining himself to be a very perfect Knight, believed Sancho to be a complete squire, and therefore provided with all that pertained to the squirely office.

—I promise to do so, said Sancho; and I will keep that precept as strictly as the Lord's day.

While they were thus conversing, there appeared on the road two friars of the order of S. Benedict, mounted on what might be two dromedaries, for they were no smaller, the two mules on which they rode. They wore their travelling masks,[1] and carried umbrellas. After them came a coach, with four or five on horseback accompanying it, and two muleteers on foot. There rode in the coach, as was afterwards known, a lady of Biscay, who was going to Seville, where her husband was, who was bound to the Indies on a very honourable charge.[2] The friars were not of her company, although they were travelling the same way.

Scarcely had Don Quixote espied them when he exclaimed to his squire:

—Either I much mistake or this should be the most famous adventure ever seen, for those dark forms that loom yonder, doubtless, are certain enchanters who are carrying off in that coach some Princess they have stolen; and it behoves me to redress this wrong with all my might.

—This will be a worse job than the windmills, said Sancho. Look, your worship, those are Benedictine friars, and the coach will belong to some people travelling. Mind what I say, and take care what you do, and let not the devil deceive you.

—I have told thee, Sancho, Don Quixote answered, that thou knowest little of the mystery of adventures. What I say is the truth, and now thou shalt see it.

Saying this he went forward and posted himself in the middle of the road along which the friars were coming,

[1] These were masks of pasteboard to protect the face from the sun and dust, with crystals to fit the eyes. The appearance presented by the friars thus disguised must have been sufficiently weird to suggest enchanters to Don Quixote's imagination.

[2] Seville was in those days the great emporium of foreign traffic and the port of departure for America.

and, when they had come near enough to hear what he said, he exclaimed, in a loud voice:

—Monstrous and devilish crew! This moment release the exalted Princesses whom in that coach ye are carrying away perforce, or prepare to receive instant death as a just chastisement for your misdeeds.

The friars drew rein, and stood amazed, both at Don Quixote's figure and at his speech, to which they replied:

—Sir Knight, we are neither monstrous nor devilish, but two monks of S. Benedict who are travelling about our business, nor do we know whether in this coach there come any forced Princesses or not.

—No soft words for me, for I know you, perfidious churls! cried Don Quixote; and, without waiting further parley, he spurred Rozinante, and, with lowered lance, made at the foremost friar with such fury and vigour that if the monk had not slipped off his mule he would have been brought to the ground and badly hurt, if not killed outright. The second monk, seeing the way they treated his companion, clapped his heels to the sides of his big mule[1] and fled across the country, swifter than the very wind. Sancho Panza, when he saw the monk on the ground, alighting nimbly from his ass ran up to him and began to strip him of his garments. Upon this, two of the friars' servants came up and asked him why he was disrobing their master. Sancho answered that it was his lawful perquisite as spoils of the battle which his lord, Don Quixote, had won. The muleteers, who did not take the joke, nor understood that about spoils and battles, seeing that Don Quixote was now at a distance speaking with the ladies in the coach, fell upon

[1] *Al castillo de su buena mula*—lit. "to the castle of his good mule." Clemencin here enjoys an easy triumph over his rival, the English commentator Bowle, who, mistaking the sense of this passage, converted *castillo* into *costilla* (rib). The emendation, though ingenious enough, was unnecessary,—the idiom being a common one in Spanish, to signify the bigness of the animal ridden by the friar.

Sancho and threw him down, and, not leaving him a hair on his beard, they kicked and mauled him without mercy, and left him stretched on the ground, senseless and breathless. As for the friar, without staying a moment, he remounted, all trembling and terror-stricken, and all the colour gone from his face; and when he found himself on his mule, he spurred after his comrade, who stood a good way off awaiting him, and biding the issue of that sudden assault; and, without caring to stop for the end of the adventure, they pursued their journey, crossing themselves more than as if they had the devil at their backs.

Don Quixote, as we have said, was discoursing with the lady in the coach, to whom he said:

—Your beauteousness,[1] my lady, may now dispose of your person as it may best please you, for now the pride of your ravishers is laid in the dust, overthrown by this my puissant arm. And that you may not pine to learn the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote of La Mancha, Knight Errant, adventurer, and captive of the peerless and beauteous Doña Dulcinea del Toboso; and in requital of the boon you have received of me, I would ask no more than that you should betake yourself to El Toboso and present yourself on my behalf before that lady, and tell her what I have done for your deliverance.[2]

All that Don Quixote said was overheard by a squire, one of those who accompanied the coach, who was a Biscayan. He, seeing that the coach was not let to pass on, but that they spoke of turning it back at once to El Toboso, went up to Don Quixote, and, laying hold of his

[1] Don Quixote again uses here the antiquated and stately forms of speech, such as *fermosura* for *hermosura*, *facer* for *hacer*, *fecho* for *hecho*.

[2] So Amadis charged the thirty knights and forty dames and damsels whom he liberated from the giant Madarque, to present themselves before the Queen Brisena (ch. lxv.). And so Esplandian, his son, bade the twenty damsels and others whom he rescued from a cave guarded by twenty ferocious men with axes, to present themselves before the Emperor of Constantinople, his mistress' father.

lance, thus addressed him in bad Castilian and worse Biscayan:

—Get away with thee, Knight, and go to the devil; for by God who made me, if thou dost not let the coach go, I will kill thee as I am a Biscayan.[1]

Don Quixote, who understood him very well, replied with much composure.

—If thou wert a gentleman, as thou art not, I would ere this have chastised thy folly and thy insolence, caitiff creature.

To which the Biscayan responded:

—I no gentleman?[2] I vow to God thou liest, as thou art a Christian. Throw down thy lance and draw thy sword, the water soon thou shalt see thou art carrying to the cat;[3] Biscayner by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman by the devil, thou liest, and mind if aught else thou sayest!

—Now shall you see, quoth Agrages,[4] responded Don Quixote; and flinging his lance to the ground he drew his sword, grasped his buckler tight, and rushed at the Biscayan,

[1] The Biscayan speaks Biscayan, or broken Spanish, in the original, after the manner of his countrymen, then, as now, a common subject of ridicule among Spanish wits. Cervantes seems to have a special grudge against Biscayans, who were accused in his day of being arrant office-seekers, and were as unpopular as Scotchmen were in England in the reign of James I. Quevedo, in his *Book of Many Things and Many Other More*, says, that if you wish to learn Biscayan you must change every first person of the verb into the second, and *vice versâ*, which is what the angry squire does in this passage. I have not thought it my duty to render his bad Spanish into broken English, as some of the translators have done.

[2] The *équivoque* cannot be rendered in English. The Biscayan takes offence because Don Quixote calls him no *caballero*, meaning no knight. But *caballero* in Spanish means gentleman as well as knight, and it is in the former sense (which alone he knows) that the Biscayan takes the word.

[3] *Llevar el gato al agua*—to carry the cat to the water, a common proverbial phrase expressive of an enterprise of difficulty and danger. The Biscayan, in his wrath, turns the cat about and the proverb upside down.

[4] *Ahora lo veredes, dijō Agrages*—a familiar phrase of menace, taken from *Amadis*. Agrages was a cousin of that hero, a braggart who was always threatening his opponents when provoked with "now you shall see."

bent on taking his life. The Biscayan, seeing him come on thus, though he could have wished to dismount from his mule, as being one of those lent on hire which he could not trust, could do nothing else than draw his sword. It happened, luckily for him, that he was near the coach, whence he snatched a cushion to serve him for a shield; and then they fell on one another as if they had been two mortal enemies. The rest of the people wished to make peace between them but could not, for the Biscayan said, in his disjointed speech, that if they would not let him finish the battle he would himself kill the mistress and all who hindered him. The lady of the coach, amazed and terrified at what she saw, made the coachman draw a little aside, and sat viewing the deadly combat from afar. In the course thereof the Biscayan dealt Don Quixote a mighty stroke on top of his shoulder over his buckler, which, if the Knight had been without defence, would have cleft him to the waist. Don Quixote, on feeling the weight of that tremendous blow, cried out aloud, saying:—O mistress of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of beauteousness, succour this your Knight, who, for the sake of thy great goodness, finds himself in this dire extremity!

To say this, to raise his sword, to shelter himself well behind his buckler, and to rush upon the Biscayan, was all the work of a moment,[1] the Knight being resolved to venture all upon a single stroke. The Biscayan, who saw him thus advance, perceived his courage to be equal to his bearing, and determined to do as Don Quixote had done. And so he awaited the onset, protected by his cushion, without being able to turn his mule to one side or the other, for she, now dead weary nor made for these tricks, could not budge a step.

Don Quixote, then, as has been said, came at the crafty

[1] This is probably the first appearance of this familiar locution, of so much use to writers from that time to this, in novels of one, two, and three volumes.

Biscayan, with his sword uplifted, with design to cleave him through the middle; and the Biscayan awaited him with sword also raised and shielded by his cushion; and all the bystanders were trembling with fear and suspense at what might be the issue of those terrible blows with which they menaced each other; and the lady of the coach and her female attendants were offering up a thousand prayers and vows to all the images and houses of devotion in Spain, that God might deliver their squire and them out of that great peril in which they found themselves.

But the misfortune of all this is that at this point and period the author of this history leaves the battle suspended, excusing himself on the ground that he found nothing more written of these exploits of Don Quixote than has been here related. True it is that the second author[1] of this work was unable to believe that so curious a history had been consigned to oblivion, or that the wits of La Mancha should have been so little curious as not to possess in their archives or in their registries some documents which treat of this famous Knight; and in this persuasion he despaired not of finding the end of this delectable history, which, Heaven favouring him, he did find in the SECOND PART.[2]

[1] That is, Cervantes himself—keeping up the fiction of the Moor, Cid Hamet Benengeli, being the original author, in imitation of the books of chivalries, which were usually ascribed to foreign, generally to Eastern, sources.

[2] Cervantes' original design was to divide his *Don Quixote* into four parts or books, in imitation of *Amadis*, though the chapters were numbered consecutively. When, after ten years, his continuation of *Don Quixote* appeared, he called the new volume the Second Part, as throughout this translation I have called it. The original Second Part began with ch. ix.; the Third Part with ch. xv.; the Fourth Part with ch. xxviii.

CHAPTER IX

Wherein is decided and ended the stupendous battle fought between the gallant Biscayan and the valiant Manchegan

In the First Part of this history we left the valorous Biscayan and the renowned Don Quixote[1] with their swords unsheathed and uplifted, in the act of dealing two furious downward cuts[2] such as, if they had reached home, would at least have cleft and divided them from top to bottom, splitting each of them like a pomegranate; at that point so critical this agreeable history stopped and was left mutilated, without our author giving us a hint where the remainder could be found. This caused me much annoyance, for the pleasure of having read this little was turned into disgust when I reflected on the small chance there was of finding that great portion which, in my opinion, was missing of so relishing a tale. It was a thing impossible, methought, and contrary to all right usage, that so good a Knight should have lacked some sage to take upon him the charge of writing of his unheard-of achievements—a thing which did not fail any of the Knights Errant of those who, as people say, go upon their adventures; for each of these kept one or two sages ready to hand, who not only wrote of

[1] In close imitation of a passage in the *Espejo de Principes y Caballeros*, where the great Sicilian Bravorante and the famous African Brufaldoro are left, from one chapter to another, with their swords uplifted (pt. 5, bk. i. ch. i.).

[2] *Dos furibundos fendientes.* The three principal strokes at sword play were the *fendiente*, vertical, from the head downward; the *tajo*, from the right to the left; and the *revés*, from the left to the right.

his exploits, but described the minutest thoughts and most trivial actions, were they never so much hidden; and a Knight so distinguished could not have been so unfortunate as to lack what Platir and the like had in such plenty. I could not, therefore, bring myself to believe that so gallant a history had been left maimed and mutilated, and imputed the fault to the malice of time, the devourer and destroyer of all things, which had either concealed or consumed it. On the other hand, it struck me that since among our hero's books there had been found some so modern as the *Unveiling of Jealousy* and the *Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares*,[1] his history also must be modern, and that, though it might not be written, it would be in the memory of the people of his village and the neighbourhood. This thought made me anxious and eager to learn, really and truly, of all the life and marvels of our famous Spaniard, Don Quixote of La Mancha, light and mirror of Manchegan Knighthood, and the first who, in our age, and in these our calamitous times, set himself to the toil and exercise of arms-errant, to redress wrongs, to succour widows, to protect maidens, such as go about, with their whips[2] and palfreys, and all their virginity about them, from forest to forest, from valley to valley; for, unless it were some lewd fellow or boor with steel cap and axe,[3] or some prodigious giant, who forced them, damsels there were in the days of old who, at the end of eighty years, during all which they slept not a single night under a roof, were as whole at their burial as the mothers that bore them. I say, then, for these and many other reasons, our gallant Quixote is worthy of unceasing and immemorial praises; and even to me they should not

[1] See ch. vi.

[2] *Azotes*. Clemencin conjectures that the word may be *azores*—"hawks"—and quotes passages in support of that reading.

[3] *Algun villano de hacha y capellina*; the axe and the steel cap were the commonest furniture of the lower class of fighting men in the chivalric romances.

be denied for the trouble and pains I took in searching for the end of this agreeable history; although I confess that if Heaven, chance, and my good stars had not befriended me, the world would have remained lacking and without the pleasure and pastime which, for some two hours, he can have who shall read with attention.

The discovery thereof happened in this wise:—One day, being in the Alcaná of Toledo,[1] there came up a lad to sell some parchments and old papers to a silk-mercer; and, being very fond of reading, even the torn papers in the streets, carried away by this my natural bent, I took up a parchment from among those the boy was selling, and saw in it characters which I recognised to be Arabic, and, not being able to read them, though I recognised them, I went to see if I could find thereabout some Morisco who spoke Spanish[2] to read them to me; nor was it more difficult to meet with an interpreter there, though I had sought him for another, better, and more difficult language.[3] In fine, chance presented me with one to whom I explained my wishes, placing the pamphlet into his hand. He opened it

[1] *Alcaná de Toledo.* The Alcaná of Toledo was an ancient market-place, chiefly inhabited by Jews, in the vicinity of the Cathedral. A portion of it was turned into cloisters by Archbishop Tenorio in the fifteenth century. At the end of the sixteenth century, the quarter was wholly occupied by drapers and mercers. The space is now included, for the most part, in the Calle de las Cordonerias.

[2] *Algun Morisco aljamiado.* *Aljamia* was the Moorish word to denote the Spanish as spoken by the Moors in Spain—whence *aljaimado*, one versed in Spanish. So *algarabia*—whence has come our English "gibberish"—was the Arabic spoken by Spanish Christians.

[3] That is to say, Hebrew. Toledo (whose very name has been supposed to be Hebrew) was the great seat of the Jews in Spain, traces of whose good taste and wealth still survive in the old quarter of the *Juderia*. The Toledan Jews sought to escape the general doom pronounced against those of their faith by pleading that the Jews who inhabited Toledo in the time of Tiberius disapproved of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. The plea did not avail, and their persecution, spoliation, and expulsion are among the darkest chapters of the gloomy history of Spanish intolerance.

in the middle, and, reading a little there, began to laugh. I asked him what he laughed at, and he replied, at a thing there was written in the margin by way of annotation. I bade him tell me what it was, when, without ceasing to laugh, he said:—It is written here in the margin thus: This Dulcinea of El Toboso, so often referred to in this story, they say had the best hand at salting pigs of any woman in all La Mancha.

When I heard him say Dulcinea del Toboso, I was startled and amazed, for at once it occurred to me that these parchments contained the history of Don Quixote. With this idea I pressed him to read the beginning, and this he did, turning it off-hand from Arabic into Castilian, saying that it commenced: *History of Don Quixote of La Mancha, written by Cid Hamet Benengeli,*[1] *Arabian historiographer.* I had need of much caution to dissemble the joy I felt when the title of the book reached my ears. Running after the silk-mercer, I bought all the parchments and papers of the boy for half a *real;* though had he possessed any sense, and known how eagerly I coveted them, he might well have demanded and taken more than six *reals* by the sale. I repaired immediately to the cloisters of the cathedral with the Morisco, and bade him turn me all those parchments, all which related to Don Quixote, into the Castilian tongue, without subtracting or adding anything; offering him any payment he pleased. He was content with fifty pounds of raisins[2] and two measures of wheat, and promised to trans-

[1] It was a common device of the authors of the chivalric romances to give to them an Eastern origin. The name Cid Hamet Benengeli is, of course, a coinage of Cervantes' brain. Cid (*Seyyid*) is an Arabic title of honour; Hamet, Hamed, Ahmed, a common name; Benengeli has been interpreted *hijo del ciervo*, "son of the stag"; and, doubtless, as Conde was the first to suggest, was intended as the Arabic equivalent to Cervantes. That there was an ancient connexion between the name Cervantes and *ciervo* is clear from the circumstance that the arms of the Cervantes family were two stags.

[2] The Moors made up for their deprivation of the juice of the grape by an

late them well and faithfully and with all expedition; but I, to facilitate the business and not to let so great a prize out of my hands, brought him to my house, where, in a little more than a month and a half, he translated it all in the manner as is here told.

On the first of the parchments was painted, to the very life, the combat of Don Quixote with the Biscayan,—they planted in the same posture as the history relates, their swords uplifted, the one covered by his buckler, the other by his cushion, and the mule of the Biscayan so natural that it could be seen to be a hired one a stone's throw off. The Biscayan had a scroll at his feet, which said: *Don Sancho de Azpeitia*,[1] which doubtless was his name; and at Rozinante's feet was another which said, *Don Quixote*. Rozinante was marvellously depicted, so long and lank, so meagre and lean, with so sharp a backbone and so far gone in a consumption as to show at a glance with how much pertinence and propriety there had been given to him the name of Rozinante. Near him stood Sancho Panza, holding his ass by the halter, at whose feet was another label on which was written *Sancho Zancas*; and he was made to have, according to the picture, a great belly, a short body, and long shanks; and therefore they must have given him the name of Panza and of Zancas,[2] for by both these names he is called at different times in the history. There were some other lesser particulars to note, but they are all of small importance

inordinate fondness for the fruit, both fresh and dry, of which they were in the Middle Ages the most skilful of cultivators.

[1] *Azpeitia* is a town in Biscay, the birthplace of Ignatius Loyola. Was the choice of the name as part of the designation of the furious Biscayan purely fortuitous?

[2] *Panza* is "paunch," and *zancas* "shanks." Clemencin has an absurd note denying that Sancho was ever called other than Panza in the course of the story. But surely his creator had a right to call him what he pleased. Not but that his choosing to designate Sancho *paunch* rather than *shanks* is a detail for which his readers must ever be grateful to Cervantes.

and are not pertinent to the truthful telling of this story; and no story is bad if it is truthful.

If against this one any objection can be raised on the score of its truthfulness, it can only be through its author being an Arab,—those of that nation being very apt at lying, although being such great enemies of ours we should suppose that they had rather fallen short therein than exceeded. And such is my opinion, for when he could and should indulge his pen in the praises of so worthy a Knight, methinks he deliberately passes them over in silence—a thing ill done and worse designed, historians having, and being bound, to be precise, truthful, and wholly dispassionate, so that neither interest nor fear, neither rancour nor affection, should turn them from the path of truth, whose mother is history,[1] the rival of time, the repository of great actions, the witness of the past, the example and pattern to the present, the warning to the future. In this history will be found all that can be desired in the pleasantest; and if it fail in any good quality, I hold it was through the fault of the hound its author rather than through the defect of the subject. In brief, the Second Part, according to the translation, begins thus:—

Their trenchant blades drawn and raised aloft of the two valorous and incensed adversaries, they seemed to menace heaven, earth, and hell, such was their courage and aspect.

[1] This, by a modern English translator, is denounced as a proof of carelessness in the author. Cervantes, Mr. Ormsby says, "of course meant the opposite of what he said,—that truth was the mother of history." Mr. Ormsby, like Señor Clemencin, is apt to take his author too literally. Why should not Cervantes say that "history is the mother of truth"? Shall nothing be said but what is in the copy-books? Cicero had the same idea when, in his *De Oratore*, he spoke of history as "lux veritatis." Hartzenbusch, who, as usual, is on the side of commonplace, has the candour to quote Gil Gonzalez Davila, author of the *History of the Antiquities of Salamanca*, published in 1606, who speaks of history as *maestra de la vità humana, fuente de la prudencia, y madre de la verdad.* History is the mother of truth in the sense that, without history, the truth cannot be produced—just as the witness is the father of the evidence.

The first to deliver his stroke was the choleric Biscayan, and he dealt it with so much force and fury that, had not his sword turned aside on its road, that one blow would have sufficed to bring to an end that dire conflict and the adventures of our Knight. But his good stars, which had reserved him for greater things, twisted the blade of his adversary so that, though it fell on his left shoulder, it did him no other injury than to disarm all that side of him, carrying off on the way a great piece of the helmet with half an ear, all which with hideous ruin came to the ground, leaving our gentleman in a very sore plight. Good Heaven! who shall he be worthily to describe the rage which now entered the heart of our Manchegan at finding himself thus treated? To say no more, it was such that he raised himself afresh in his stirrups, and, gripping his sword more firmly in his two hands, struck at the Biscayan with such violence,—fetching him full upon the cushion and upon his head,—that, in spite of that defence, as though a mountain had fallen upon him, the squire began to spout blood from his nose and mouth and ears, and made as though he should have fallen from his mule, as doubtless he would have done had he not clasped her round the neck; and withal he lost his stirrups, and then let go his arms, and the mule, frightened at the dreadful blow, began to gallop about the plain, and with a few plunges threw her rider to the ground. Don Quixote stood looking on very composedly, and when he saw his enemy fall he leapt from his horse, and, running up with great agility, clapt the point of his sword between the Biscayan's eyes, bidding him yield or he would cut off his head. The Biscayan was so stunned that he was unable to answer a word, and it would have fared ill with him,—so blinded with rage was Don Quixote,—if the ladies of the coach, who till then had looked on at the fight in great terror, had not run to the spot, and with much earnestness besought the Knight to grant them the great kindness and

favour to spare their squire's life. To which request Don Quixote responded, with much stateliness and gravity:—Assuredly, beauteous ladies, I am very well content to do what you ask me; but it must be upon one condition and stipulation, which is that this Knight shall promise me to go to the town of El Toboso, and present himself from me before the peerless Doña Dulcinea, that she may deal with him according to her pleasure.

The trembling and distressful ladies, without considering what it was that Don Quixote required, and without asking who Dulcinea might be, promised him that the squire should do all that he had commanded.

—Then, on the faith of that pledge, said Don Quixote, I will do him no other hurt, though he has well merited it of me.

CHAPTER X

Of the pleasant confabulation which passed between Don Quixote and Sancho Panzo, his squire[1]

BEFORE this Sancho was up again, after being somewhat roughly handled by the friars' attendants, and had stood watching the combat in which Don Quixote was engaged, offering up prayers to God in his heart that He might be pleased to give his master the victory, and that out of it he himself might win some Isle of which he could be governor, as had been promised him. Seeing the contest now at an end, and his master about to remount Rozinante, Sancho ran to hold his stirrup, and, before he mounted, knelt down before him, and, seizing him by the hand, kissed it,[2] and said:

—Let your worship be pleased, my dear lord Don Quixote, to give me the government of the Isle which has been won in this tough battle; for, however big it is, I feel myself strong enough to govern it as well as the best that have governed Isles in the world.

[1] In the original editions the epigraph to this chapter ran:—*Of what further happened to Don Quixote with the Biscayan, and of the peril in which he found himself with a crowd of Yanguesans.* But the adventure with the Biscayan having been ended in the chapter preceding, and the peril with the Yanguesans occurring in ch. xv., the Spanish Academy, in its first edition, changed the heading to the words as they stand.

[2] To kneel and kiss the hand of a superior or a deliverer was a common mark of respect and gratitude among those who had been befriended or relieved by Knights Errant in the chivalric romances.

To which Don Quixote made reply:—Brother Sancho, observe that this adventure and those similar to it are not adventures of Isles but of cross-roads, in which nothing else is won than a broken head or the loss of an ear. Have patience, for adventures will present themselves whereby I can make thee not only governor, but something yet higher.

Sancho thanked him heartily, and, kissing his hand once again as well as the hem of his coat, helped him to mount Rozinante; and he himself, getting on his ass, followed his master; who, riding at a brisk pace, without taking leave of the ladies in the coach or saying a word more to them, turned into a wood hard by. Sancho followed him at his ass's best trot, but Rozinante travelled so fast that, seeing himself left behind, he was obliged to call out to his master to wait for him. This Don Quixote did, reining in Rozinante until his tired squire overtook him, who said, on coming up:

—Methinks, Sir, it would be prudent in us to retire into some church, for as he with whom you fought is in bad case, I should not wonder if they gave notice of the affair to the Holy Brotherhood,[1] and take us up; and, faith, if they do so, we shall sweat our tails[2] before we come out of gaol.

—Peace, quoth Don Quixote. And where hast thou ever seen or read that Knight Errant has been brought before justice, however many the homicides he may have committed?

[1] *La Santa Hermandad*, the Holy Brotherhood, of which institution we shall hear more in the course of the story, was a peripatetic tribunal, first established in the thirteenth century, and revived by Ferdinand and Isabella in the year 1476, for the prosecution, trial, and summary punishment of offences committed on the highroads and wilder districts of Spain. It existed, with some modifications, in the time of Cervantes, who seems not to have thought greatly of its efficacy.

[2] *Nos ha de sudar el hopo*—"we shall sweat the brush," would be more literal. *Hopo* means especially a fox's brush. The phrase is derived from the hunting-field.

—I know nothing of your *omecills*,[1] replied Sancho, nor in all my life did I ever try one. I only know that the Holy Brotherhood does business with those who fight in the open, and I meddle not in that other matter.

—Be not troubled, friend, said Don Quixote, for I will rescue thee out of the hands of the Chaldeans, much more out of those of the Brotherhood. But tell me, on thy life, hast seen more valiant Knight than I am in all the known earth? Hast read in histories of another who has, or ever had, more spirit in the setting on, or more wind in the holding out; more address in the wounding; more skill in the overthrowing?

—The truth is, responded Sancho, that I have never read any history soever; for I can neither read nor write. But what I will dare wager is, that a bolder master than your worship I have never served in all the days of my life, and please God these boldnesses be not paid for where I have said! What I beseech your worship is to let yourself be attended to, for you are losing a deal of blood from that ear, and I have got lint and a little white ointment here in the wallets.

—All this would have been unnecessary, answered Don Quixote, had I remembered to make a phial of the Balsam of Fierabras,[2] for, with only one drop of it, both time and medicines are saved.

—Which phial and what balsam is that? asked Sancho Panza.

—It is a balsam, replied Don Quixote, of which I have the recipe in my memory, with which one need have no fear

[1] *Omecillos.* So Sancho perverts the word *homicidios*, which he does not understand. *Homecillo* is also an old word, used in the *Siete Partidas* for "bodily damage."

[2] The Balsam of Fierabras is spoken of in the legend of Charlemagne, compiled in Spanish by Nicolás de Piamonte. Fierabras was a giant, vanquished by Oliver, and converted into a good Christian. He is not connected with the Fierumbras of British romance.

of death, nor think of perishing by any wound. So that when I have made it and given it to thee, thou wilt have nothing more to do, when thou seest that in some battle they have divided me through the middle,—as oft-times it is wont to happen,—than deftly to take up the portion of the body which is fallen to the ground, and with great subtlety, before the blood is congealed, clap it upon the other half which remains on the saddle; taking care to fix it exactly in the right place. Then thou shalt give me to drink but two drops of the balsam I have mentioned, and shalt see me remain as sound as an apple.[1]

—If that's so, said Panza, I renounce from now the government of the promised Isle, and ask nothing else in payment of many and good services but that your worship give me the receipt of that matchless liquor; for I daresay it will be worth anywhere more than two *reals* the ounce, nor need I for more to pass this life respectably and comfortably. But let us know, now, if it costs much to make.

—For less than three *reals* you can make more than two quarts of it, answered Don Quixote.

—Sinner that I am! replied Sancho; then why does your worship delay making it and teaching me?

—Hush, friend, responded Don Quixote; even greater secrets I design to teach thee and do thee greater favours. But for the present let us dress our wounds, for the ear pains me more than I could wish.

Sancho took from his wallets some lint and ointment; but when Don Quixote became aware that his helmet was broken, he had like to have lost his senses. Clapping his hands to his sword, and lifting his eyes to Heaven, he cried:

[1] There are many examples in the books of such terrible blows inflicted in battle, and of recoveries no less marvellous. Amadis of Greece cuts a Knight through, from the top of his head to the saddle, so as to divide him into two parts. Rinaldo of Montalvan, with a back stroke of his sword Fusberta, cleaves a man through the middle. So the Cid in the Poem revenges the killing of the horse of Alvar Fañez by cleaving a Moor in two.

—I swear an oath, by the Creator of all things, and by the four Holy Gospels, wherein they are more fully set forth,[1] to lead the life which was led by the great Marquess of Mantua, when he swore to revenge the death of his nephew Baldwin,—which was, not to eat bread at table,[2] nor lie with his wife, and other things which, though I cannot remember them, I hold as here expressed, until I have exacted full vengeance on him who hath done me this outrage.

Sancho, on hearing these words, exclaimed:

—Look, your worship, Sir Don Quixote,—if the Knight has complied with the order you gave him, to go and present himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will already have done his duty, and deserves no other penalty unless he commits a new offence.

—Thou hast spoken and hit the mark very well, answered Don Quixote, and, therefore, I annul the oath in respect to

[1] *Donde mas largamente se contiene*—lit. "wherein it is contained more largely"—a common formula in legal documents, by which the person speaking means that he will not stop to particularise, but is content to name the deed where all full details are given.

[2] *No comer pan á manteles*—lit. "not to eat bread on a tablecloth"—*i.e.* to fast—a common form of adjuration among the heroes of chivalry. In the ballad, the Marquess of Mantua, when he found his nephew Baldwin mortally wounded in the forest, swore—

> —por Dios poderoso,
> Por Santa Maria su madre,
> Y al Santo Sacramento—

never to comb his hair, to brush his beard, to change his clothes or his boots, to quit his armour, to wash himself, nor to eat at table, till he had taken revenge on Carloto (Duran, vol. i. 212). Montesinos makes the same vow, almost in the same words, upon the occasion of the affront he has received from Oliver (Duran, vol. i. p. 238). So Ximena, complaining of the Cid before King Fernando, declares that a king who will not do justice should cease to reign;

> Ni comer pan en manteles
> Ni con la Reina holgare.
>
> Duran, vol. i. p. 485.

This last is evidently the passage which Cervantes had in his mind, though the form of words is one common to many of the ballads.

what relates to exacting from him fresh vengeance; but I make and confirm it anew, to lead the life of which I have spoken, until such time as I have taken by force another such and as good helmet as this from some Knight; and thou must not think, Sancho, that I take this oath as mere smoke of straw;[1] for I know well whom I imitate herein, since the very same thing to the letter passed about the casque of Mambrino, which cost Sacripante so dear.[2]

—Let your worship give such oaths to the Devil, dear Sir, replied Sancho; for they do much mischief to one's health and much damage to one's conscience. But tell me, now—if by chance we do not come across a man armed with a helmet these many days, what shall we do? Has the oath to be kept despite of the many inconveniences and discomforts there will be in sleeping all clothed, and not lying in an inhabited place, and a thousand other penances which were contained in the oath of that old madman, the Marquess of Mantua, which your worship would now revive? Do but you consider that along all these woods no armed men travel, only carriers and carters, who not only wear no helmets, but perhaps never heard them named in all the days of their life.

—Thou art mistaken in this, said Don Quixote, for we shall not have been two hours on these cross-roads before we shall see more armed men than went up against Albraca for the winning of Angelica the Fair.[3]

—Well then, so be it, quoth Sancho, and God send that we come well out of it, and that the time may come for winning that Isle which is costing me so dear; and then let me die.

[1] *A humo de pajas*—as a thing of no weight, or a transient word.

[2] Don Quixote blunders in his distraction. It was Dardinel de Almonte whom Mambrino's helmet cost so dear (Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, ch. xviii. st. 151, etc.). Of Mambrino's helmet more will be said in the note to ch. xxi.

[3] Albraca was a very strong fortress in the furthest province of Cathay, where Galafron, the father of Angelica the Fair, reigned. The relation of the armed hosts which, under the command of Agrican, King of Tartary, came

—I have already told thee, Sancho, not to give thyself any concern about that, for if an Isle should fail, there is the Kingdom of Denmark, or that of Sobradisa,[1] which shall fit thee as a ring the finger, and more by token they are *terra firma* thou shouldst be the happier. But let us leave this to time, and look if thou hast aught in thine wallets which we may eat, for soon we go in search of some castle where we may lodge to-night, and make for ourselves the balsam of which I have spoken; for by Heaven I vow to thee this ear of mine pains me greatly.

—I have got here an onion and a bit of cheese, and a few scraps of bread, said Sancho, but they are not victuals fit for a valiant Knight like your worship.

—How ill thou comprehendest the matter! answered Don Quixote. I would have thee know, Sancho, that it is an honour in Knights Errant not to eat once in a month; and, when they do eat, of that which they find nearest to hand, and this thou mightest have ascertained hadst thou read as many histories as I have; for although they have been very many, in none of them have I found mention made of what the Knights Errant ate, unless it were casually and at some of the sumptuous banquets given them; and the remainder of their days they lived upon flowers.[2] And though it is to

against Albraca to obtain possession of the fair Angelica, forms the special subject of the first book of Boiardo's poem of *Orlando Innamorato*.

> When Agrican with all his northern powers
> Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,
> The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win
> The fairest of her sex, Angelica.
>
> *Paradise Regained*, bk. iii.

[1] Of the kingdoms of Dinamarca and Sobradisa there is much mention in *Amadis*. Sobradisa, which "marches with Serolis," has never been identified. It was the kingdom of which Don Galaor came to be king, by his marriage with the fair Briolania.

[2] *Se los pasaban en flores*—that is, they lived upon things of little substance,—flowers being opposed to fruits;—"herbs and roots," says Shelton; not, as a modern translator has it, "they passed their time in dalliance," but the contrary.

be understood that they could not subsist without eating, and fulfilling all the other necessities of nature,—for in effect they were men like ourselves,—it must be presumed also that, wandering about as they did the most of their time in forests and deserts, and without a cook, their most usual dinner would be of rustical viands, such as now thou offerest me. Therefore, friend Sancho, fret not thyself as to what pleases me, nor seek to make a new world, nor take Knight Errantry off its hinges.

—Pardon me, Sir, said Sancho, for since I can neither read nor write, as I have already told you, I am not acquainted with the rules of the Knightly calling, and so hereafter I will store my wallets with all sorts of dried fruits for your worship, who are a Knight; and for me, who am nothing of the sort, I will provide for myself things that fly and of more substance.[1]

—I do not say, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, that it is obligatory on Knights Errant to eat nothing else than those fruits of which thou speakest, but that of them was their ordinary diet, and of certain herbs which they found in the fields, which they knew of and I also know.[2]

—It is good to know these herbs, Sancho replied, for I am thinking some day we shall need to use that knowledge.

Thereupon pulling out that which he said he had, the two fell to dinner in good peace and company. But, being desirous to look out a lodging for that night, they shortened their meagre and sorry meal, mounted at once on horseback, and made haste to reach some inhabited place before nightfall. But the sun and the hope of attaining their desire both failed them together near some goatherds' cabins; and so they determined to pass the night there; and it was as much

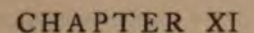
[1] *Cosas volatiles y de mas sustancia*—*i.e.* *volaille*, meat of chicken, pigeons, etc.

[2] So Arthur of Algarve, wandering about the valleys and hills of Ireland, lived on herbs and roots (*Oliveros de Castilla*, ch. lv.).



to Sancho's distress not to reach a village as it was to his master's delight to sleep under the open sky, for it seemed to him that every time this happened he was performing an act of possession [1] to confirm his title to Knighthood.

[1] *Acto posesivo*—that is, an act such as one endowed with an office or dignity had to perform on taking possession—corresponding to our English "seizin."



CHAPTER XI

Of what happened to Don Quixote with certain Goatherds

HE was welcomed by the goatherds very cordially, and Sancho, having put up Rozinante and his ass as best he could, made his way towards the smell given out by certain pieces of goat's flesh which were boiling in a pot on the fire; and though he longed at that instant to see if they were ready to be transferred from the pot to his stomach, he refrained from doing so, for the goatherds took them off the fire, and, spreading some sheep-skins on the ground, laid in a trice their rustic table, and, with many expressions of goodwill, invited the two to share in what they had. Six of them who were of the fold sat round on the skins, having first with rough compliments besought Don Quixote to seat himself upon a trough, which they placed for him, turned upside down. Don Quixote sat down, but Sancho remained on foot to serve him the cup, which was made of horn. Seeing him standing, his master said:—That thou mayst see, Sancho, the good which is contained in Knight Errantry, and how fair a chance they have who exercise themselves in ministering after any fashion thereto to come shortly to be honoured and esteemed of the world, I desire that here by my side, and in company of these good people, thou seat thyself, and be one and the same with me that am thy master and natural lord, and eat of my dish and drink of the cup from which I

drink; for of Knight Errantry may be said the same as of Love, that it levels all things.

—Gramercy for your favour! cried Sancho; but I may tell your worship that, provided I had plenty to eat, I could eat it as well, and better, standing, and by myself, than if I were seated on a level with an Emperor; and, indeed, if I must speak the truth, I relish much more what I eat in my corner without niceties or ceremonies, though it be but bread and onion, than turkey-cocks at other tables where I am forced to chew slowly, drink little, wipe myself often, neither sneeze nor cough when I have a mind to, nor do other things which solitude and liberty allow. Therefore, good master, those honours which your worship would put upon me for being a servant and follower of Knight Errantry, as I am, being squire to your worship,—change them for other things which may be of more advantage and profit to me; for these, though I hold them as received in full, I renounce from here to the end of the world.

—For all that, said Don Quixote, thou must sit down, for him who humbleth himself God exalteth.—And, seizing him by the arm, he forced him to be seated near himself.

The goatherds did not understand that jargon of squires and Knights Errant; and did nothing but eat, hold their peace, and stare at their guests, who, with a good grace and relish, were gorging themselves with pieces as big as their fists. The course of meat being over, they spread upon the skins a great number of parched acorns,[1] and placed by them half a cheese, harder than if it had been made of mortar. The horn, in the meantime, was not idle, for it went round so often, now full, now empty, like buckets in a water-

[1] *Bellotas.* The sweet acorns of La Mancha, as of Estremadura on which are fed the hogs which make the famous Montanches hams, are still an article of diet in those provinces, as they were in the days of Pliny. They are the fruit of a variety of the *encina*, or evergreen oak.

wheel,[1] that it easily emptied one of the two wine-skins which hung in view.

After Don Quixote had well satisfied his stomach, he took up a handful of acorns, and, gazing on them intently, gave loose to his voice in the following strain:[2]

—Happy age and happy times, those whereon the ancients bestowed the name of golden, not because in them gold, so highly esteemed in this our age of iron, was in that fortunate time acquired without toil, but rather because those who lived therein were innocent of those two words, *thine* and *mine!* In that holy age all things were in common; no man, to get his ordinary sustenance, needed to take any other trouble than to lift his hand and pluck it from the sturdy oaks, which stood freely inviting him with their sweet and savoury fruit. The clear streams and running rivers offered him, in magnificent abundance, their delicious and limpid waters. In the clefts of rocks and in the hollows of the trees the careful and discreet bees built up their commonwealth, presenting to every hand without usance the fruitful crop of their fragrant toil. The robust cork-trees did shed of themselves, without other art than that of their courtesy, their light and ample rinds wherewith men did first cover their houses, supported upon rude poles, for no other end than as a defence against the inclemency of the sky. All was peace then, all amity, all concord. As yet the painful share of the crooked plough had not dared to open and search

[1] *Como arcaduz de noria: arcaduz* from *aquæductus*. *Noria*, the word as the thing, is the ancient Oriental water-wheel—the Egyptian *sáckiyeh*—still in use in Spain, as in the East, for drawing water from a well.

[2] This passage, a model of harmonious, well-measured diction, in the original, is quoted in every Spanish class-book as one of the choicest specimens of the language. For the idea, see Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, lib. i., also Tasso's *Aminta*, Act i. Compare also the vision of the Saturnian age in the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil. Towards the end, Cervantes cannot resist the temptation of gliding from serious and lofty eloquence into burlesque, which, in the mouth of a madman, is hardly a fault, either in art or in taste.

the compassionate bowels of our first mother, who, without compulsion, yielded from every part of her fertile and spacious bosom whatever could satisfy, sustain, and delight the children who then possessed her. Then verily did the innocent and lovely shepherdesses roam from dale to dale and from hill to hill, decked with their tresses alone, and with no more apparel than was necessary to cover modestly what modesty requires, and has always required, to be covered. Nor were their attires such as those which are in fashion to-day, heightened by purple of Tyre and silk tortured in numberless ways, but leaves of green burdock and ivy intertwined, in which, perhaps, they went as proudly and as decently arrayed as our court dames now, with their rare and outlandish inventions which wanton curiosity has discovered. Then the love-thoughts of the soul were decked[1] simply and artlessly in the same fashion and manner as the soul conceived them, nor sought an artificial turn of words to enhance their value. Nor had fraud, deceit, or malice mingled with truth and sincerity. Justice pursued her own proper ends without being disturbed by favour or interest, which now so greatly impair, disturb, and persecute her. As yet arbitrary law[2] was not seated in the mind of the judge, for then there were none to judge or be judged. Maidens and innocency went about, as I have said, whither they would, single and solitary, without fear that stranger license and lascivious assault would harm them; and their undoing came of their own will and pleasure. But now, in this our hateful age, no maiden is safe even though another labyrinth like that of Crete should close

[1] Both Clemencin and Hartzenbusch find fault here with the reading *se decoraban*—the former suggesting that the word should be *declaraban*, and the latter printing it so in the text, with his usual audacity. I see no reason whatever for making any change and prefer to abide by the accepted reading, which makes good sense both in Spanish and in English.

[2] *Lei del encaje*—lit. "the law of the groove"—explained by Covarrubias to mean the law which is not written, but carried in the judge's head—to be executed, though not dependent on text or doctor.

and conceal her; for there, through crannies or through the air, by the pricking of accursed solicitation, the amorous plague enters and sends them to wreck with all their closeness. For whose protection, as times rolled on and wickedness increased, was instituted the order of Knight Errant, for the defending of maidens, the relieving of widows, and the succouring of the fatherless and the distressed. Of this order am I, brother goatherds, whom I thank for the good cheer and reception which ye have given to me and to my squire; for although by the law of nature all living are bound to favour Knights Errant, yet seeing that without knowing of this obligation ye have received and entertained me, it is right that with all possible goodwill I should acknowledge yours.

All this long harangue, which might very well have been spared, our Knight pronounced because the acorns with which they served him recalled to his mind the age of gold; and the fancy seized him to deliver this vain discourse to the goatherds, who stood listening to him agape and bewildered without answering a word. Sancho likewise held his tongue and ate acorns, paying frequent visits to the second wine-skin, which, in order that the wine might be cool, they had hung on a cork-tree. Don Quixote spent more time in talking than in despatching his supper, which, being ended, one of the goatherds said:—Sir Knight Errant, in order that your worship may say with more truth that we entertain you with a prompt and hearty goodwill, we would give you solace and content by making one of our mates sing, who will presently be here, who is a swain very well instructed and much in love, and who, above all, knows how to read and write, and plays upon a rebeck,[1] so that there is nought to desire.

[1] *Rabel*—an ancient kind of lute, used by shepherds in the time of Cervantes, with three strings, touched with a small bow. It was of Moorish origin, as the name indicates, and was at one time in high fashion at Court. For a figure and description see Don Juan de Riaño's *Early Spanish Music*, p. 128, where it is called *Rabe*.

Scarce had the goatherd done speaking when the sound of a rebeck reached their ears, and presently there came up he who played it, who was a very good-looking youth of about two-and-twenty. His comrades asked him if he had supped, and, on his answering *yes*, he who had paid him those compliments said :—In that case, Antonio, thou mayst well give us the pleasure of hearing thee sing a little, in order that this noble guest whom we have here may see that even among the forests and mountains there are they who know something of music. We have told him of thy good abilities, and we wish thee to show them and prove us true men. And so I entreat thee on thy life to sit down and sing the song of thy love, which was composed by thine uncle the priest, and which is so much liked in our village.

—I shall be glad, responded the youth ; and, without further entreaty, he sat himself upon the trunk of a fallen oak, and, tuning his rebeck, presently commenced to sing, with a very good grace, after the following manner :[1]—

ANTONIO

Thou lovest me, I know, Olalla,
  Though thou hast not told me so
Even with thine eyes a little,—
  Mute tongues that love do show.
I'm sure that thou dost know it,
  So I my love do own,
For ne'er was love unhappy
  That to the loved was known.
Though ever and anon, Olalla,
  True, it is, thou makest me feel

[1] This, the first, and not the worst, of the poetical pieces included in *Don Quixote*, is a specimen of one of the simpler rustic ballad ditties, more numerous and popular in Spain than the ballads themselves. Both critics and translators have been hard on Antonio's ditty, which need not be too seriously treated.

That thy bosom is of granite,
  And thy heart as hard as steel.
But amidst thy coy reproaches,
  And thy modest cruelty,
Hope sometimes a little corner
  Of her vesture lets me see.

On the lure my fealty pouncing,
  Like hawk on quarry seizes ;
My faith, which scorn ne'er lessens,
  Nor encouragement increases ;
Since love is but a kindness,
  In thine I'm glad to live,
For the end of hopes I've cherished
  Must be such as I conceive.
If it be that faithful service
  Move thy heart to charity,
Sure the duty I have paid thee
  My claim must fortify.

For my fair one must have noted,
  I have dressed me on the Monday,
More than once, to do her honour,
  With my suit that's made for Sunday ;
For since that love and spruceness
  Go along the self-same way,
In thine eyes I've wished that ever
  I should look gallant and gay.
Nought I'll say about the dances,
  Of the carols for thy sake
Which till cock-crow I've sung thee
  Through the night until daybreak.

I'll not tell how oft thy beauty,
  And how loudly I've admired,
For the praises, though all true, made
  Me by other girls abhorred.

There's Teresa of the Berrocal,
  When I was praising thee, quoth she,
"One would think you woo'd an angel—
  'Tis a monkey fooling thee.
Thanks to her store of gew-gaws,
  To her borrowed locks of hair,
To her counterfeited beauties,
  Which might Cupid's self ensnare."

'Twas a lie, I said, and, angered,
  To her cousin then I turned,
I defied him—what he did and
  What I did to him you've learned.
Nor wantonly I love thee,
  Nor serve thee to procure
Thee for my leman lewdly,
  For my purpose is more pure.
Fetters[1] hath the Church of silken
  Cord, true lovers fast to join;
Put thy neck within the yoke, sweet,
  In a trice thou'lt see there mine.
If not so, by all that's holy,
  Here I swear a solemn vow,
From these mountains I'll not stir till
  For a Capuchin I go.

With this the goatherd ended his song, and, although Don Quixote besought him to sing something more, Sancho was not of that mind, for he was more for sleeping than hearing ditties, and so said to his master:—Your worship had best arrange at once where you are to pass this night, for the work which these good men do all the day long does not suffer them to pass the nights in singing.

—I understand thee, Sancho, answered Don Quixote;

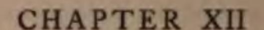
[1] *Coyundas.* Antonio's phrases are sufficiently gross. *Coyunda* is the strap of leather or cord by which a pair of oxen are yoked in a team.

for I perceive clearly that thy visits to the wine-skin demand requital in sleep rather than in music.

—To all of us it tasted well, blessed be God, replied Sancho.

—I do not deny it, answered Don Quixote; dispose of thyself as thou pleasest; to those of my profession it is more becoming to watch than to sleep; but withal it were well, Sancho, for thee once more to dress this ear of mine, for it is paining me more than is necessary.

Sancho did as he was ordered, when one of the goatherds, seeing the wound, told him not to trouble himself, for he would apply a remedy which would readily heal it; and taking some leaves of rosemary, which about there was in plenty, he chewed them, and mixing them with a little salt and applying them to the ear, bound it up firmly, assuring the Knight that he would need no other medicine; and this proved to be true.



CHAPTER XII

Of what a Goatherd told those who were with Don Quixote

WHILE they were thus engaged, there came up another youth, one of those who used to bring them their provender from the village.—Comrades, cried he, do you know what is going on in the town?

—How should we know? answered one of them.

—Learn, then, continued the youth, that this morning died that famous shepherd-student called Chrysostom, and it is rumoured that he died for love of that devil of a girl Marcela, the daughter of William the Rich, she who goes about these parts in the dress of a shepherdess.

—For Marcela, sayest thou? asked one.

—For her, I say, returned the goatherd, and the best of it is that he has directed in his will that they should bury him in the fields like a Moor, and that it should be at the foot of the rock where the spring is, by the cork-tree, because the report is,—and they declare that he said so,—that was the place where he saw her for the first time. And he also left orders about other things, such as the priests say cannot be done; nor is it right they should, for they seem to be heathenish. To all which his great friend Ambrosio replies, the student who like him also went dressed as a shepherd, that everything must be done without fail as Chrysostom had ordered, and about this the whole village is in an uproar; though, from what they say, in the end all will be done that

Ambrosio and the shepherds his friends desire; and to-morrow they are coming to bury him with great pomp where I said; and, on my word, it will be a thing worth seeing. I, at least, shall not fail to go and see it, even though I should not be able to get back to the village to-morrow.

—We will all do the same, answered the goatherds, and cast lots who shall stay to take care of all our goats.

—Thou sayest well, Peter, said one, though there will be no need to take that trouble, for I will stay behind for all; and do not set it down to any merit or lack of curiosity in me, but to the splinter which the other day ran into my foot and keeps me from walking.

—For all that, we thank thee, answered Peter.

Don Quixote asked Peter to tell him who that dead man was, and who the shepherdess; to which Peter replied, that all he knew was that the dead man was a rich gentleman who dwelt in a village in those mountains, who had been studying at Salamanca many years, at the end of which he returned to his village with the repute of being very clever and well read. They said, especially, that he knew the science of the stars, and what the sun and moon are doing up there in the sky, for he told us exactly of the crease [1] of the sun and moon.

—*Eclipse* it is called, friend, and not *crease*—the obscuration of those two greater luminaries, said Don Quixote.

But Peter, stopping not at these trivialities, continued his story, saying:—He likewise predicted if the year would be fruitful or stale.[2]

—*Sterile* thou wouldst say, friend, observed Don Quixote.

—Sterile or stale, it is all the same in the end, answered Peter; and I say that, with what he told them, his father and friends, who believed him, became very rich, for they

[1] *El cris del sol*—says Peter, being a goatherd and no great scholar, for *el eclipse del sol.*

[2] *Estil*—for *esteril*, says the blundering rustic. I have rendered it as best I could.

did what he advised, bidding them this year sow barley, not wheat; this year you can sow pulse,[1] and not barley; the next will be a full crop of oil;[2] the three following they will not get a drop.

—This science is called *Astrology*,[3] said Don Quixote.

—I don't know how it is called, replied Peter, but I know that he knew all this and more too. To make an end; not many months had passed after he came from Salamanca, when one day he appeared dressed like a shepherd with his crook and his sheepskin, having put off the long coats which he used to wear as a student, and jointly with him was dressed another like a shepherd, his great friend Ambrosio by name, who had been his companion in his studies. I forgot to tell you that Chrysostom, the dead, was a great man for composing verses, insomuch that he used to make the carols[4] for the eve of our Lord's birth,

[1] *Garbanzos*—chick peas, a species of pulse (*cicer arietinum*), a very common crop all over the south and east of Spain, and one of the principal food-stuffs of the people, probably an inheritance from the Moors. It is a finer and plumper variety of *gram*, used in India chiefly as food for horses.

[2] *Guilla de aceite: Guilla*, an Arabic importation, meaning "rich harvest."

[3] The prognostication of crops was in that age one of the functions of the Astrologer. Clemencin quotes a Valencian writer, Gerónimo Cortes, who wrote a work entitled *Non Plus Ultra del Lunario y pronóstico perpetuo*, first published in 1598, in which is given a table for the calculation of harvests, plentiful, moderate, and scanty, from 1590 to the end of the world.

[4] *Villancicos*—as the name denotes, were rustic songs, sometimes "too light in their tone to be religious," as Ticknor says, which were sung by the boys of the choir, attired as shepherds, on Christmas Eve (*Noche Buena*) and Corpus Christi. At one time common throughout Spain, and continued down to a late period, they are now disused except in the cathedral of Seville, where the dancing and singing of the boys, called *Seises*, before the high altar, is still kept up in all state—the performers being dressed in rich, fantastic costumes. They are supposed to represent the shepherds of Bethlehem. The tradition is that one of the Popes ordered the function to be abolished, as calculated to bring scandal on religion; but at the entreaty of the Archbishop agreed that they should continue as long as the dresses lasted. Since then the Sevillanos have taken care that the dresses shall be ever new. The music to which the *Seises* dance is a kind of minuet, which the priests guard with jealous care as something precious.

and the plays[1] for Corpus Christi, which the lads of our village played in, and everybody said they were tip-top. When the villagers saw the two students thus of a sudden dressed out as shepherds, they were astonished and could not guess what had led them to make so strange a transformation. About this time the father of our Chrysostom died, and he was left with a good deal of property, in goods as well as in lands, and no small quantity of cattle and sheep, and a great sum of money, of all which the youth remained the dissolute[2] owner; and, in truth, he deserved it all, for he was a very good fellow and a charitable, and a friend to the good, and he had a face like a blessing. By-and-by it came to be understood that his changing his dress was for no other reason than that he might roam about these wilds after that shepherdess, Marcela, whom an herd mentioned a while ago, with whom the poor dead Chrysostom was in love. And I will now tell you, for it is meet you should know it, who that wench is, for mayhap,—aye, and without any hap,—ye will never have heard of the like in all the days of your life, though ye should live more days than Sarna.[3]

[1] *Autos*—these were religious plays, or, at least, plays on religious subjects, which used to be acted in all churches in Spain, until the abuses and irreverence to which they gave rise led to their suppression by an edict of Charles III., in 1765. Calderon was the most famous of those who dedicated their genius to this species of composition, and among his plays the *autos* are the best, as they are the most characteristic, specimens of his genius.

[2] *Desoluto*, says Peter, for *absoluto*,—tripping once more over the fine word.

[3] *Mas años que sarna*—"more years than the itch," *sarna* being substituted for *Sarra*—Sarah. *Mas años que Sarra* is a proverb, cited and explained by Covarrubias,—the patriarch's wife having lived to a hundred and ten. A recent English translator has made Peter's confusion worse confounded, by telling us that the proverb stood as Peter quotes it—*mas viejo que sarna*, and that it was Don Quixote who did not know it in that form. This explanation destroys all the point of the passage. It is true that the Academy's Dictionary quotes, without giving any authority, *mas viejo que sarna* as a proverb, but it is obvious that the other is the older and more correct reading. It is so given by Caro y Cejudo, the best authority on Spanish proverbs, and it is so used by Cervantes himself elsewhere, in his *Galatea*. What is probable is that the new form, if it ever was in popular use, was taken from this passage of *Don Quixote*, and by

—Say *Sara*, remarked Don Quixote, unable to bear the goatherd's mangling of words.

—The *Sarna* lives long enough, responded Peter; and, sir, if you would have me go correcting my words at every step, we shall not finish in a twelvemonth.

—Pardon me, friend, said Don Quixote, but I spoke to you because there was so much difference between Sarna and Sara; but you have answered very rightly, for Sarna lives longer than Sara; and proceed with your history, for I will not interrupt you again.

—I say, then, my beloved sir,[1] continued the goatherd, that in our village there was a farmer even richer than the father of Chrysostom, whose name was William, to whom God gave,—over and above his merit and great riches,—a daughter, at whose birth her mother died, who was the most honoured woman in all that quarter. Methinks I see her now, with that face of hers which had the sun on one side and the moon on the other; and, above all, a rare manager and a friend of the poor; for which I believe that her soul should be at this very moment enjoying of God in the other world. For grief at the death of so good a wife, her husband William died, leaving his daughter Marcela, young and rich, in the keeping of an uncle of hers, a priest and the parson of our village. The child grew up with such beauty that it reminded us of her mother's, which was very great; and still it was thought that the daughter's would surpass it; and so it was that, when she reached the age of fourteen or fifteen years, no man beheld her but blessed God who had made her so fair, and most men fell enamoured and mad for her. Her uncle guarded her with

way of joke. "Older than Sarah," is more likely to be the vulgar saying than "older than the itch." Moreover, Don Quixote's interruption is rendered meaningless and Peter's retort unintelligible, if we are to suppose that *mas viejo que sarna* was the original reading.

[1] *Señor mío de mi alma*—says Peter, piling up his compliments sarcastically, out of pique at being corrected.

great care and closeness, but, nevertheless, the fame of her great beauty spread so widely, that, as much for it as for her exceeding riches, not only by those of our place, but by those from many leagues about, her uncle was besought, solicited, and importuned to give her in marriage. But he, being a right good Christian, although he wished to marry her soon, as he saw she was of age, would not do so without her consent,—not that he had any eye to the advantage and profit which the management of the girl's property brought him by delaying her marriage. And, in faith, this is said in praise of the good priest in more than one village circle. For I would have you know, Sir Errant, that in these small villages they meddle with everything and chatter of everything; and be you well assured, as I am, that a parson must be over and above good who makes his parishioners speak well of him, especially in the villages.

—That is the truth, said Don Quixote; but go on, for the story is a very good one, and you, good Peter, do tell it with a very good grace.

—May that of God never fail me, for it is that makes to the purpose. And for the rest, you must know that, although the uncle set before his niece and described to her the qualities of each particular one of the many who sought her for wife, urging her to marry and choose to her taste, she never gave any answer but that she did not wish to marry yet, and that being so young she did not feel herself able to bear the burden of wedlock. On account of these, which seemed to him to be just excuses, her uncle left off urging her, and waited until she grew more in years, and could know how to choose company to her own liking. For, said he, and he said very well, parents ought not to settle their children against their will. But, lo! when no one expected it, the dainty Marcela appeared one day turned shepherdess, and, in spite of her uncle and of all in the village who dissuaded her, went away into the fields with

the other shepherdesses of the place, and took to tending her own flock. And as she now came out in public, and her beauty was openly seen, I could not well tell you how many rich youths, gentry and peasantry, have taken to the habit of Chrysostom, and go about courting her over these plains. One of these, as I have told you, was our defunct, of whom they said that from loving he took to adoring her. And you must not think that because Marcela betook herself to that freedom and life so loose, and of so little or no in-keeping, she has given any occasion, or even the show of one, that may go to the lowering of her modesty and virtue; nay, rather, so great is the watchfulness with which she looks after her honour, that of all those who serve and do her suit not one has boasted, nor with truth can boast, that she has given him the least hope of obtaining his ends. For though she does not fly nor shun the company or converse of the shepherds, but treats them civil and friendly, upon any one of them approaching her to declare his intention, though it should be a proper and holy one like that of matrimony, she flings them off as with a catapult. And with this kind of temper she does more mischief in this country than if the plague had got in it, for her affability and beauty draw on the hearts of those who consort with her to sue and to love her, but her scornfulness and plain-speaking drive them to the bounds of despair; and so they know not what to say to her, but loudly call her cruel and unkind, with other names like to these, which clearly show the nature of her disposition; and if you should remain here, sir, awhile, you would see these hills and dales resounding with the laments of those luckless ones who sue her. Not far from here there is a place where there are some two dozen tall beeches, and there is not one of them whose smooth bark is not cut and scored with the name of Marcela, and on the top sometimes a crown carved on the same, as though her lover would declare more plainly that Marcela

wears and deserves the crown of all human beauty. Here sighs one swain, there moans another; yonder you hear ditties of love; hard by dirges of despair. One will pass whole hours of the night seated at the foot of some oak or rock, and there, without having closed his tearful eyes, rapt and bemused in his own fancies, the sun finds him in the morning; and there will be another who, without giving time or respite to his sighs, stretched on the burning sand in the full heat of the raging summer noontide, sends up his plaints to the pitiful Heavens; and over one and over the other, over those and over these, the lovely Marcela triumphs, free and unconcerned. All of us who know her are waiting to see what her haughtiness will end in, and who will be the lucky man who shall succeed in taming a nature so terrible and in enjoying a beauty so exceeding. All that I have related to you being well-known truth, I am persuaded that what our fellow-herdsman has told us of the cause of Chrysostom's death is likewise true. And therefore, sir, I advise you not to fail to betake yourself to his funeral to-morrow, which will be well worth seeing, for Chrysostom had many friends; and it is not half a league from here to the spot where he directed them to bury him.

—I will make it my care, said Don Quixote; and I am beholden to you for the pleasure you have given me by the telling of so agreeable a story.[1]

—Oh, said the goatherd, I do not know even the half of what has befallen the lovers of Marcela; but it may be

[1] This episode has been the subject of much censure, Clemencin declaring that the goatherd speaks too fine for his position; while an English translator agrees with what is put in Sancho's mouth, about Peter's loquacity, and adopts Clemencin's remark about the dramatic impropriety of such a speech. I agree rather with Don Quixote himself, that Peter and his story are equally appropriate and entertaining. The narrative is in Cervantes' best style, full of life and colour, and the language just what an enthusiastic rustic lad would use, making allowance for the age, the scene, and the actors. The sentimental phrases at the end might well have been picked up by Peter through intercourse with the despairing swains, whom he describes with so much spirit.



that to-morrow we shall come across some shepherd on the road who will tell us. For the present it were well that you should go and sleep under cover, for the night air may hurt your wound, though the medicine they have put to it is such that you need not fear any mishap.

Sancho Panza, who had already sent the long talk of the goatherd to the devil, begged his master on his part to go into Peter's hut to sleep. This Don Quixote did, and passed all the rest of the night in thinking of his lady Dulcinea, in imitation of Marcela's lovers. Sancho Panza laid himself down between Rozinante and his ass, and slept, —not like a lover rejected but like a man soundly kicked.[1]

[1] After the pummelling he had received in the morning of that day from the friars' servants, as told in ch. viii.

CHAPTER XIII

Wherein is concluded the story of the Shepherdess Marcela, with other matters

SCARCE had the day begun to show itself by the balconies of the East when five of the six goatherds got up and went to arouse Don Quixote and tell him that, if he still held to his purpose of going to see the famous burying of Chrysostom, they would bear him company. Don Quixote, who desired nothing better, arose and ordered Sancho to saddle and pannel at once, who did so with all despatch, and with the same they all took to the road. They had not gone a quarter of a league when out of a cross-path they saw advancing towards them some six shepherds clad in black skins, and their heads crowned with garlands of cypress and bitter rose-bay. Each bore a thick staff of holly in his hand, and there came along with them also two gentlemen on horseback, handsomely accoutred for the road, with three other servants on foot in their company. On meeting, they saluted one another courteously, and, asking of each other whither they were going, they learned that all were on the road to the place of burial, and so they all journeyed together. One of those on horseback, addressing his companion, said to him:—Methinks, Señor Vivaldo, that we may regard as well spent the time we shall delay in seeing this notable funeral,—for notable it cannot but be, according to the account these herdsmen have given us of the strange things both about the dead shepherd and the murderous shepherdess.

—So I think too, answered Vivaldo; and, say I, that I would delay not one day but four, rather than miss the sight.

Don Quixote inquired of them what they had heard about Marcela and Chrysostom. The traveller answered that early that same morning they had met those shepherds, and, seeing them in that mournful attire, had asked them why they went in that guise; when one of them told the story, —recounting the strange behaviour and the beauty of a shepherdess called Marcela, and the loves of the many who wooed her, together with the death of that Chrysostom to whose funeral they were going. In short, he repeated all that Peter had related to Don Quixote. This conversation ended, another was commenced; he who was called Vivaldo asking Don Quixote what was the reason that made him go armed in that fashion in a country so peaceful. To which Don Quixote replied:

—The exercise of my profession does not allow or permit me to go otherwise. Ease, luxury, and repose were invented for soft courtiers; but toil, unrest, and arms alone were designed and made for those whom the world calls Knights Errant, of whom I, though unworthy, am of all the least.

When they heard this they set him down for a madman; and, to be sure of it and to discover what kind of madness was his, Vivaldo again asked him what he meant by Knights Errant.

—Have not your worships read, answered Don Quixote, the annals and histories of England, wherein are recorded the famous exploits of King Arthur,[1] whom commonly in our Castilian tongue we call the King Artus, of whom it is an ancient tradition, common all over that kingdom of Great Britain, that this King did not die, but by art of enchant-

[1] The legend of King Arthur had passed into mediæval romance all over Europe, and probably preceded in date any other on which a book of chivalry was founded. There are allusions to Arthur in *Amadis*, and in nearly every one of its successors.

ment was changed into a crow,[1] and how that in process of time he is to come back to reign and recover his kingdom and sceptre.[2] For which reason it cannot be proved that ever any Englishman, from that time to this, ever killed a crow. In this good King's time there was instituted that famous order of chivalry, the Knights of the Round Table,[3] and then also occurred the amours between Lancelot of the Lake and the Queen Guinevere, which are there related without the omission of a jot, the go-between and confidante

[1] This tradition is of very old date and survives to this day. Bowle quotes from the laws of Hoel the Good, who died 998, one of which imposes a penalty for the killing of hawks, falcons, and crows. In Cornwall, the chough is regarded with a special veneration as the bird in which the soul of Arthur is embodied. See the lines on Tintagel by the late Rev. R. S. Hawker, of Morwenstow:

> Mark yon bird of sable wing,
> Talons and beak all red with blood,
> The spirit of the long-lost king
> Passed in that shape from Camlan's flood.

In the present day, the chough is valued by the natives of King Arthur's country, not so much because it contains the hero's soul as because tourists and collectors will give a couple of guineas for a specimen. There is thus every prospect of this interesting bird, once common on the north coast of Cornwall, becoming speedily extinct.

[2] This belief in the second coming of a beloved king is common to many nations. Thus the Hohenstaufen Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, drowned in the Holy Land, is expected to "come again and thrice as fair." King Sebastian of Portugal, the Royal Knight Errant, slain in 1578 at Alcázarquivir, in battle against the Moors, was looked for earnestly during the French occupation of Portugal, and is confidently expected to reappear when the fortunes of his country are at the lowest. There is a similar tradition among the Hindus about their famous King Vikramaditya, who is to hold his court again at Oojein some day; as also among the Indian Mussulmans about Akber. The legend of Arthur's reappearance—*rex quondam rexque futurus*—dates from at least the twelfth century, and has been repeated in every history about him since.

[3] Instituted, according to Sir Thomas Mallory, by Merlin as "an image of the world,"—the world then being thought to be a round table or dish,—Arthur's Round Table has ever held rank in chivalry as the oldest of knightly institutions, which served Charlemagne as a model for his Twelve Peers, and our King Edward III. for his Order of the Garter, as noted in the romance of *Tirante* (bk. i. ch. lxxviii.). The Round Table is frequently quoted and imitated in the Spanish books of chivalries.

between them being that honoured lady, Quintañona, whence arose that ballad so widely known and so much sung in our Spain of—

> Never sure was gallant Knight,
> Served by damsel or by dame
> As the bold Sir Lancelot,
> When from Brittany he came,—

with the course so sweet and delectable[1] of his amours and doughty feats. Well, from that time has that order of chivalry been extending from hand to hand and spreading through many and divers parts of the world;[2] and therein, famous and renowned for their exploits, were the valiant Amadis of Gaul, with all his sons and grandsons, to the fifth generation,[3] and the valorous Felixmarte of Hyrcania, and the never-worthily-to-be-praised Tirante the White, and he whom almost in our own days we have seen, and heard, and talked with, the inimitable and valorous Knight, Sir Belianis of Greece.[4] This, then, sirs, is to be a Knight Errant, and what I have spoken of is the order of its chivalry in which

[1] The ballad from which Don Quixote quotes for the second time (see *ante*, ch. ii.) is one of the only three founded on the Breton legends which have survived in Spanish, two having Lancelot for their subject and one Tristan. They are included in Duran's *Romancero General* (vol. ii. pp. 197, 198). It is needless to remind the readers of the Breton system of romances that Quintañona does not appear in any of them. She is the creation of the Spanish balladist of the first half of the sixteenth century.

[2] Clemencin, with patriotic zeal, thinks it worth while to remind Don Quixote that he is mistaken in saying that the order of chivalry takes its rise from King Arthur, seeing that the deeds of Amadis of Gaul are expressly declared, at the beginning of the book, to have happened "not many years after the passion of our Redeemer, Jesus Christ," whereas the British king flourished in the sixth century of the Christian era.

[3] See the genealogical table of the Amadises in Appendix C, vol. i.

[4] As Clemencin points out, this is not so extravagant a statement as might at first sight appear. Although among the personages introduced in *Belianis* is Polixena, daughter of Priam, King of Troy, there is a naval battle fought at "Babylon" in which artillery is used, while in other passages mention is made of the conquest of Granada as an event not very distant.

I, as I have already said, though a sinner, have made profession, and what the aforesaid Knights professed the same do I profess; and that is why I am going through these solitudes and deserts in quest of adventures, with deliberate resolve to offer my arm and my person to the most perilous which fortune may present, in aid of the weak and the needy.

By this speech of his the travellers were able to convince themselves that Don Quixote was out of his wits and of the form of madness which mastered him, at which they were struck with the same wonder which seized all those who, for the first time, came to know of it. And Vivaldo, who was a person of much shrewdness and of a cheerful disposition, in order to pass without weariness the short journey which they said had still to be made till they arrived at the hill where the burying was to be, sought to give him an opportunity of going on with his rhapsodies; and so he said to him:

—Sir Knight Errant, methinks your worship has adopted one of the severest professions there are upon earth, and I hold, for my part, that even that of the Carthusians is not so severe.

—So severe it might be, replied Don Quixote, but so necessary in the world, I am within two fingers' breadth of doubting. For, if the truth is to be told, the soldier who executes that which his captain commands, doeth no less than the captain who gives the command. I mean that the holy men in all peace and tranquillity seek of Heaven the welfare of the earth; but we soldiers and Knights execute what they pray for, defending it with the might of our arms and the edge of our swords; not under shelter, but under the open sky, exposed for a mark to the intolerable beams of the sun in summer and the nipping frosts of winter. Thus are we God's ministers upon earth, and arms by which His justice is executed therein. And whereas the affairs of war and the

things touching and appertaining thereto cannot be put in execution without excessive sweating, labouring, and exertion, it follows that they who profess it have, without doubt, a more arduous office than those who in tranquil peace and repose are praying to God to favour them who are able for little. I do not mean to say, nor does it pass my thoughts, that the condition of the Knight Errant is as good as that of the cloistered monk;[1] I would only argue from what I suffer, that, without doubt, it is a more painful and more belaboured one, more hungry and thirsty, more miserable, ragged, and lousy;[2] for there is no doubt but that the Knights Errant of old suffered much ill usage in the course of their lives. And if some rose to be Emperors by the valour of their arms, in faith but it cost them a good deal of their blood and sweat; and if they who rose to that grade had lacked enchanters and sages to aid them, they would have been soundly cheated of their desires and much deceived in their hopes.

—Of that opinion am I, replied the traveller; but one thing among many others seems to me very ill in your Knights Errant, and it is, that when they find themselves on the point of emergency in a great and perilous adventure in which there is a manifest danger of losing their lives, never at the moment of engaging in it do they remember to commend themselves to God, as every Christian is bound to do in like perils, but rather to their mistresses, with as much fervour and devotion as if these were their God—a thing which seems to me to savour somewhat of heathenism.[3]

[1] Clearly spoken in irony—not in earnest as some have thought.

[2] Clemencin is of opinion that this is a low expression, out of harmony with the noble and decorous tone of Don Quixote's discourse. But it is a madman speaking, who must be allowed to be sometimes inconsistent in mixing up the actualities of life with his imaginations.

[3] Some of the Knights were certainly open to this charge, even in the Spanish romances, which hold to points of religious faith more than others. A monstrous dragon which goes to encounter Amadis is inspired with the greater hope of

—Sir, answered Don Quixote, it cannot be other than this in any wise, and it would ill fare with the Knight Errant who should do aught else, for in Knight Errantry it is the practice and custom that the Knight Errant who upon engaging in some great feat of arms has his mistress before him, should turn his eyes on her softly and amorously, as it were by them to ask her to favour and protect him in the doubtful enterprise he is undertaking; and, even though none should hear him, he is bound to utter certain words between his teeth in which he commends himself to her with all his heart; and of this we have innumerable examples in the histories.[1] Nor must it be inferred from this that they should omit to commend themselves to God, for they have time and leisure to do this in the course of their task.

—For all that, replied the traveller, there yet lingers in me a doubt, and it is that oft-times I have read that words are bandied between the Errant Knights, and from one to another it comes about that their anger kindles, and they wheel their horses round and take up a good piece of the field, and anon, without more ado, they return to the encounter at top speed, and in mid career commend themselves to their ladies; and what commonly ensues from their meeting is that one of them tumbles over his horse's crupper pierced through and through by his adversary's lance; and,

success when he perceives that the Knight placed more reliance on his mistress Oriana than on God (ch. lxxiii). The last words of Amadis were to commend his soul to Oriana. Tirante the White, who was more careless of these matters, and whose history breathes a painful tone of laxity, both in faith and morals, due to its gayer origin,—on going into battle, never invoked any Saint, but only Carmesina, his mistress; and, being reproached once for this, answered that "he who serves many (*i.e.* saints) serves none" (ch. xliv.). Elsewhere, however, Amadis and the other heroes give proof of their orthodoxy, duly invoking God before betaking them to slaughter.

[1] This was not only the custom but the duty of Knights Errant, enjoined by the laws of chivalry. In the *Siete Partidas*, compiled by King Alfonso, it is directed that Knights in the moment of combat should call upon their mistresses for the strengthening of their hearts and the aggravation of the shame of defeat.

as to the other one, it happens also that if he did not hold on to his horse's mane he could not help coming to the ground. And I know not how the dead one could have time to commend himself to God in the course of this quick piece of work; it were better that the words which he spent in the charge commending himself to his mistress were spent in what was his duty and obligation as a Christian. Moreover, I believe that not all the Knights Errant have ladies to whom to commend themselves, for they are not all in love.

—That is impossible, answered Don Quixote; I say that it is impossible that there should be any Knight Errant without a lady,[1] because to such it is as proper and natural to be in love as for the sky to have stars; and I dare warrant that there has not been seen any history wherein is found a Knight Errant without amours; for the very fact of his being without them would show him to be no legitimate Knight but a bastard, and one who had entered the stronghold of the said Knighthood, not by the door but over the fence, like a thief and a robber.

—Nevertheless, said the traveller, methinks I have read, if my memory fails me not, that Don Galaor, brother to the valorous Amadis of Gaul, never had a definite mistress[2] to whom he could commend himself, and yet was not the less esteemed, and was a very valiant and famous Knight.

[1] In the statutes of the Order of the *Banda* it is expressly laid down in Article 31, that no member of the Order should be present at Court who did not serve some lady, *no para deshonrarla sino para la festejar ó casarse con ella*,—not to dishonour her, but to entertain her or to marry with her. Even at the austere Court of Isabella the Catholic, the Venetian Ambassador of the time testifies that there was no Knight who did not serve some lady. Such a connexion did not imply immorality, nor necessarily lead to marriage. It was gallantry carried to the highest point, which only became impure as chivalry itself became corrupt.

[2] *Dama señalada—maîtresse en titre.* Vivaldo is hardly correct about Galaor, who, though a general lover, with many mistresses, had one special lady, Briolania, the daughter of the King of Sobradisa, whom he made his Queen when he came into his kingdom.

To which our Don Quixote responded :—Sir, one swallow does not make a summer ;[1] moreover, I know that this Knight was in secret very much in love, apart from which his habit of well loving all those who to him were well seeming was a natural disposition which he was unable to hold in hand. But, in effect, it is very well attested that he had one only whom he had made sovereign of his will, to whom he used to commend himself very often and secretly, for he prized himself on being a close cavalier.[2]

—Then if it is essential that every Knight Errant should be in love, said the traveller, it may be fairly presumed that your worship is so, since you are of the profession ; and if your worship does not prize yourself to be as close as Don Galaor, I entreat you with all earnestness, on behalf of all this company and my own, to tell us the name, country, quality, and charms of your lady, for she would account herself happy to have all the world know that she is beloved and served by such a Knight as your worship seems to be.

Here Don Quixote breathed a deep sigh, and said :

—I am unable to affirm whether my sweet enemy delights or not in the world knowing that I serve her. Only this I can say, in response to what has been demanded of me with so much courtesy, that her name is Dulcinea ; her country El Toboso, a village of La Mancha ; her quality should be at least that of Princess, since she is my Queen and mistress ; her beauty superhuman, for in her are realised all those impossible and chimerical attributes of beauty which the poets assign to their ladies ; that her hair is gold ; her forehead the Elysian Fields ; her eyebrows Heaven's bows ; her eyes suns ; her cheeks roses ; her lips corals ; pearls her teeth ;

[1] A proverb in Spanish, as in every other language.

[2] Don Quixote's zeal in defence of Sir Galaor leads him to exaggerate. Galaor was not remarkable for closeness in his amours any more than for constancy.

alabaster her neck; marble her bosom; ivory her hands; her whiteness snow; and the parts which modesty has veiled from human eyes such, I fancy and understand, as a discreet judgment can extol without comparing.[1]

—Her lineage, race, and family we would know, said Vivaldo.

To which Don Quixote answered:—Not of the antique Roman Curtii, Caii, or Scipios is she, nor of the modern Colonnas and Orsinis, nor of the Moncadas and the Requesenes of Cataluña; nor yet of the Rebellas and Villanovas of Valencia; the Palafoxes, Nuzas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Fozes, and Gurreas of Aragon; the Cerdas, Manriques, Mendozas, and Guzmans of Castile; the Alencastres, Pallás, and Meneses of Portugal.[2] But she is of those of El Toboso of La Mancha,—a lineage which, though it be modern, may give gentle beginning to the most illustrious families of future ages; and let me not be gainsaid in this save it be on the conditions which Zerbino put at the foot of the trophy of Orlando's arms, to wit:

—Let none these arms remove
But he who dares Orlando's might to prove.[3]

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[1] This passage is one of those in *Don Quixote* ordered to be erased in the *Index Expurgatorius* of Portugal, 1624. It does not appear that in Spain the Inquisitors were so squeamish.

[2] These are names of great families, more or less familiar to readers of history. Under the name of *Alencastre* of Portugal, the English reader will, perhaps, hardly recognise the family of "time-honoured Lancaster." The Lancasters came into Portugal with Philippa, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt, who married Dom Joam II., 1387, and bore him five stalwart sons,—honourably mentioned in the *Lusiads*, of whom Prince Henry the Navigator was the most celebrated. It was a bastard of one of these Princes from whom sprung the Portuguese family of Alencastre.

[3] Zerbino, a son of the King of Scotland, was sent over by his father to help the Christians in the leaguer of Paris. He was delivered from captivity by Orlando, and having fallen in with the arms of his liberator, collected them together into a trophy, writing under it: *Armatura d'Orlando Paladino*. The

—Albeit my line is the Cachopines of Laredo,[1] answered the traveller, I shall not presume to compare it with that of El Toboso of La Mancha, though, to tell the truth, such a surname has never till now reached my ears.

—How, not reached you! exclaimed Don Quixote.

All the rest as they journeyed listened with great attention to the conversation of the two, and they perceived, even to the very goatherds and shepherds, our Don Quixote's exceeding lack of wits. Sancho Panza alone took all that his master said for truth, knowing who he was and having been

lines quoted in the text were not a part of Zerbino's inscription, but are added by the poet :—

Como volesse dir : nessun la muova
Che star non possa con Orlando à prova.
—Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, canto xxiv.

[1] The *Cachopines* and the *Capoches* seem to have been real names of families in the North of Spain, whose claims to antiquity not only Cervantes but other writers of the time were fond of ridiculing. Laredo is a seaport town of Asturias, near Santander. Mr. Ormsby, on the authority of the Academy's Dictionary, declares Cachopine to be "a word of Indian origin"; which is very improbable, seeing that in the *Diana* of Montemayor, written about the middle of the fifteenth century, "the Cachopines of Laredo" are mentioned, as a family of *hidalgos* in the North. Bowles has a curious note,—which seems to settle the question,—to the effect that in the destruction of some old houses in the vicinity of Santander was found this inscription :—

Antes falten robles y encinas
Que las casas Cachopinas—

(which may be rendered :

Oak and ilex shall fall in,
Before the house of Cachopin ;)—

a proof that this was no feigned appellative or nickname, but a real family name. Bowles, or his printer, spells Santander *Santandero*, improving which blunder a modern English translator boldly makes it "Saint Andrews in Fife."—The Biscayans and Asturians were among the earliest of the emigrants to America, being as numerous in the Spanish colonies as Scotchmen in Queensland. Among them, doubtless, were Cachopines, which name of droll sound was caught up and applied by the natives to all settlers of direct Spanish origin, whence it passed into the mother country as a vulgar synonym for returned Americans of fortune and *nouveaux riches*.

acquainted with him from his birth. But what he hesitated a little about was the believing all that about the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso, for never had such name or such Princess come to his ears, although he lived near El Toboso. As they went along thus discoursing, they saw in a gorge formed between two high mountains[1] some twenty shepherds descending, all dressed in skins of black wool and crowned with garlands, which, as afterwards appeared, were some of yew and some of cypress. Between six of them they carried a bier covered with many sorts of flowers and boughs. This being seen by one of the goatherds, he exclaimed:—Those who come yonder are they who bear the body of Chrysostom, and the foot of that mountain is the place where he directed them to bury him.

They made haste, therefore, to reach the spot, and it was just at the time when the others had set the bier on the ground, and four of them with pickaxes were digging a grave by the side of a hard rock. They saluted one another courteously, and then Don Quixote and those who had come with him turned to look at the bier, on which, covered with flowers, they saw a dead body, clothed like a shepherd, seemingly thirty years of age, and showing, dead as he was, that in life he had been of a handsome countenance and gallant bearing. Around him were placed on the bier some books and many papers, open and sealed; and those who looked on, and those who were opening the grave, and all the rest who stood by, preserved a wonderful silence, until one of those who had borne the dead man said to another:—Note well, Ambrosio, if this be the spot of which Chrysostom spake, since you wish that everything which he directed in his will should be so exactly performed.[2]

[1] It is almost needless to say that these mountains are imaginary. There are no mountains in La Mancha, which is an undulating plain of an average height of 2000 feet above the sea.

[2] As a proof of the interest taken abroad in *Don Quixote* and especially in

—This it is, answered Ambrosio, for here oft-times did my unhappy friend recount to me the story of his woe. There it was, he told me, that he saw for the first time that mortal enemy of the race of men, and there it was also that he first declared to her his passion, as honest as it was ardent, and here it was that Marcela for the last time scorned and rejected him, so that he put an end to the tragedy of his woful life, and here, in remembrance of misfortunes so great, he desired them to lay him in the bowels of eternal oblivion.

And turning to Don Quixote and the travellers he proceeded, saying:—That body, sirs, which with pitiful eyes you are regarding, was the depository of a soul in which Heaven had lodged an infinite share of its riches. That is the body of Chrysostom, who was unique in wit, singular in courtesy, supreme in gentleness, a phœnix in friendship, magnificent without measure, lofty without presumption, pleasant without vulgarity; and, in fine, the first in all the art of goodness, and second to none in the ways of misfortune. He loved well, he was hated; he adored, and he was disdained; he wooed a wild beast; he importuned a statue; he pursued the wind; he cried to the wilderness; he served ingratitude, of whom he received for reward to be the spoil of death in the midst of his career of life,—brought to end by a shepherdess whom he essayed to make eternal, to live in the memory of men, as those papers you behold could well prove, had he not enjoined me to commit them to the flames as we are committing his body to the earth.[1]

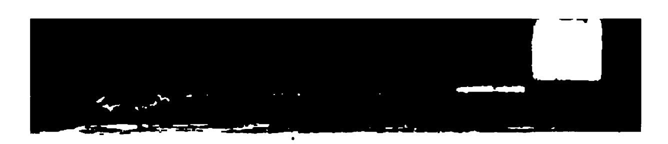
this story of Chrysostom, it is mentioned by Navarrete that the Academy of Letters, Sciences, and Fine Arts, at Troyes, in France, about 1750, despatched one of its members on a special mission to Spain in order to investigate the circumstances of the death of the shepherd Chrysostom, to ascertain the place of his burial, and obtain other information of the adventures and travels of Don Quixote (Navarrete, *Vida de Cervantes*, p. 175).

[1] This harangue, in the style of the shepherds of pastoral romance, whose

—You would deal with them more harshly and more cruelly than their owner himself, said Vivaldo; for it is neither just nor right to fulfil the will of one who, in what he enjoins, goes out of all reason; nor would it have been right in Augustus Cæsar if he had consented to put in execution what the divine Mantuan ordered in his will.[1] Therefore, Ambrosio, while you give your friend's body to the earth, you should not give his writings to oblivion; for if he commanded it as one aggrieved, it is not well that you should comply as one void of discretion, but rather, by giving life to these papers, keep ever alive the cruelty of Marcela, to serve as an example to the living in the times to come, so that they may shun and fly all such pitfalls; for I already know, and they who are here come, the history of this your love-stricken and ill-fated friend; and we know of your friendship, and the occasion of his death, and what he enjoined at the close of his life; out of which lamentable story may be gathered how great was the cruelty of Marcela, the love of Chrysostom, the loyalty of your friendship, together with the end which those make who gallop with a loose rein down the path which headlong love sets before their eyes. Last night we learnt of Chrysostom's death, and that he was to be buried in this place; and so, from curiosity and compassion, we turned out of our direct road, and agreed to come and see with our eyes what had moved us to so much pity in the hearing. And in requital of this our compassion, and of the desire born in us to relieve it if it were possible, we beseech thee, discreet Ambrosio,—at least, I, on my part, do pray thee,—that, refraining from

fault in all languages is to speak too much and too finely, is quoted by Capmani, in his *Theatre of Spanish Eloquence*, as a model of Castilian prose. It reads better in the original than it can possibly be made to do in any translation. To our modern taste it is tedious and artificial, though the scene round Chrysostom's grave is not without picturesqueness and dramatic effect.

[1] Alluding to the story in Pliny, of Augustus forbidding the poems of Virgil to be burnt, as the poet had directed in his will (*Hist. Nat.*, lib. vii. ch. xxx.).



burning those papers, thou shouldst let me take away some of them.

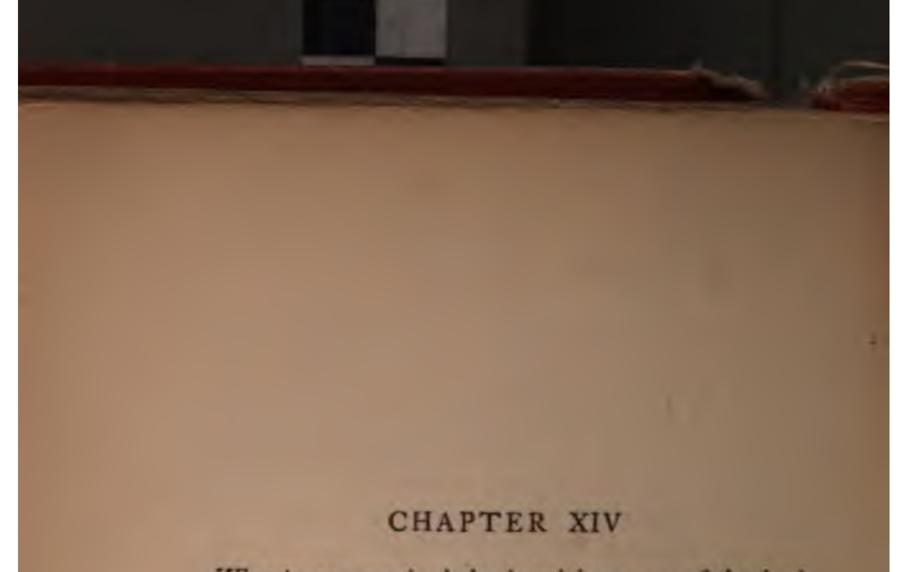
And, without waiting for the shepherd's answer, he stretched forth his hand and took some of those that were nearest him; seeing which, Ambrosio said:

—Out of courtesy, sir, I will consent to your keeping what you have taken, but to think that I shall desist from burning the rest is a vain expectation.

Vivaldo, who longed to see what the papers contained, opened one of them at once, and saw that it bore as a title, *Lay of Despair;* hearing which, Ambrosio said:

—That is the last piece the unhappy man wrote, and that you may see, sir, to what a pass his misfortunes brought him, read it so as to be heard, for you will have time enough for that while they are digging the grave.

—That I will, very willingly, said Vivaldo; and as all the bystanders had the same desire, they gathered round him in a circle, and he, reading in a clear voice, found that it ran thus:—



CHAPTER XIV

Wherein are contained the despairing verses of the dead shepherd, with other unlooked-for matters

THE LAY OF CHRYSOSTOM[1]

SINCE, cruel maid, thou'd force me to be telling,
From tongue to tongue, from nation unto nation,
Thy harsh resolve and unrelenting rigour,
I'll call below, dark Hell itself compelling

[1] The *Lay of Chrysostom* is the most ambitious as it is the longest piece of poetry in *Don Quixote*, upon the merits and even upon the meaning and character of which there has been a singular diversity of opinion among critics, native and foreign. By some it is held to be a serious and noble composition, worthy of the genius of the author of *Numancia*, and, abating some trifling defects and some low expressions, fit to compare with the greatest works of the best poets. By others it is denied all grace and worth, even of invention. One late translator, generally hard to please in the matter of Cervantes' poetry, is charmed with "its intricate system of interlaced rhymes," as well as with "the inimitable rhythm and harmony" of the lines. The "medial rhyme," at the close of each strophe or double octave, produces on this translator's mind an effect like to "the cadence that falls upon the ear like that of waves upon a distant shore"—an effect which, to our disappointment, he has not attempted to imitate in English. Another modern translator is of opinion that the Lay itself proves that the writer,—meaning, we suppose, not Cervantes but Chrysostom,—"was evidently mad at the time he wrote it." We are asked, moreover, to admire its "jingling assonance." These verdicts are irreconcileable and incomprehensible. For my part I do not detect either the "inimitable rhythm and harmony" or the "jingling assonance." The "medial rhymes" are but moderately successful, and they are not new. There is absolutely none of the "jingling assonance," the rhymes being consonant, not assonant. The best thing which can be said of this poem is that it shows a very remarkable power of imagination and command of metre. I have done the best I could with a very hard task, claiming no other merit for

To lend my voice a tone of lamentation ;
Therewith my native accents to disfigure.
And lest that my heart's descant fail of vigour
That awful voice shall second my complaining,
Mingled with the fragments of my tortured soul,
To tell thy cruel deeds and my sad dole ;
The history to hear all lovers' ears constraining.
Then listen, and thine heart of flint incline,
To what's no sound concordant but the din
Forth from my o'ercharged heart out rushing,
Fetched from the depths by my frenzy's might
That for thy despite and for my love is gushing.

The savage lion's roar and of the raging
Wolf the fearful howling, the malignant hiss
Of scaly serpent, the demoniac yell
Of some grim fiend, the sinister presaging
Croak of the raven,[1] the roar in the abyss
Of ocean mutable tossed by the gale ;
Of the new-conquered bull implacable
The bellowing, and the sad, sobbing moan
Of the widowed turtle, or the drear descant
Of the envied owl,[2] with all the plaint
Of the whole infernal black battalion ;
Let all together out with my aching soul,
Commingled in such wise in one loud dole,
As all the affrighted senses to confuse,
For the cruel pain my tortured bosom's feeling,
New modes for its revealing needs that I should use.

---

my bald and rugged rhymes than that they are as faithful as I could make them to the sense and the metre of the original.

[1] *Sæpe sinistra cavâ prædixit ab ilice cornix.* (Virgil, *Bucolica.*)

[2] *Invidiado buho.* The London edition of 1738 changed *invidiado*, without warrant, to *inviudado*—widowed ; but the Spanish Academy restored the original, which is doubtless the true, reading. Two lines above it is the turtle-dove who is the widow, nor is there any reason why the owl should be another. The owl was said to be the only bird which witnessed the Crucifixion, and is therefore envied by all the other birds, who persecute it on its appearance by daylight.

Of this harsh discord I'll not rehearse
To Father Tagus, nor shall the sad echoes reach
The olive-groves of famous Betis,[1] here
The burden of my sorrows I'll disperse.
With tongue of death and words of life I'll preach
Where lofty rocks and profound hollows are,
On shores remote, among dark valleys, where
The earth no tread of human creature knows,
Or where the sun his glory never showed,
Or where is nurtured the envenom'd brood
Of monsters dire whom teeming Nilus[2] grows.
What though these desert solitudes among
Uncertain sound the echoes of my wrong,
Nor match thy cruelty, unparagon'd ;
By favour of my niggard destiny
They shall transported be to all the wide world round.

Disdain doth kill ; suspicions, false or sound,
Do smother patience ; with severer blow
Kills jealousy ; long absence doth discompose
Life, nor guard against oblivion is found
In hope of happier future here below :
Of all is death inevitable the close.
Yet I live on who suffered all these woes,
O miracle unheard of !—I still live,
Jealous, disdained, absent, and well assured
Of doubts, all which my patience hath endured,
And even in oblivion survive.

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[1] *Betis*, the ancient name of the Guadalquivir, whose shores are still clothed with olives.

[2] *Nilo llano*. The first editions have *libro*, which is clearly a blunder ; converted in the London edition of 1738 into *Nilo*, which the Spanish Academy adopted and has retained. Clemencin changes *Nilo* into *Libio*, without any warrant,—on the ground that wild beasts live in deserts and woods, and not in rivers. But the Nile was always famous for being the home of monsters—hippopotami, crocodiles, and the like ; its mud being supposed to generate horrid creatures spontaneously. See Lucan, bk. ix.

Amid these tortures, never do mine eyes
Reach to the shadow of the hope I prize,
Nor hopeless do I cherish the endeavour.
Rather my wrong to consummate, I swear,
To be without her for ever and for ever.

Is't possible, by chance, in one instant,
To hope and fear, or is it well to do it,
When surer are the reasons for my fearing?
Have I, when bitter jealousy doth stand in front,
To close mine eyes, if I perforce must view it,
Through thousand wounds within my breast appearing?
Who would not ope the gate and let despair in,
If seeing there, without all counterfeit
Disdain uncovered, and what was suspicion
Turn'd into open fact, O curst transition!
And limpid truth transformed into a cheat.
O tyrant of love's realm, fell jealousy!
Of mercy bind thy manacles on me;
Disdain, a grace! a twisted cord give me!—
But woe is me! your memory ever stays,
And, cruel victor, slays my matchless agony.

And now I die, and since all hope I've lost
Of luck in death more than in life I have,
I'll rest all stubborn in my fantasy;
I'll say he's most discreet who loves the most,
And that the freest heart is still Love's slave,
And bounden to her antique tyranny.
I'll say that she, my constant enemy,
As fair a mind as body doth possess,
That her unkindness is my own desert,
That Love, by what he pours on us of hurt,
His soft dominion keeps in even peace,
And in this fancy and with this hard rope
Shortening the term, void of all grace and hope,
To which her bitter slights have me consigned,

I'll to the winds my body and soul bequeath,
Sans palm or wreath in future bliss to find.

Thou, whose cruel scorn was still the cause
To urge me to this treason 'gainst my youth,
To quit this miserable life I hate,
What this deep wound within my bosom shows
Canst not but see, canst not but know the truth,
How cheerfully thy rigour I have met.
If haply thou shouldst know, however late,
Me worthy that the Heaven of thy fair eyes
Should by my death be clouded, let no tear
Be shed for me, O maid, for naught I care
To let thee gather of my heart the prize.
Rather let gay laughter at my funeral
Proclaim my death to be thy festival.
Yet why, fool that I am, seek I to teach
Thee, knowing that more emblazoned is thy glory
In that my life's story so quick its sad end doth reach.

Come, for it is time, from Hell's abyss
Come raging Tantalus, come Sisyphus
Heaving his cruel stone, let Tityus bring
His vulture, and renown'd Ixion his
Aye-rolling wheel ; the brood of Danaus,
The doomed sisters ever-labouring ;
Let all the mortal pains their bosoms wring,
To me transfer ; and in dejected tone
(If aught of funeral rite to claim I dare [1])
Chaunt obsequies, and o'er my carcase bare,
Denied a shroud, jointly make dolorous moan.
Let the three-headed janitor of Hell,
With all its brood of monsters, swell
The doleful diapason of despair.
No ceremony else, methinks, is due
The dead lover true, to crown his lonely bier.

[1] *i.e.* as one who has "wilfully sought his own salvation," as the gravedigger says in *Hamlet*.

Song of despair! you should not grieve,
Now that my tortured breast you leave;
But rather, since you are born of her,
Like her be cheer'd by my mishap,
And banish sadness in the sepulchre.

The Lay of Chrysostom was well liked[1] by those who listened to it, but the reader declared that it seemed to him not to agree with what he had heard of Marcela's modesty and goodness, for Chrysostom complained in it of jealousy, suspicions, and neglect,—all to the prejudice of Marcela's credit and good name. To which Ambrosio, as one who well knew his friend's most secret thoughts, replied:—Sir, in order that you may be satisfied in that doubt, you should know that when this luckless one wrote this song, he was absent from Marcela, from whom he had withdrawn himself voluntarily, to see if absence would exert upon him its wonted power. And as there is nothing which vexes not the absent lover, and no fear that does not haunt him, so was Chrysostom tormented by imaginary jealousies and suspicions, dreaded as much as if they were true; and thus the truth which report declares of Marcela's goodness stands where it was,—to whom, save that she is cruel, and a little haughty, and much disdainful, Envy herself should not and cannot impute any fault.

—Such is the truth, said Vivaldo.—And he was about to read another paper of those he had rescued from the fire, when he was interrupted by a miraculous vision, for such it seemed, which suddenly presented itself before their eyes. On the top of the rock where they were digging the grave

[1] Not by one critic, at least. Clemencin, who never loses an opportunity of flouting Cervantes' claims to be a poet, gets into an absurd temper over this *Lay of Chrysostom*. On the other hand, Pellicer, Navarrete, Vicente de Los Rios, and the great majority of Spanish critics, eulogise the poem, declaring it to be worthy of being ranked among the masterpieces of Castilian verse.

there appeared the shepherdess Marcela,[1] so beautiful that her beauty surpassed its reputation. Those who till then had never seen her gazed upon her in wonder and in silence, and those accustomed to see her were no less amazed than those who had never beheld her. But hardly had Ambrosio spied her, when, with anger in his heart, he spoke thus:

—Comest thou, haply, fair basilisk of these mountains, to see if at thy presence the wounds of this wretch whom thy cruelty has slain will bleed afresh? Or comest thou to glory in thy temper's fell work? Or to look down from that height, like another pitiless Nero, upon the blaze of thy burning Rome? Or insolently to trample on this hapless corse, as did his ungrateful daughter her father Tarquin's?[2] Tell us quickly why thou art come, or what thou wouldst most wish, for as I know that the thoughts of Chrysostom when living never failed to be obedient to thee, I will take care, though he is dead, that all who call themselves his friends shall serve thee.

—I come not, O Ambrosio, for anything which thou hast mentioned, answered Marcela; but rather in my own defence, and to convince all how unreasonable they are who blame me for their sufferings and for the death of Chrysostom; and, therefore, I entreat all of you who are here to give

[1] There is a parallel incident in Cervantes' pastoral of *Galatea*, where the shepherdess, Gelosia, cruel and disdainful, presents herself suddenly on a rock, and justifies her treatment of her lover, precisely as Marcela does here. The whole scene, and the episode of which it forms part, are to be taken as a specimen of the pastoral romance so popular in that period. That they were introduced here with a purpose I cannot doubt; nor is it fair to treat the language, as some critics have done, as intended to be the natural speech of shepherds and shepherdesses. In a Pastoral we do not look for natural speech. The language is suited to the invention, and one may trust the author to know what he was about when he made it high-flown, pedantic, and extravagant, instead of the simple and vulgar talk of rustics. The proper comparison is not between this scene and nature, but between this Pastoral and others of the age,—let us say, with *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, by Sir Philip Sidney.

[2] The reader need not be told that Ambrosio blunders between Tarquin and Servius Tullius.

me their attention, for it will not need much time or many words to persuade all sensible men of what is a truth. Heaven, as you say, has made me beautiful, and to such a degree that, without your being able to help it, my beauty moves you to love me; and, for the love you show for me, you say, and you even require, that I should be bound to love you. By the natural instinct with which God has endowed me, I know that everything beautiful is lovable; but I do not understand why, by reason of being loved, that which is loved for its beauty is compelled to love what loves it; besides, it may happen that the lover of what is beautiful may be ugly; and, what is ugly being worthy of abhorrence, it would be very absurd for it to say: I love thee for being beautiful; thou must love me though I am ugly.[1] But put the case that the beauty is equal on both sides, not for this must the inclinations be alike, for all beauties do not breed love; and some charm the eye and do not win the heart. If every beauty bred love and won hearts, the fancy would wander confused and vague, without knowing where to settle; for, as beautiful objects are infinite, there must be an infinity of inclinations; and, as I have heard say, true love brooks no division, and must be voluntary and not enforced. This being so, as I believe it to be, why would you require me to surrender my will by force, upon no other compulsion than that you say you love me? Nay, tell me, if Heaven had made me ugly, as it has made me fair, would it be just for me to complain that you did not love me? Moreover, you have to consider that I did not choose the beauty I have; for, such as it is, Heaven gave me it of favour, without my asking or choosing it; and even as the viper deserves no blame for the poison it bears, though she kills with it, seeing it was given her by nature, neither do I deserve reproach for being beautiful. For beauty in the virtuous woman is like

[1] "She was lovable, and he loved her; but he was not lovable, and she loved him not" (H. Heine).

distant fire or a sharp sword—the one does not burn, the other does not cut, him who does not go near it. Honour and virtues are ornaments of the soul, without which the body, though it be beautiful, should not be so esteemed. But if chastity be one of the virtues which most adorn and beautify body and mind, why must she lose it, who is loved for her beauty, to gratify his desire, who, for his own pleasure alone, tries to rob her of it with all his might and energy? Free was I born, and that I might live free I chose the solitude of the fields. The trees of these mountains are my companions; the clear waters of these brooks are my mirrors; to the trees and the brooks I disclose my thoughts and my charms. I am the fire apart, and the sword far off. Those whom I have captivated by my eyes, I have undeceived by my words. If desires are fed by hopes, I not having given any to Chrysostom or any other, it may not justly be said that the end of any was my doing, for his own stubbornness rather than my cruelty slew him. And if they bring against me the honesty of his intentions, and that therefore I was bound to respond to them, I say that when on that same spot where now you dig his grave he avouched to me the goodness of his purpose, I told him that mine was to live in perpetual singleness, and that the earth alone should taste of the fruit of my chastity and of the spoils of my beauty. If he, after all this plain speaking, chose to defy hope and to sail against the wind, what wonder that he is drowned in the gulf of his infatuation? Had I encouraged him, I had been false; had I gratified him, I had acted contrary to my better purpose and resolution. He persisted, though undeceived; without being hated, he despaired; judge, then, whether it is right that of his affliction I should bear the penalty. Let him who has been deceived complain; let him despair whom the promised hopes have failed; let him speak out whom I shall invite; let him vaunt whom I shall encourage; but let him not call me cruel or murderess whom I have not promised,

deceived, invited, or encouraged. Heaven until now has not willed that I should love by destiny; and to think that I should love by election is idle. Let this general warning serve for the particular benefit of each of those who court me; and, be it understood from this time forth, that if any one dies for me he dies not of jealousy or of rejection, for she who loves nobody cannot make any one jealous, and undeceiving should not be set down as disdain. Let him who calls me wild beast and basilisk, leave me alone as a thing hurtful and evil; let him who calls me ingrate, give up serving me; who strange, let him not know me; who cruel, let him not follow me; for this wild beast, this basilisk, this ingrate, this strange and cruel being will not seek, serve, know, or follow them in any way. If his impatience and headstrong passion have slain Chrysostom, why should my modesty and reserve be blamed? If I preserve my purity in the society of the trees, why should he want me to lose it who wishes me to preserve it among men? I, as you know, have wealth of my own, nor covet that of others. I have a free temper, and no taste for subjection. I neither love nor hate any one. I do not deceive this nor court that; I trifle not with one, nor dally with another. The modest talk of the shepherd lasses of these villages and the care of my she-goats are my recreation. My desires are bounded by these mountains, and, if they soar beyond, it is to contemplate the beauty of the Heavens, steps by which the soul journeys to its primal abode.

So saying, without caring to hear any reply, she turned away and plunged into the thickest of the wood, which was hard by, leaving all there as much struck with her good sense as her beauty.[1] And some of them among those who had

[1] This speech of Marcela is pronounced by Clemencin impertinent, affected, and ridiculous; and his only wonder is that Chrysostom should have been such a ninny as to kill himself for "a female so prosy and loquacious." There could be no better test than the whole of Clemencin's running commentary on this

been wounded by the potent shafts sped from her lovely eyes, made as though they would follow her, without profiting by the plain warning which they had heard: seeing which Don Quixote,—it seeming to him that the occasion had arrived for exercising his chivalry by the succouring of damsels in distress,—laying his hand on the hilt of his sword, exclaimed, in a clear and distinct tone:

—Let no person, of whatever rank or condition he be, dare to follow the beauteous Marcela, on pain of falling under the fury of my indignation. She has shown by clear and ample arguments that she has had little or no blame in the death of Chrysostom, and how alien is her life from yielding to the desires of any of her lovers; for which reason, instead of being followed and persecuted, it is just she should be honoured and esteemed of all good men in the world, for she proves that she is the only one therein living with so pure an intent.

Whether it was for the menaces of Don Quixote, or because Ambrosio bade them to finish with what was due to their dear friend, not one of the shepherds stirred or departed thence, until, the grave being dug and Chrysostom's papers burned, they laid his corpse in it, not without many tears from the bystanders. They closed the sepulchre with a heavy stone until such time as a slab could be prepared which Ambrosio said he intended to have made, with an epitaph, which was to run thus:

Here a hapless corse doth lie,
Of a simple shepherd swain,

passage affords, of the critic's hopeless lack of sympathy with the work to which he devoted so much time and labour. To me this episode (unlike some episodes in *Don Quixote*) seems to be contrived deliberately, and with consummate art, as a counterfoil to Don Quixote's romantic extravagance and to Sancho's vulgar worldliness. The whole composition is heightened by the introduction of the figures from the old-world pastoral; and we seem to resume the story of the Knight's adventures with greater zest for this relief and interruption.

Stark and cold, untimely slain
  By a damsel's cruelty.

  Done to death by rigorous hands
Of a beauteous, scornful maid;
Tyrant Love on him hath laid
  Pitiless his fell commands.

Then they strewed flowers and branches of trees upon the grave, and all, after condoling with his friend Ambrosio, took their leave of him. The same did Vivaldo and his companion: and Don Quixote bade farewell to his hosts and to the travellers, these pressing him to accompany them to Seville, as being a place very fit for the finding of adventures, as in every street and behind every corner they were to be met with more than elsewhere.[1] Don Quixote thanked them for the advice, and for the disposition they showed to do him a courtesy, and said that, for the present, he could not go, and ought not to go, to Seville until he had cleared[2] all those mountains[3] of thieves and robbers, of whom report said they were full. The travellers, perceiving his good intention, would not importune him any more, but, once more bidding him farewell, left him and pursued their journey, in the course of which they failed not to discuss the story of Marcela and Chrysostom, as well as the follies of Don Quixote. He, on his part, resolved to go in search of the shepherdess Marcela, and offer to do her all the service in his power. But it fell out otherwise than he expected, as is

[1] The ever-prosaic Clemencin remarks that Vivaldo must here be speaking ironically, as there could not be a place less fitted for adventures than Seville. But there are adventures and adventures—nor any, but to the adventurous.

[2] I have adopted here the emendation of Hartzenbusch, who proposes *despejar* for *despojar*, which is the reading of the old editions. *Despojar* is "to despoil" —always used in bad part. *Despejar* is "to clear."

[3] *i.e.* the Sierra Morena, then, and for a long time afterwards, the favourite haunt of robbers and evil-doers.



recounted in the course of this veracious history, of which here ends the Second Part.[1]

[1] As before noted, Cervantes had originally intended to divide his book into Four Parts, in imitation of the book of *Amadis of Gaul*. The First Part ended with chapter viii. The scheme of parts was abandoned before the author had got to the end, but, as usual, he was careless and did not take the trouble to alter the arrangement, though he numbered the chapters consecutively throughout what was afterwards known, and is here always referred to, as Part First,—that is, the volume published in 1605.

CHAPTER XV

Wherein is related the unfortunate adventure which happened to Don Quixote when he fell in with certain evil-minded Yanguesans

THE sage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates that as soon as Don Quixote had taken leave of his hosts and of all those who had been present at the burying of the shepherd Chrysostom, he and his squire struck into the same wood which they had seen the shepherdess Marcela enter, and having wandered through it for more than two hours, searching for her on all sides without being able to find her, they came to a halt in a meadow, rich in verdant grass, near which there ran a pleasant and refreshing stream, such as invited and even compelled them to pass there the sultry hours of the noontide, which already began to set in fiercely. Don Quixote and Sancho dismounted, and leaving the ass and Rozinante loose to feed on the grass that was there in plenty, they ransacked their wallets, and without any ceremony, master and man, in all goodwill and fellowship, fell to eating of what they found in them. Sancho had not cared to tie up Rozinante, relying on his knowledge of him as a beast so quiet and so little wanton[1] that not all the mares of the pastures of Cordova[2] could provoke him to any impropriety.

[1] *Tan poco rijoso: rijoso* is interpreted in the Academy's Dictionary *adhinniens, Veneris impatiens*; used in this sense of stallions only, but once in this history of a famous Knight Errant, Don Galaor.

[2] Cordova from the earliest times has been celebrated for its breed of horses.

But chance, or the Devil, who is not always asleep,[1] ordained that there should go feeding in that glade a troop of Galician pony-mares, belonging to certain Yanguesan carriers,[2] whose custom it is to rest at noon with their teams in spots and places where grass and water abound, and that where Don Quixote chanced to be well suited the Yanguesans' purpose. As it fell out the desire came to Rozinante to disport himself with the lady mares, and abandoning, as soon as he smelt them, his natural habit and demeanour, he set off at a sharp little trot, without asking his master's leave, to communicate his needs to them. But they, who, as it seemed, were more inclined for feeding than for anything else, received him with their heels and teeth in such sort that in a trice they had burst his girths, and left him stripped of his saddle and naked. But what he must have felt more was that the carriers, seeing the violence he was offering to their mares, ran up with stakes, and so belaboured him that they brought him to the ground in sore plight. Upon this Don Quixote

The Ommíade Amirs brought thither the choicest blood of Yemen and of Nedjed. After the reconquest, the breeding studs passed into the hands of the ducal family of Alva, by whom they were transferred to the Crown in the reign of Philip II., and maintained at the royal charge up to the date of Ferdinand VII. The establishment consisted of magnificent stables and offices, in which there used to be maintained 500 mares with 24 stallions of the best Eastern breeds. They were depastured between the rivers Guadalquivir and Gualbarbo to the east of the city. The studs have in these days been given up, but the district still retains its ancient fame for horses and mules, though the first have much degenerated.

[1] *Que no todas veces duerme* in all the editions,—wantonly and in contempt of humour altered by Hartzenbusch into *que muy pocas veces duerme*, which Cervantes, he says, "must have written."—Must have written, indeed, if he expected all his readers to be as dull as Señor Hartzenbusch.

[2] The Yanguesans are a people from Yanguas in the district of Rioja in Old Castile, between Burgos and Logroño. They still pursue their old calling of carriers, going with their teams to all parts of Spain. They seem to be a distinct race in appearance, character, and habit, and keep very much to themselves. The Galician mares are small and rough, but hardy, and are still greatly in use for carrying packs through the wilder and less frequented districts of the Peninsula.

and Sancho, who had witnessed the basting of Rozinante, came up all out of breath, and Don Quixote said to Sancho:

—From what I see, friend Sancho, these be no Knights, but base fellows and of low breeding. I say it that thou mayest freely aid me in taking due vengeance for the wrong which they have done to Rozinante before our eyes.

—What the devil vengeance can we take, answered Sancho, when there are more than twenty and we not more than two,—nay, perhaps but one and a half?

—I count for a hundred, replied Don Quixote; and without further parley he drew his sword and set upon the Yanguesans, and the same did Sancho Panza, moved and encouraged by his master's example; and to begin with, Don Quixote dealt a blow to one, which slit open the leather jacket he wore with a great part of his shoulder. The Yanguesans, finding themselves so rudely handled by these two men only, they being so many, betook themselves to their stakes, and getting the two into their midst, began to lay on them with great fury and vehemence; in fact, at the second thwack they brought Sancho to the ground, and the same fate befell Don Quixote, without his skill and high mettle availing him; and as Fate ordained it, he fell at the feet of Rozinante, who had not yet been able to rise, whence can be learnt how stakes can batter when wielded by angry, rustic hands. Then, seeing the mischief they had done, the Yanguesans loaded their team with as much haste as possible and went their way, leaving the two adventurers in bad case and worse humour.

The first who came to himself was Sancho Panza, who, finding himself near his master, cried in a feeble and doleful voice:—Sir Don Quixote! Oh, Sir Don Quixote!

—What wouldst thou, brother Sancho? answered Don Quixote in the same faint and grievous tone as Sancho.

—I would, if it were possible, said Sancho Panza, that your worship should give me a couple of mouthfuls of that

potion of Fairy Blas,[1] if so be as your worship has it here at hand; perhaps it will be as good for broken bones as for wounds.

—If I had it here, unhappy me, what should we lack? returned Don Quixote; but I swear to thee, Sancho Panza, on the faith of a Knight Errant, before two days do pass, unless fortune should otherwise ordain, I will have it in my possession, or my hands shall fail me.

—But in how many days does your worship suppose that we shall be able to move our feet? replied Sancho Panza.

—For myself I can say, said the battered Knight, that I am unable to fix a term to those days, but I take on myself the blame of all, for I should not have put hand to sword against men who are not dubbed Knights like myself; and so I believe that, as a penalty for having infringed the laws of chivalry, the God of battles has permitted this chastisement to be inflicted on me. Therefore, brother Sancho, it behoves thee to take heed of this that I tell thee, for it mightily concerns the welfare of us both; and it is, that when thou seest such-like rabble offer us any wrong, wait not for me to draw sword upon them, for I will not do it in any wise, but put thou thy hand to thy sword, and chastise them at thy pleasure; and should any Knights come to their aid and defence, I shall be able to defend thee and offend them with all my might; and thou hast already seen by a thousand tokens and proofs to what extent the valour of this my puissant arm can reach.—So arrogant had the poor gentleman grown by his victory over the stout Biscayan.

But this advice of his master did not seem so good to Sancho Panza as to restrain him from answering thus:—Sir, I am a peaceful man, meek and quiet, and can let pass any injury whatever, for I have a wife and children to keep and

[1] *Feo Blas*, says Sancho,—literally "ugly Blas,"—for Fierabras, of whose balsam his master had spoken in ch. x., of which more anon.

to rear. So let me also give a hint to your worship, for command it may not be, that by no manner of means shall I put hand to sword either against clown or against Knight, and that from this time forward I forgive, before God, whatever insult they have paid me or have to do; whether they are, or shall be, paid by persons high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple,[1] without excepting any rank or condition.

On hearing this, his master replied:—Would that I had breath enough to be able to speak a little easily, and that the pain I feel in this rib were assuaged were it ever so little, that I might make thee understand, Panza, the error wherein thou art. Hark ye, miserable sinner, should the wind of fortune, now so contrary, change in our favour, swelling the sails of our desire so that, safely and without any check, we may make the port in one of those isles which I have promised thee,—what would become of thee if, when after winning it I had made thee Governor thereof, thou shouldst come to frustrate all by not being Knight, nor desiring to be one, through having neither courage nor resolution to avenge thy insults and defend thy dominion? For thou must know that in kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the minds of their inhabitants are at no time so restful and so well disposed to their new lord as that there is no fear of their intending some revolution in order to alter things once more, and, as they say, try their luck again. And thus it is necessary that the new possessor should have understanding to know how to govern, and courage to attack and to defend himself in every emergency.

—In this which has now happened to us, answered Sancho, I would like to have had that understanding and that courage your worship speaks of; but I swear to you on the word of a poor man that I am more fit for plasters than for preachments. See if your worship can rise, and we will

[1] *Hidalgo ó pechero*: *pechero* is one who pays *pecho*, or the tax, from which *hidalgos*, or gentlemen of noble birth, were exempt.

help Rozinante, though he does not deserve it, for he was the chief cause of all this mauling. Never did I believe it of Rozinante, whom I took for a chaste fellow and as peaceful as myself. After all, it is a good saying that it takes a long time to come to know people, and that there is nothing sure in this life. Who would have said that after those mighty blows your worship gave that unlucky Knight Errant[1] there would have come up so quick at the tail of them this great storm of thwacks which has been let loose upon our shoulders?

—Thine indeed, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, should have been made for such squalls, but mine, nursed in fine linen and cambric,[2] it is plain that they will feel more keenly the pain of this misadventure. And were it not that I imagine,—why do I say imagine?—that I know for certain that all these inconveniences are very much the accompaniments of the exercise of arms, I would let myself die here out of pure vexation.

To this the squire replied:—Sir, if these mishaps are what one reaps from Knightry, tell me, come they very often, or have they set times when they befall, for methinks that two such crops would leave me useless for the third, if God of His infinite mercy does not help us.

—Know, friend Sancho, answered Don Quixote, that the life of Knights Errant is subject to a thousand perils and mischances, and equally are they in near possibility to become Kings and Emperors, as experience has shown of many and divers Knights of whose history I have a thorough knowledge.[3] And I could tell thee now, if my pain would

[1] *i.e.* the Biscayan, in ch. viii.

[2] *Entre sinabafas y holandas.* *Sinabafa*, according to Covarrubias, is a very fine, self-coloured cloth, derived from the Greek words, σὺν and βάπτω—*simul tinctus*. *Holandas* is fine linen, first manufactured in Holland, and early in use among the luxurious in Spain.

[3] It would be tedious to cite the long list of Knights Errant who mounted to kingdoms and empires. Such was the accomplishment and the end, if not

let me, of some who by their might of arm have mounted to those exalted degrees I have mentioned, and those same found themselves, both before and after, in sundry calamities and misfortunes. For the valorous Amadis of Gaul fell into the power of his mortal enemy Arcalaus the enchanter, of whom it is well attested that, holding the Knight prisoner, he gave him, being tied to a pillar of a courtyard, more than three hundred lashes with his horse's rein.[1] There is also a recondite author, of no small credit, who reports that the Knight of Phœbus, being caught in a certain trap which fell from beneath his feet in a certain castle, found himself after his fall bound hand and foot in a deep cavern under ground; and there they treated him to one of what they call clysters of snow-water and sand, which well-nigh finished him; and if he had not been succoured in that sore extremity by a sage, his great friend, it would have gone very hard with the poor Knight.[2] Therefore, among such good company I may well pass, for greater affronts were those they suffered than those which now we suffer. For I would have thee to know, Sancho, that wounds which are inflicted by any

purpose, of every knightly career. Says the statute of Alfonso X: Could there be Kings and Emperors who had not been Knights, any more than there could be bishops who had not been priests?—Among the reigns of Knights Errant not recognised by history were those of Agrajes over Scotland, Talanque over California, Grasandor over Bohemia, and Bernardo del Carpio over Ireland. Tirante the White was proclaimed Cæsar of the Greek Empire, and his squire Hippolito, after his death, became Emperor of Constantinople. Florambel of Lucea was adopted heir by the Emperor of Germany, while Esplandian, Rinaldo, Palmerin de Oliva, and Olivante de Laura all picked up emperorships,—the climax of dignities being reached by the fortunate Knight Florisan, who, by his lofty exploits, came to be Emperor of Russia, King of Persia, Prester John of the Indies, and Lord of the Shining Mountains,—all together.

[1] Don Quixote is guilty here of a lapse of memory. No such indignity is recorded as having been suffered by Amadis, though Gandalin, his squire, was once tied to a post and exposed to bad smells from a fire lighted under him (*Amadis*, bk. i. ch. xviii.).

[2] This misadventure of the trap happened not to the Knight of Phœbus, but to Amadis,—the subsequent indignity being, as Clemencin observes, a playful invention of our author.

instruments which by chance may be in hand do not disgrace a man, and this is laid down in the law of the duel in express terms, so that if a cobbler strike another with the last which he has in his hand, though it be really of wood, it shall not therefore be said that he who is struck has been cudgelled. This I say in order that thou mayst not suppose that because we have come well pounded out of this affray we remain disgraced, for the arms which these men carried and with which they mauled us were no other than their pack-staves, and not one of them, so far as I can remember, carried rapier, sword, or dagger.

—They gave me no leisure, responded Sancho, to look at them so closely, for scarce had I laid hand on my Tizona[1] when they crossed[2] my shoulders with their sticks in such style that they knocked the sight from my eyes and the strength from my feet, putting me down where I now lie, and where I am not so much concerned to think if those cudgellings were a disgrace or not as pained at the blows, which still remain as deeply printed on my memory as on my shoulders.

—Nevertheless, I would have thee know, brother Panza, replied Don Quixote, that there is no remembrance

[1] *Tizona*, or *Tizon*,—literally, "burning," and so an exact equivalent of our English "brand,"—one of the two famous swords of the Cid, the other being *Colada*. *Tizona*, which was worth more than a thousand marks of gold, according to the *Poema del Cid*, was won in battle from the Moorish King Bucar. *Colada*, which was worth only a thousand silver marks, was won from Ramon (Raymond), Count of Barcelona. These weapons were bestowed by the Cid on his sons-in-law, the Counts of Carrion, as wedding presents, but after their crime and its exposure were taken away and given by Ruy Diez, one to his nephew Felix Muños, and the other to his faithful companion and countryman Martin Antolinez. A document quoted by Clemencin from the Simancas archives, describes the two swords of the Cid as then existing among some notable arms in the *alcázar* of Segovia. There is a weapon to be seen at this day in the Royal Armoury of Madrid, which is called the Cid's sword, but its make and shape, as well as newness, clearly denote it to belong to a period long posterior to the eleventh century.

[2] *Santiguáron*—lit. "made the sign of the cross."

which time may not end, nor pain which death may not quell.

—But what greater mishap can there be, returned Panza, than that which waits for time to end it and death to quell it? If this mischance of ours were one of those which are healed with a couple of plasters, it would not be so bad; but I am thinking that not all the plasters of a hospital will be enough to give it a good turn.

—No more of this, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, but out of weakness do thou gather strength, for so I mean to do; and let us see how Rozinante is, for not the least part of this misfortune, it seems to me, has fallen on the poor beast.

—There is nothing to wonder at in that, said Sancho, he being a Knight Errant too;[1] what I wonder at is, that my ass should get off free and without scot where we came out without ribs.[2]

—Fortune doth ever leave one door open in disasters in order to give them relief, said Don Quixote. I say so, because this little beast will now be able to supply the want of Rozinante, carrying me hence to some castle where I may be healed of my wounds. Nor shall I esteem such horsemanship dishonourable, for I remember to have read how that the good old Silenus, tutor and guide of the merry god of laughter, when he entered the city of the hundred gates,[3] rode very pleasantly mounted on a handsome ass.

[1] Hartzenbusch, with equal dulness and recklessness, corrects *caballero andante*, as applied by Sancho to Rozinante, into *caballería andante*, remarking gravely that Rozinante is a horse (*caballería*) and not a man (*caballero*). A notable specimen of the kind of comment and correction of which Cervantes has been the victim!—Yet Hartzenbusch is one of the best, and might be expected, from his own works, which are chiefly of humour, to be the most sympathetic, of those who have addressed themselves in Spain to the task of editing *Don Quixote*.

[2] There is a play upon words in the original between *costas* (costs) and *costillas* (ribs) which it is impossible to render in English, so that the point of Sancho's joke is necessarily lost.

[3] Don Quixote blunders here between the Grecian and the Egyptian Thebes,

—It is like he went mounted as your worship says, returned Sancho; but there is a great difference between going a-horseback[1] and being laid athwart like a sack of dung.

To which Don Quixote replied:—The wounds which are received in battle do rather confer honour than take it away. Therefore, friend Sancho, give me no more answers, but, as I have told thee already, rise as well as thou art able and set me on top of thy ass, however it best pleases thee, and let us depart hence before the night comes and overtakes us in this wilderness.

—Yet have I heard your worship say, quoth Panza, that it is quite the thing for Knights Errant to sleep in wilds and deserts the most part of the year, and that they take it for good luck.

—That is when they cannot do better, replied Don Quixote, or when they are in love; and so true is this, that there have been Knights who have been upon a rock, under sun and shade and all the inclemencies of Heaven, for two years without their ladies knowing of it; and one of these was Amadis, who, calling himself Beltenebros, abode in the Peña Pobre.[2] I know not whether it was for eight years or eight months, for I am not very sure of the reckoning; enough that he was there doing penance for I know not what displeasure which the lady Oriana had caused him.

as the famous poet, Juan de Mena, had blundered before him. It was the Egyptian Thebes which had the hundred gates. Thebes, the native city of Bacchus, had only seven.

[1] *Ir caballero* means "to go on horseback," as well as "to go as a gentleman," and the words are used by Sancho in this double sense.

[2] *Beltenebros*, "Beautiful darkling"—in the French version *Beltenebreux*. It was a name given to Amadis by the holy man with whom, after a tiff with Oriana, he took refuge,—the first part of the word denoting his beauty, and the second the gloominess of his condition. The *Peña Pobre*, "poor rock," or "rock dolorous," was a desolate island off the coast where the hermit lived. For further details of this episode see ch. xxv. following.

But let us leave this now, and despatch before another disaster like Rozinante's happens to the ass.

—There would be the devil indeed, said Sancho.—And, discharging himself of thirty *ohs*, and threescore sighs, and a hundred and twenty curses and maledictions on him who had brought him there, he raised himself up, but, stopping half-way, stood bent like a Turkish bow, without power to straighten himself; and in all this pain he harnessed his ass, who also had gone somewhat astray through that day's excessive liberty. He then lifted up Rozinante, who, had he possessed a tongue to complain with, would verily not have been behind either Sancho or his master. In the end, Sancho set Don Quixote on the ass, and, tying Rozinante to his tail, led the ass by the halter, proceeding, as best he could, towards where the highroad seemed to lie.

He had scarce gone a short league when Fortune, who was guiding their affairs from good to better, discovered to him the road, in which he spied an inn, which to his annoyance and to Don Quixote's joy must needs be a castle. Sancho protested that it was an inn, and his master that it was not one but a castle; and the controversy lasted so long that they had time to arrive there without finishing it, Sancho entering in without more parley with all his team.[1]

[1] Much ingenious conjecture, geographical and otherwise, has been wasted on the identification of the spot where this inn stood, the second of those which figure in the story, and the scene of so many diverting adventures. Mr. Ormsby pronounces it to be "somewhere near Valdepeñas, in the wine-growing district," but this is inconsistent with the authorised itinerary of Don Quixote. In the map illustrative of the Knight's wanderings, given in the Spanish Academy's latest edition (1819), the site of the *venta* is fixed at a spot near Malagon, which is now a station on the railway between Madrid and Ciudad Real. By the course steered by Don Quixote after leaving his village, he should now be due west of it, and on the right bank of the Guadiana. But Valdepeñas lies almost due south of the place whence the Knight set out, and otherwise does not seem to agree with the geography of this second sally.

CHAPTER XVI

Of what happened to Don Quixote the Ingenious Gentlemen in the inn which he imagined to be a castle[1]

The innkeeper, seeing Don Quixote laid athwart on the ass, asked Sancho what ailed him. Sancho answered that it was nothing, only that he had fallen down from a rock, and had bruised his ribs somewhat. The innkeeper had for wife one not of a disposition such as those of her calling are wont to have, for she was by nature charitable, and felt for the sufferings of her neighbours. So she hastened at once to attend on Don Quixote, and made her young daughter, a very good-looking lass, help her in taking care of her guest. There was also serving in the inn an Asturian wench, broad-cheeked, flat-pated,[2] with a snub nose, blind of one

[1] This is the second of the inns so glorified by Don Quixote's imagination. Those who have seen a Spanish *venta*, especially in La Mancha, with its low roof, its mean appurtenances, the filthy ground floor, common to men and beasts, the inhospitable interior, betokening anything but "entertainment," will appreciate the full extravagance of the craze. The *venta* is really not an inn proper, but the degraded survival of the Oriental *khan*. It undertakes to find lodging for man and horse, with food only for the latter. The traveller is expected to bring his own food, even his own wine; and his entrance is regarded as almost an intrusion. As a matter of favour the *ventero* will sometimes condescend to purchase food for his guest, and his wife even to cook it; but usually the traveller who would have food in a Spanish *venta* must bring it with him. This was even more true in Cervantes' days than in ours, the march of civilisation having tended gradually to transform the *venta* into the *meson* or *posada*, the *posada* into the *fonda*, the *fonda* into the "hôtel."

[2] The Asturians, as we learn from Covarrubias, were in that age numbered

eye, and the other not very sound. The elegance of her shape, indeed, made up for all other defects; there were not seven hand-breadths from her feet to her head, and her shoulders, which somewhat overloaded her, made her look on the ground more than she liked. This graceful lass then assisted the maiden, and the two made up a very sorry bed for Don Quixote in a garret, which showed evident signs of having served in other days many years as a straw-loft.[1] In this room there also lodged a carrier, who had his bed a little way off from that of our Don Quixote, which, though it was made of the pack-saddles and coverings of his mules, had much the advantage over that of Don Quixote, which consisted but of four roughly-planed boards on two unequal trestles; a mattress which, in thinness, might be a quilt, full of knots which, had they not, through sundry rents, shown themselves to be of wool, would to the touch seem like pebbles in hardness; a pair of sheets made of target leather, and a coverlet, the threads of which if any one chose to count, he could not miss one in the reckoning.

On this execrable bed Don Quixote lay down; and presently the hostess and her daughter plastered him over from head to foot,—Maritornes,[2] for so was the Asturian

among those called *descogotados*, from having no occiput or prominent back to the head. The author of the *Picara Justina* notes this peculiarity in the Asturians, as does Quevedo in one of his satirical ballads. This national characteristic has been lost by process of time,—the people of Asturias, as Clemencin observes, being now as well furnished behind the head as other Spaniards. But Cervantes clearly had a grudge against the northerners, and is never weary of making Asturians and Biscayans ridiculous.

[1] Clemencin observes here, rather ineptly, that either other days (*otros tiempos*) or many years (*muchos años*) is superfluous,—an impertinent comment for which he is properly corrected by Calderon. *Otros tiempos* indicates the period at which the garret had served for a hay-loft; *muchos años* indicates the duration of that service.

[2] Maritornes, whose name has since, for all time to come, become a synonym for tavern-wench or pothouse trull, is derived both by Bowle and Pellicer from the French. The latter traces it to *Malitorne*, which was old French for a bad

called, holding a light to them; and when she was plastering him the hostess, seeing that he was in places black and blue, said that looked more like blows than a fall.

Blows they were not, Sancho said, but the rock had many sharp points and knobs, and each one of them had left a weal; and he added:—Pray, good mistress, spare some of that tow, as there will be no want of one who needs it, for my loins, too, pain me a little.

—In that wise, answered the hostess, you must have fallen too.

—I did not fall, said Sancho Panza, but from the sudden fright I took on seeing my master fall, my body aches as if they had given me a thousand blows.

—That may well be, cried the damsel, for many a time has it happened to me to dream that I was falling from a high tower and never reaching the ground, and when I woke from my dream to find myself so shaken and bruised as though I had really fallen.

—There is the point, mistress, replied Sancho Panza, that I, without dreaming at all, but being more wide awake than I am now, find myself with only a few bruises less than my master, Don Quixote.

—What is this gentleman's name? asked the Asturian, Maritornes.

—Don Quixote of La Mancha, answered Sancho Panza, and he is a Knight Adventurer, and of the best and stoutest that have been seen in the world these many long ages.

—What is a Knight Adventurer? inquired the girl.

—Are you so green in the world, answered Sancho Panza, as not to know that? Know you then, sister mine, that Knight Adventurer is a thing which, in two words, is

woman, quoting Lacombe, *Dictionnaire du vieux Français*. But Clemencin maintains it to be a common Castilian formation,—a Christian name, Maria, doubled up by syncope into another name or surname, quoting *Maricruz*, *Marimorena*, etc. Maritornes=*Maria la tuerta*.

found cudgelled and an Emperor; to-day he is the most miserable creature in the world and the most needy; to-morrow he will have his two or three crowns of kingdoms to give to his squire.

—How is it then, said the hostess, that you, belonging to so good a master as this, have not, for all that appears, even a countship?

—It is early yet, responded Sancho, for it is but a month[1] we are going looking for 'ventures, and till now we have not come across one that is such;[2] and sometimes it happens that one thing is looked for and another is found; though sure, if my master, Don Quixote, gets well of this wound or fall, and I am not spoilt through it, I would not barter my hopes for the best title in Spain.

To all this colloquy Don Quixote listened very attentively, and sitting up in his bed as well as he could, he took the hostess's hand and said:

—Believe me, beauteous dame, you may esteem yourself fortunate in having entertained in this your castle my person, which is such that if I praise it not it is because, as it is commonly said, self-praise vilifies; but my squire will inform you who I am. Only this I say to you, that the service you have rendered me I shall retain eternally inscribed in my memory, in order that I may be grateful to you as long as my life shall endure. Would that it had pleased high Heaven that love held me not so enthralled and subject to its laws, and to the eyes of that fair ingrate[3] (whose name I silently utter), that those of this beauteous damsel might be lords of my liberty.

The hostess, her daughter, and the good Maritornes were

[1] It was but three days, observes Clemencin, who is nothing if not literal.

[2] Sancho plays on the words *aventuras*, adventures, and *venturas*, which he uses in the double sense of adventures and good luck.

[3] Adopting a favourite phrase in the romances. Once more, being mounted on his high chivalric hobby, Don Quixote uses the quaint and lofty language of the old books—saying *fermosa* for *hermosa*, *facer* for *hacer*, etc.

confounded on hearing these words of the Knight Errant, of which they understood as much as if he had spoken in Greek, though they gathered that they all ran in the way of compliments and blandishments; and not being used to this kind of language, they gazed on him and wondered, for he seemed to them a man other than those to whom they were accustomed; and thanking him for his compliments in tavern-like phrases, they left him,—the Asturian Maritornes giving her care to Sancho, who needed it no less than his master. The carrier had arranged with her to take their pleasure together that night, and she had given him her word that when the guests were at rest and her master and mistress asleep, she would go and seek him and satisfy his desire in all that he asked. And it is told of this good lass that she never made promises of this kind without keeping them, even though she made them in a forest, and without any witness, for she piqued herself on being a lady,[1] and held it no disgrace to be in that office of servant at the inn, for she had been brought to that position, she said, by ill-luck and misfortune.

The hard, narrow, shabby, and treacherous bed of Don Quixote stood first in the middle of that starry loft,[2] and near it Sancho had made his own, which was merely com-

[1] *Presumia muy de hidalga.* Cervantes quizzes what was then, and is still, the favourite Asturian weakness of boasting of good blood and gentility. The Asturians, as descendants of the pure Goths who re-conquered Spain from the Moors, made special claim to purity of race. They were *Cristianos viejos y rancios*,—old and rank,—that is, having no mixture of Jew or Mahomedan. The particular point on which Maritornes showed her lady-like good faith is one in which her countrywomen still pride themselves.

[2] *Estrellado*, that is, lighted by the stars, which shone through the cracks in the roof. The translators have gone strangely astray over this simple word, with its plain meaning. Shelton gives it up altogether; Motteux makes it "wretched apartment"; Jarvis, taking *estrellado* in its secondary and figurative sense, says "illustrious cock-loft"; Smollett has it "ruinous hay-loft"; the Frenchman Viardot retains the sense, but turns it into vulgar prose—*cet appartement d'où l'on voyait les étoiles.* This is description, not translation. "Star-lit" is only a little better, being definitive, where no definition was meant or is needed.

posed of a rush mat and a blanket, which looked as if it were made of threadbare canvas rather than of wool. After these beds came that of the carrier, made up, as we have said, of the pack-saddles and all the trappings of the two best mules he drove, though they were a dozen, sleek, fat, and goodly, for he was one of the rich muleteers of Arévalo, as the author of this history says, who makes particular mention of him, for he knew him very well, and they even suggest he was some kinsman of his,[1] besides which Cid Hamet Benengeli was a very careful historian, and very exact in all things; and this can well be seen, since those we have already mentioned he would not pass over in silence, minute and trivial as they were; and by this those grave historians may take example who tell us of actions so briefly and succinctly that we hardly get a taste of them, leaving in the ink-horn, from negligence, or perverseness, or ignorance, the most substantial part of the work. A thousand times blessed be the author of *Tablante de Ricamonte*,[2] and he of the other book wherein

[1] The muleteers in those days were very commonly Moriscoes, it being a profession which that persecuted people could adopt with most freedom and security for their faith, being by their vocation compelled to be on the road, and therefore freed from the necessity of going to mass. It is probable, also, that employment was sought in order to give the Moriscoes an opportunity of more easily communicating with their scattered brethren, and of holding correspondence with Mahomedans abroad. As a proof of how completely the trade of carrier was in the hands of the Moriscoes, Pellicer cites a contemporary document which declares that the expulsion of that people had the effect of raising the cost of transport of goods between Madrid and Seville from 4 and 5 *reals* an *arroba* to 15 and 18 *reals*, the number of carriers having been diminished by some four or five thousand. Arévalo is a town in Old Castile, on the Adaja, half-way between Valladolid and Avila, where once was a royal palace, now in ruins.

[2] *Tablante de Ricamonte*, a romance wrongly ascribed by Clemencin to the French. Gayangos, in his *Discurso Preliminar* to the Books of Chivalries (p. xv.), declares it to be the work of one Nuño de Garay, and classes it among the romances of the Breton period. The hero, Tablante (whose name rather denotes a Provençal origin), lived in the time of King Arthur, and to win honour and "pro" left his castle of Ricamonte, and presented himself at Arthur's court to do battle with the Knights of the Round Table. After many adventures, he is finally overthrown by Jofre, one of Arthur's knights, and ended happily,

are related the deeds of the Count Tomillas,[1]—with what minuteness do they describe everything!

I say, then, that the carrier, after he had visited his team and given them their second feed, stretched himself on his pack-saddles, and lay expecting his punctilious Maritornes. Sancho was already plastered and bedded, and though he tried to sleep, the pain of his ribs would not let him, while Don Quixote with the pain of his own had his eyes open like a hare. The whole inn was in silence, and there was no other light in it but that given by a lamp which hung burning in the middle of the porch. This wonderful stillness and the thoughts which continually possessed our Knight of the incidents which at every step are related in the books of the authors of his affliction, brought into his imagination one of the strangest delusions which can well be conceived, which was that he fancied himself to have arrived at a famous castle (for, as we have said, all the inns he lodged in were castles to his mind), and that the daughter of the innkeeper was the daughter of the lord of the castle, who, overcome by his graces, had fallen enamoured of him, and had agreed that, without the privity of her parents, she would come to lie with him for a space that night. Taking all this chimera he had framed for real and solid, he began to be distressed, and to meditate upon the perilous strait in

Gayangos affirms that, so far from being distinguished for particularity and minuteness, the romance is the most succinct and disorderly of all in its kind. Perhaps, as no one appears to have seen the original editions of Toledo, 1513 and 1526, the version now extant (it is one of the books which is still reprinted for popular use) is only a compilation.

[1] None of the older editors or critics seem to have known anything of this personage. Clemencin had never seen such a book, and finds the name Tomillas only in some of the Carlovingian ballads. Gayangos has, however, since the publication of his *Libros de Caballerías*, unearthed a rare old romance, *Don Enrique Fi de Oliva*, printed at Seville, in 1498, of which there is a copy in the Imperial Library at Vienna. In it the Conde Tomillas is one of the leading characters, —a villain and a traitor. A reprint of this very scarce book was made under the care of Don Pascual de Gayangos in 1874.

which his virtue found itself, and he resolved in his heart to commit no treason to his lady, Dulcinea del Toboso, even though the Queen Guinevere herself, with her duenna Quintañona, should present themselves before him. While he was absorbed in these fancies, the time arrived and the hour—an unlucky one for him—of the Asturian's coming, when she, in her smock and bare feet, with her hair trussed up in a fustian net,[1] with soft and wary steps, entered the chamber where the three were lodged, in quest of the carrier. But she had hardly reached the door when Don Quixote perceived her, and sitting up in the bed in spite of his plasters and the pain of his ribs, he stretched forth his arms to receive his beauteous damsel. The Asturian,[2] as she went crouching and silently groping with her hands for her lover, fell into the arms of Don Quixote, who seized her tightly by the wrist, and drawing her towards him, she not daring to speak a word, made her sit down on the bed. He then felt her smock, and, although it was of sackcloth, it seemed to him to be of the finest and most delicate samite.[3]

[1] *Albanega de fustan.* *Albanega* is described by Covarrubias as a round net in which women wore their hair when in *déshabillé*. The word is from the Arabic. Cervantes in this passage was evidently thinking of the enamoured Infanta Beladina, who, with no more upon her than Maritornes had, came with a golden net, garnished with precious stones which sparkled so as to display her celebrated hair,—*sus muy famosos cabellos*,—at dead of night to the chamber where Don Floriseo slept, of which adventure the result was the famous knight Florambel of Lucea.

[2] The punctuation in all the old editions seems to be defective in this passage, there being no stop between *fermosa doncella* and *la Asturiana*. I have adopted what seems the better pointing of Hartzenbusch.

[3] *Cendal*, which I have rendered by the mystic "samite," was a very fine stuff, originally of silk, probably of Eastern origin, as the word is Arabic. Camoens has a passage in his *Lusiads*, quoted by Bowle, where Venus is represented as clothed in the same:

> Cum delgado cendal as partes cobre
> De quem vergonha he natural reparo,
> Porém nem tudo es esconde, nem descobre.
> —*Os Lusiadas*, cant. 2.

She wore on her wrists some beads of glass, but to him they gave forth the sheen of precious Oriental pearls. Her hair, which in some wise resembled a horse's mane, he took for threads of the most resplendent gold of Araby, whose effulgence obscured that of the sun himself; her breath, which doubtless reeked of the stale salad of the night before,[1] seemed to shed from her lips a sweet aromatic perfume; and, in fine, he painted her in his imagination after the very form and model he had read of in his books of the other princess, who came, conquered by love, to visit her sorely-wounded knight, with all the charms here noted.[2] And so great was the poor gentleman's blindness that neither the touch, nor the breath, nor the other things the good damsel had about her could undeceive him, although these might turn the stomach of any one not a carrier. Rather he believed that he held in his arms the Goddess of Beauty; and holding her very tight, in a low and amorous voice he began to say:

—Would that I found myself, beauteous and exalted lady, in a position to be able to return so great a favour as this which the vision of your exceeding loveliness has

Tennyson has the same idea:

> ——A robe
> Of Samite without price, that more exprest
> Than hid her, clung about her lissome limbs.

Astillera, sack-cloth, is the coarsest hempen sacking.

[1] *Ensalada fiambre y trasnochada*. "Stale salt fish reserved from over-night," Shelton makes it. *Ensalada* means not only salad, but hodge-podge, a medley of meat and vegetable, steeped in oil and vinegar, such as Maritornes' countrymen delight in—the oil rancid from choice, and *muy ajado*.

[2] This other princess was probably the Infanta Beladina, mentioned above, or the Infanta Espinela, or the Damsel of the Castle in *Amadis of Greece*, or some other of the many high-born maidens who partook of Maritornes' infirmity, and visited their lovers, conquered by love. In the older editions of the original, the word is *vencido*, which would imply that it was the gentleman sought who was conquered, but I have adopted Clemencin's reading of *vencida*, convinced by his argument that it is clearly the lady who is conquered.

conferred on me, but Fortune, who is never weary of persecuting the good, hath pleased to lay me on this bed, whereon I lie so bruised and broken that, though of my will I would desire to satisfy yours, yet is it impossible.[1] And, moreover, to this impossibility is added another yet greater, which is, the plighted faith I have given to the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole lady of my most secret thoughts. Did not this intervene, I would not be so dull a Knight as to let slip this happy opportunity in which your great bounty hath placed me.

Maritornes was in a mortal agony and sweat at finding herself thus caught by Don Quixote, and without comprehending or heeding his address, tried to free herself without speaking a word. As for the worthy carrier, whom his evil desires had kept awake, he was sensible of his lady-love from the moment she entered the door, and listened attentively to all that Don Quixote said. Jealous that the Asturian should have failed in her word to him for another, he drew closer to Don Quixote's bed, and stood still to see whither that speech might tend which he was unable to understand. But when he saw that the lass struggled to free herself, and that Don Quixote strove to detain her, not relishing the jest, he raised his arm and dealt so terrible a blow at the meagre jaws of the enamoured Knight that he bathed all his mouth with blood; and not content with this, he mounted on top of his ribs and trampled them under his feet at a trot from end to end. The bed, which was somewhat crazy and not over firm in its supports, unable to bear the addition of the carrier, came to the ground with him; at the mighty crash of which the innkeeper awoke, and at once guessed

[1] There are not wanting precedents for Don Quixote's behaviour in such a trying situation. Amadis of Gaul gave a similar proof of his loyalty to Oriana, whereby he was enabled to accomplish happily the adventure of the Green Sword (ch. lxvii.). Even Belianis of Greece, not so renowned for continence, once resisted a princess on like provocation.

that this was one of Maritornes' pranks, for calling to her loudly she did not answer. With this idea he got up, and lighting a lamp proceeded to where he had heard the scuffle. The wench, seeing her master coming, and knowing him to be of a terrible temper, all fearful and scared, fled for refuge to the bed of Sancho Panza, who was now asleep, and there ensconced rolled herself up in a ball. The innkeeper came in, crying out:—Where art thou, trollop? I warrant me these are thy tricks.

At this Sancho awoke, and feeling that big lump almost on top of him, thought that he had the nightmare, and began to lay about with his fists on either side; and among the rest not a few of his blows reached Maritornes, who, smarting with the pain, flung aside all decorum, and paid Sancho back with so many that she awoke him in spite of himself. Finding himself thus handled, and not knowing by whom, he raised himself as well as he could, and grappled with Maritornes, and they commenced between the two the fiercest and drollest battle in the world. The carrier, seeing by the light of the host's lamp the plight his lady was in, quitted Don Quixote and ran to give her the help she needed; the innkeeper did the same, but with a different intention, for his was to chastise the girl, being persuaded that she alone was the cause of all that harmony. And so, as the saying is, the cat to the rat, the rat to the string, the string to the stick.[1] The carrier pummelled Sancho, Sancho the wench, the wench him, and the innkeeper her, and they all rang the changes so actively that they gave themselves not a moment's rest; and the best of it was that the innkeeper's lamp went out, and being left in the dark they belaboured one another so unmercifully all in a heap as not to leave a sound spot where their hands fell.

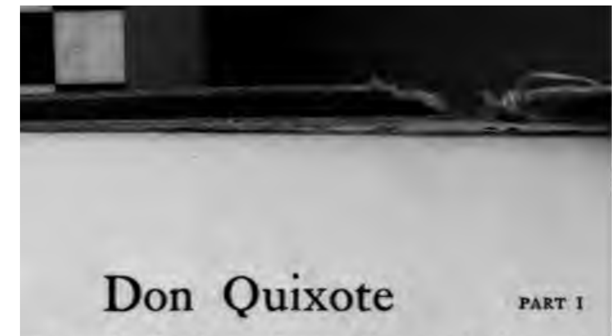
[1] A nursery jingle, of the same family as that of the Old Woman and her Pig:—"Butcher, butcher, beat dog; dog won't worry cat," etc.

There happened to be lodging that night in the inn one of the officers of those they call the Ancient Holy Brotherhood of Toledo,[1] who likewise hearing the extraordinary din of the battle, seized his staff and his tin box of warrants, and entered the room in the darkness, calling out :—Hold, in the name of justice! Hold, in the name of the Holy Brotherhood!—The first he came across was the well-pummelled Don Quixote, who lay stretched on his shattered bed, with his chin in the air, without any sign of life; and his hand falling on the knight's beard as he felt about, the officer ceased not to cry,—Help, in the name of justice!—but, finding that he whom he had hold of neither stirred nor breathed, he concluded it was a dead man, and that those within there were his murderers. In this belief he raised his voice still higher, crying :—Shut the inn gate! See that none go out, for they have killed a man here!

This cry startled them all, and each quitted the battle at the moment the voice reached him. The innkeeper retired to his room, the carrier to his packs, the wench to her crib; the ill-starred Don Quixote and Sancho alone were unable to budge from where they lay. The officer now let go of Don Quixote's beard,[2] and went out to look for a light in order to search for and secure the delinquents; but he could find none, for the innkeeper had designedly put out the lamp as he retreated to his room. He was therefore compelled to

[1] Called the old Holy Brotherhood, which was established in the thirteenth century, to distinguish it from the new, instituted in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. The former, of which the chief seat was Toledo, had for its special vocation the putting down of highwaymen, and was endowed with special powers of summary jurisdiction, malefactors caught red-handed being shot to death with arrows. See chs. x. and xxii.

[2] Here we see that Don Quixote, as well as his squire, wore a beard, as, indeed, was the universal fashion of the age. Before the reign of Charles V. the Spaniards wore long hair and no beards. Charles set the fashion of short hair and beard, which existed till the time of Philip IV., when the beards were shaved, and only whiskers and chin-tuft worn. The artists nearly always make Don Quixote and Sancho beardless.



have recourse to the fireplace, whence, after much time and trouble, he lit another lamp.[1]

[1] This inimitable scene of perfect comedy, the fruitful source and parent of a thousand like in the novels and the dramas of all countries, has found some purists, among whom is Pellicer, who take exception to it, as calculated to be "dangerous to the incautious reader." It would be, perhaps, needless to apologise for Cervantes to those of a moral constitution so fragile as to receive injury from so wholesome a piece of humour. Of all the writers of that age,—nay, of any age,—one of the purest-minded and cleanly is Cervantes, who, unlike many of his contemporaries, even those of holy office like Lope de Vega, not only never goes out of his way to seek for filth but passes it by when in his way. We need not go for proof of this beyond the present chapter, the broadest in *Don Quixote*. For the rest, we could ill spare the situation, so flush of life and blood and colour —the inn garret with its scurvy furniture, the characters each endowed by a few masterly touches with a distinct individuality; the knight lying flat on his pallet with his "eyes open like a hare"; Sancho doubled up on the floor by his side; the carrier on his mule-bags, the irascible innkeeper, the trull Maritornes, —they are all reproduced before our eyes, and live and move in a real atmosphere, like the personages in one of the great pictures of Velasquez.

CHAPTER XVII

Wherein are continued the innumerable troubles which the brave Don Quixote and his good squire Sancho Panza endured in the inn, which, to his damage, he took for a castle

Now by this time Don Quixote had come to himself out of his swoon; and in the like tone of voice in which he had called to his squire the day before, when he lay stretched in the Valley of the Stakes,[1] he began calling him, crying:—Sancho, friend, art asleep? art asleep, friend Sancho?

—How should I sleep? replied Sancho, full of rage and bitterness; beshrew me if I don't think that all the devils have been about me to-night.

—Well mayst thou so believe, answered Don Quixote; for either I am a fool or this castle is enchanted.[2] Thou

[1] *Val de las Estacas*,—the "Valley of the Stakes,"—a phrase used in allusion to the Knight's late adventure, taken from one of the most popular of the Cid ballads, beginning:—

Por el val de las Estacas
Pasó el Cid á mediodia.

The site of the Valley of the Stakes has never been identified. From internal evidence, the ballad appears to be one of the most ancient of those relating to the Cid. It is number 750 in the collection of Duran (vol. i. p. 491), who includes another, beginning with the same line, from Timoneda's *Rosa Española*, with quite a different subject and a more modern air. Here, as throughout the story, the use made by Cervantes of phrases and allusions from the national ballads, proves not only his own intimate familiarity with all the best of them but the extent to which they had entered into the common speech of the people.

[2] Enchanted castles,—castles where wizards abode, or where, if the Knight entered, he was immediately caught in a trap, or exposed to dragons, or sirens,

must know,—but this that I tell thee thou must swear to keep secret until after my death.

—Yes, I swear, quoth Sancho.

—I say so, replied Don Quixote, because I am opposed to the taking away of anybody's reputation.

—I say yes, I do swear, again said Sancho, that I will be silent about it till the days of your worship be ended; and God send I may be able to let it out to-morrow.

—Have I wrought thee so much harm, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, as that thou shouldst wish to see me dead so soon?

—It is not for that, replied Sancho, but because I am opposed to keeping things long, and would not have them rot through being over-kept.

—Let it be for what it may, said Don Quixote; for I have greater trust in thy love and thy courtesy; and therefore I would have thee know that there has befallen me this night one of the strangest adventures upon which I could plume myself; and to relate it to thee in brief, know that a little while ago there came to me the daughter of the lord of this castle, the most elegant and lovely damsel that can be found over the greater part of the earth. What might I tell thee of the gracefulness of her person! What of her sprightly wit! What of those hidden things which, that I may preserve the fealty I owe to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, I will pass over untouched and in silence! Only this I will tell thee that Heaven, envious of the great bliss which Fortune had put into my hands; or perhaps,—and

or other noxious creatures, or made to faint away till he was spoiled of his armour or his charm, or shut up in a dungeon until such time as the deliverer came in the person of the opposite magician, or some friendly Knight reserved for that adventure,—are among the commonest furniture of the romances of chivalry. A leading instance is that in the *Orlando Furioso*, where the enchanter Atlas has constructed by his arts a castle in the Pyrenees, in which was kept Ruggiero, with many knights and ladies of distinction, until released by Bradamante. (*Orlando Furioso*, cant. iv.)

this is more probable,—this castle, as I have said, being enchanted, at the hour when I was with her in most sweet and amorous converse, there came, without my being able to see or know whence it came, a hand attached to some arm of some prodigious giant, and fetched me a buffet on the jaws in such a sort that I have them all bathed in blood; and afterwards pummelled me so that I am now in worse case than yesterday when the carriers, on account of Rozinante's intemperance, did us the injury thou knowest of. Whence I conjecture that some wizard Moor must be guarding the treasure of this damsel's beauty and that it should not be for me.

—Nor for me either, answered Sancho; for more than four hundred Moors have been so basting me that the pounding of the pack-staves was tarts and gingerbread to it.[1] But tell me, Sir, how call you this fine and rare adventure, which has left us out of it in such plight as we are? Your worship, i' faith, was better off, for you had in your arms that incomparable beauty you spoke of; but as for me, what had I but the biggest basting I expect to get in all my life. Wretched me, and the mother that bore me, for I am neither Knight Errant nor ever look to be one, yet of all those cursed errantries, the largest part falls to my share.

—Then thou hast been beaten too? enquired Don Quixote.

—Have I not told you I was?—a curse on my race, cried Sancho.

—Never mind it, friend, said Don Quixote, for I will now compound the precious balsam, with which we shall be cured in the twinkling of an eye.

The officer having by this time lighted his lamp, came to see him whom he supposed to be dead, and as soon as Sancho saw him enter, arrayed in a shirt and night-cap, with the

[1] *Tortas y pan pintado*—a proverbial phrase, of ancient and frequent use, and still extant. *Pan pintado* was so called because decorated in red and gold, as gingerbread used to be at English fairs.

lamp in his hand, and a very evil countenance, he asked his master:—Sir, will this by chance be the wizard Moor who comes back to torment us, if so be that there is anything left for him to finish?[1]

—The Moor it cannot be, returned Don Quixote; for those under enchantment never let themselves be seen of any one.

—If they don't let themselves be seen, they let themselves be felt, said Sancho; and let my shoulders speak.

—Mine also could speak, responded Don Quixote, but this is no sufficient token that he whom we see is the wizard Moor.

The officer came up, and finding them thus calmly discoursing, stood amazed. Don Quixote, indeed, still lay face upward without being able to stir, through sheer pounding and plastering.

The officer came to him, and said:—Well, how goes it, my good fellow?[2]

—I would speak more politely, if I were you, answered Don Quixote; is it the custom in this country, lout,[3] to speak in that way to Knights Errant?

The officer finding himself thus rudely addressed by a man of such sorry appearance, lost patience, and raising his lamp full of oil brought it down upon Don Quixote's head, so as to leave him a broken pate, and all being in darkness, then departed. Quoth Sancho:—Without doubt, Sir, this is the wizard Moor; and he must be keeping the treasure for others and for us blows and lampings.[4]

[1] *Si se dejó algo en el tintero*—literally, "if there is anything left in the ink-horn."

[2] *Como vá, buen hombre?* Don Quixote might well resent the too familiar phrase. *Buen hombre* is only used by a superior to an inferior.

[3] *Majadero*—literally, a "pestle," from *majar*, to pound. Covarrubias explains that they call a fool *majadero* because he is blunt of edge, as the pestle is. Shelton, who is often to be envied for his rich Elizabethan vocabulary, has it "bottle-head."

[4] *Candilazos*—blows inflicted with a lamp, a word coined by the author.

—It is ever so, answered Don Quixote, and we must take no notice of these things of enchantment, nor must we be angry or vexed with them, for since they are invisible and fantastical, we shall find no one on whom to take vengeance, however we may try. Rise, Sancho, if thou canst, and call the constable of this fortress, and try to get him to give me a little wine, oil, salt, and rosemary, to prepare the salutiferous balsam, of which verily I believe that I have now much need, for there comes much blood from the wound which this phantom hath dealt me.

Sancho arose, not without much aching of his bones, and crept in the dark to where the innkeeper was, and encountering the officer, who was standing there listening how it fared with his enemy, said to him:—My lord, whoever you may be,[1] do us the favour and kindness to give us a little rosemary, oil, salt, and wine, for they are wanted to cure one of the best Knights Errant there is in the world, who lies in yonder bed, sorely wounded at the hands of the Moorish enchanter who is in this inn.

When the officer heard this he took him for a man out of his wits, and as the day had now begun to dawn, he opened the inn door, and calling to the host, told him what that poor fellow asked for. The innkeeper supplied him with what he wanted, and Sancho carried it to Don Quixote, who lay with his hands to his head, groaning with the pain from the lamping, which, however, had done him no worse harm than to raise a couple of great lumps; what he took for blood being no other than the sweat which he had sweated during the anguish of the late tempest. In fine, he took his simples, of which he made a compound, mixing them together, and

The termination *azo*, from *azotar*, to strike, from the Arabic *as-sau't*, denotes a blow struck with the thing to which it is appended, as *bastónazo*,—from which our English "bastinado,"—a blow with a stick.

[1] Sancho addresses the supposed enchanter reverently, in the second person plural. The passage is one at which even the stern Clemencin unbends, declaring it to be capable of raising a laugh "in the bosom of melancholy herself."

boiling them a good while, until they seemed to him to be done to a turn. He then asked for a phial into which to pour it, but as there was not one in the inn, he decided to pour it into a cruse or tin vessel of oil, of which the host had made him a free gift; he then repeated over the cruse more than fourscore *pater-nosters*, and as many *ave-marias*, *salves*, and *credos*, accompanying each word with the sign of a cross, in the manner of a benediction;[1] at all which there were present Sancho, the innkeeper, and the officer, for the carrier was now quietly gone off to attend to the comfort of his mules.

This being done, Don Quixote would at once make experiment on himself of the virtue of that precious balsam, as he imagined it to be; and so he drank off about a quart[2] of what the cruse could not contain, which had remained in the pot in which it had been boiled; and hardly had he got it down, when he began to vomit in such a way as that nothing was left in his stomach, and through the straining and the shaking of the vomit he brought on himself a very copious sweat, for which he bade them cover him up and leave him alone. This they did, and he slept for more than three hours; at the end of which he awoke and found himself so greatly relieved in body and so much better of his bruises, that he took himself to be cured, and verily believed that he had hit upon the Balsam of Fierabras; and with such a remedy he might henceforth encounter, without any fear, any havock,[3] battles and frays, however perilous they might be.

Sancho Panza, who also took his master's recovery for a

[1] This passage is one of those which the Inquisition of Portugal, more scrupulous than that of Spain, ordered to be erased in its *Index Expurgatorius* of 1624.

[2] *Casi média azumbre. Azumbre*, from Arabic *az-zumbri*, a liquid measure, generally used for wine, is equal to about half an English gallon.

[3] *Ruinas.* Clemencin suggests *riñas* (quarrels), which Hartzenbusch approves. But I see no reason for departing from the original text.

miracle, begged that he might have what was left in the pot, which was no small quantity. Don Quixote consenting, he took the pot in both hands and with good faith and even a better will, tossed it down, swallowing very little less than his master had done. It happened, however, that poor Sancho's stomach was not so delicate as his master's, and so, before his vomiting, he suffered such qualms and pangs, such cold sweats and faintings, that he believed verily and truly that his last hour had come, and finding himself so afflicted and tormented, he cursed the balsam and the thief who had given it him.

Don Quixote, seeing him in this plight, said:—I believe, Sancho, that all this harm comes to thee through not being dubbed a Knight, for I am persuaded that this liquor may not benefit him who is not one.

—If your worship knew that, replied Sancho, bad luck to me and all my kin, why did you let me taste it?

Here the drench took effect, and the poor squire began to discharge through both channels with such violence that neither the rush mat on which he had again thrown himself, nor the canvas rug he had to cover him, were any more of use. He sweated and strained with such paroxysms and shiverings that not only himself but they all thought that his life was being ended. This storm and trouble lasted nearly two hours, at the end of which he was left, not better like his master, but so shaken and shattered that he was unable to stand.

But Don Quixote, who, as has been said, felt himself relieved and well, would set off at once in quest of adventures, thinking that all the while he tarried there he was depriving the world and all who were distressful there of his favour and protection, and the more because of the trust and confidence he had in his balsam; and so urged by this impulse, he saddled Rozinante himself, and put the pack-saddle on his squire's beast, whom he also helped to dress and to mount

the ass. He then got on horseback, and riding up to a corner of the inn, seized hold of a pike which stood there to serve him for a lance. All that were in the inn, who were more than twenty persons, stood observing him; the innkeeper's daughter also was looking on,—neither did he take his eyes off her, and ever and anon he would heave a sigh which he seemed to pluck from out of the depths of his bowels, they all thinking that it came from the pain he felt in his ribs, at least those who had seen him plastered the night before. When they were both mounted, Don Quixote, standing by the inn gate, called to the host, and in a very grave and measured voice said to him:

—Many and very great are the favours, Sir Constable, which in this your castle I have received, and I remain under the deepest obligation to be grateful to you for them all the days of my life. If I am able to repay you by avenging you on some proud miscreant who may have done you any wrong, know that my office is no other than to protect the helpless, to avenge those who are oppressed, and to punish treasons. Ransack your memory, and if you find anything of this sort to commend to me, you have but to utter it, and I promise you by the order of Knighthood which I have received, to procure you satisfaction and reparation to your full content.

The innkeeper answered him with like gravity:—Sir Knight, I have no need that your worship should avenge me any wrong, for I know how to take the revenge I desire when they do me wrong. All I want is that your worship should pay me the score you have run up this night in my inn; both for the straw and the barley of your two beasts and your supper and beds.

—Then this is an inn? said Don Quixote.

—Aye, and a very respectable one, replied the host.

—All this time, then, I have been deceived, said Don Quixote; for in truth I thought it was a castle, and no mean one; but since it is thus, that it is no castle but an inn, all

that can now be done is that you should absolve me of the payment, for I cannot contravene the rule of Knights Errant, of whom I know for certain (without having read anything hitherto to the contrary) that they never paid for lodging or aught else in the inns where they stayed;[1] for all good reception offered them is their due by right and law in requital of the intolerable toil they endured while seeking adventures by night and by day, in winter and in summer, on foot and in the saddle, in hunger and thirst, in heat and cold, exposed to all the inclemencies of heaven and all the hardships of earth.

—All that is no affair of mine, retorted the innkeeper; pay me what you owe me, and have done with your tales and your chivalries; for my only business is to get my money.

—You are a fool and a vile hosteler,[2] returned Don Quixote.—And clapping his heels to Rozinante and brandishing his lance, he rode forth out of the inn before any one could stop him; and without waiting to see if his squire was following him, he went off a good distance. The innkeeper, when he saw him go without paying, ran up to get his due from Sancho Panza, who said that as his master would not pay neither would he pay, for being the squire of a Knight Errant as he was, the same reason and rule held for him as for his master, in respect of never paying at taverns and inns.[3] The innkeeper got very angry at this, and threatened

[1] Bowle takes the trouble to point out that Don Quixote was mistaken, quoting Pulci's *Morgante Maggiore* in proof that knights were liable for their board and lodging, Morgante once having to leave his horse in pledge for the reckoning, having no money (*Morgante Maggiore*, cant. 21). But the *Morgante Maggiore* was no serious book of chivalry,—rather a burlesque; and in this very passage of Pulci the practice of Orlando is quoted:

> Che solea sempre dar bastoni ó spade
> All' oste.

[2] *Hostalero*, abbreviative of *hospitalero*,—an antique word, little in use, which the innkeeper might well take for an opprobrious name.

[3] *Mesones y ventas.* The *meson* (*maison*) is distinguished from the *venta* as

if Sancho did not pay up, to get it from him in spite of his teeth. To which Sancho replied that by the order of Knighthood which his master had received, he would not give a single doit,[1] though it cost him his life, for there should not be infringed through him the great and ancient usage of Knights Errant, nor should the squires of those who had to come into the world complain of him or reproach him for the breaking of so just a law.

The evil star of the unhappy Sancho so wrought it that among the people who were stopping at the inn were found four wool-combers of Segovia,[2] three needle-makers from the Colt-Square of Cordova, and a couple of the dwellers in the Market of Seville,[3] all merry fellows, well-minded, mischievous, and frolicsome, who, almost as if instigated and moved by one and the same impulse, made up to Sancho, and pulling him off his ass, one of them ran for the host's blanket and flung him into it; but looking up and seeing that the

being in a town or village, whereas the *venta* is in the country, on some highway. The accommodation provided is the same,—namely, lodging for the traveller and lodging and feed for his cattle, the *ventero* undertaking to cook the guest's meat if required.

[1] *Un solo cornado*, from *coronado*,—a coin current from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century; in those days equivalent to one-sixth of a *maravedi*, which, the *maravedi* being the thirty-fourth part of a *real*, would be equal to the hundredth part of a penny.

[2] *Perailes de Segovia—perailes* for *pelaires*. *Segovia* was the great seat of the woollen manufacture in the days of Cervantes, now decayed. The river Eresma, by which it is encircled on three sides, was supposed to furnish a peculiar water for wool-washing. See Ford, vol. ii. p. 829 (edit. of 1845).

[3] The Colt-Square (*El Potro*) of Cordova has been already spoken of in ch. iii. It was so called from the figure of a colt which stood in the centre (doubtless in allusion to Cordova's celebrity for horses), which stood up-reared on the top of a globe, surrounded by fountains. There are many allusions to this classical spot in the tales and ballads. To be "born on the Potro" was to be a Cordovan *par excellence*. It was the resort of needle-makers, who either made or dispensed their goods about here, and were reckoned as free of the guild to which the first Innkeeper belonged (ch. iii.). The Market (*heria*, local for *feria*) of Seville was a low quarter, where every Thursday was held a fair for old furniture, tin-ware, etc.

ceiling was somewhat lower than they needed for their business, they decided upon going out into the yard, which had no roof but the sky, and there, placing Sancho in the middle of the blanket, they began to toss him aloft, and to make sport with him as with a dog at Shrovetide.[1] The cries which the wretched blanketed one sent forth were so loud that they reached the ears of his master, who, stopping to listen attentively, believed that some new adventure was at hand, until he made out clearly that he who cried was his squire. Wheeling about, he reached the inn gate at a painful gallop, and finding it closed, rode round to see if he could find where to enter; but he had hardly got to the palings of the inn yard, which were not very high, when he beheld the wicked sport they were making with his squire. He saw him go up and down in the air with such grace and agility that, had his anger allowed him, I am convinced he would have laughed. He attempted to climb from his horse on to the fence, but so bruised and broken was he that he was unable even to dismount, and therefore from on top of his horse he commenced to launch so many reproaches and invectives against those who were tossing Sancho as it would be impossible to write down. But they ceased not on that account from their laughter and their labour, nor the flying Sancho from his lamentations, mingled now with threats, now with prayers, but all availed him little till from sheer weariness they let it be.[2] They then brought him his ass, and setting him upon it, wrapped him in his coat, and the

[1] *Como con perro por carnestolendas.* It was the custom to toss dogs at Shrovetide, just as in England they shied sticks at cocks in that merry season. *Carnestolendas* (*carnis-privium*), from *caro* and *tollo*, is synonymous with carnival,—properly the three days before Ash Wednesday.

[2] There is a similar scene of blanket-tossing in *Guzman de Alfarache* (part i. bk. iii. ch. x.). The First Part of Aleman's novel was published in 1599, five years before the First Part of *Don Quixote* was printed. But this chapter was probably written before this date, and in any case it is not worth while to inquire whether Cervantes borrowed from Aleman or Aleman from Cervantes, the incident being one which may well be common property.

compassionate Maritornes, seeing him so exhausted, thought it right to relieve him with a pitcher of water, which, that it might be the cooler, she fetched from the well. Sancho took it, and was raising it to his lips, when he was arrested by the voice of his master, who called to him, saying :

—Son Sancho, drink not water ! Drink it not, my son, for it will kill thee ! Behold here I have that most holy[1] balsam (showing him the cruse of liquor), two drops of which if thou drinkest, thou wilt be cured indubitably.

At these words Sancho, turning his eyes askant, cried in a voice still louder :—Has your worship, perchance, forgotten that I am no Knight, or would you have me finish spewing up what guts are left to me from last night ? In the name of all the devils keep your liquor to yourself, and let me be.

To end speaking and begin drinking were with him but one act ; but at the first draught, finding that it was water, he cared not to go farther, beseeching Maritornes to bring him some wine, which she did with right good will and paid for it out of her own money, for indeed it is said of her that, although of that trade, she had some shadows and outlines of a Christian. As soon as Sancho had finished drinking, he stuck his heels into his ass, and the inn gate being thrown wide open he passed out thence, highly pleased at having paid for nothing and gained his point, although it had been at the cost of his usual sureties, namely, his shoulders. The innkeeper, it is true, retained the wallets in payment of what was owing to him, but these Sancho did not miss in the confusion of his departure.

The innkeeper, as soon as he saw him outside, would have fast barred the gate, but the blanketers would by no means agree to it, for they were folk of that sort, that even if Don Quixote had been verily of the Knights Errant of the Round Table, they would not have minded him two farthings.

[1] *Santisimo*—which the scrupulous Portuguese Expurgator erased from the Lisbon editions.

CHAPTER XVIII

Wherein are recounted the colloquies which Sancho Panza held with his master Don Quixote, with other adventures worthy of being related.

SANCHO came up with his master, so jaded and faint as to be unable to urge on his ass.[1] Don Quixote, seeing him in this plight, said to him:—Now am I convinced, good Sancho, that yon castle or inn is, without doubt, enchanted, for those who so nefariously took their pastime with thee, what could they be but phantoms and people of the other world? And I hold this for certain through having perceived that when I was by the fence of the inn yard, witnessing the acts of thy sad tragedy, it was not possible for me to surmount it, nor even alight from Rozinante, and they must have held me enchanted; for I swear to thee, by the faith of what I am, that if I had been able either to climb or to dismount I would have avenged thee in a way to make those rogues and scoundrels remember the jest for

[1] *No podia arrear á su jumento:* *arrear* is the verb formed from *arré*, the cry used by muleteers to their mules, to quicken their pace, equivalent to our "gee-up" or "gee-oh"; whence *arriero*, a muleteer, or carrier, or "gee-uper." The mule in all countries is moved more by exhortation than by whip or spur. *Arré*, like the greater part of the vocabulary of the road, is Arabic, heard to this day in every part of the world where animals are driven by men of Eastern race. The etymologists cannot agree as to the root of it. Probably Dozy is in the right when he says that it is a cry which means "absolutely nothing. The mules understand it and that is enough" (*Glossaire des Mots Espagnols dérivés de l'Arabe*).

even, albeit in doing so I should have contravened the laws of chivalry, which, as I have told thee many times, do not permit a Knight to lay a hand on him who is not one, unless it be in case of urgent and great necessity, in defence of his own life and person.

—Faith, I would even have avenged myself if I had been able, dubbed Knight or not, said Sancho, but I could not; though for my part, I hold that those who amused themselves with me were no phantoms nor enchanted ones, as your worship says, but men of flesh and bone like ourselves; and they all had their names, for I heard them name them as they were tossing me up, and one was called Pedro Martinez, and another Tenorio Hernandez, and the innkeeper I heard them call him Juan Palomeque the left-handed. So, Sir, your not being able to jump the palings of the inn yard nor to get off your horse was of something else than enchantments; and what I make out of all this is that these adventures which we go about seeking will bring us in the long-run to such misadventures that we shall not know which is our right foot; and what would be better and more proper, to my poor understanding, would be to go back to our village, now that it is harvest time, and look after our own affairs, giving up this wandering from Zeca to Mecca, and from pillar to post, as the saying is.[1]

[1] *Andar de Zeca en Meca y de zoca en colodra*—a proverbial saying, meaning to rove about aimlessly, to go "from Dan to Beersheba," etc. *Zeca*, anciently spelt *Ceca*, was the name given to the Mosque of Cordova, built, or rather begun, by the Ommiade Caliph Abdurrahman, in rivalry with that of Damascus, meaning "the home of purification." To wean their Moslem subjects from looking eastward to the sacred city of Yemen, then possessed by the bitter enemies of their dynasty the Abassides, the successors of Abdurrahman decreed that a visit to the Ceca at Cordova was equal in efficacy to a pilgrimage to Mecca. Hence, to go from Ceca to Mecca became a proverb for wandering about without purpose. *Ceca* is properly applied only to the most sacred portion of the Mosque,—the Holy of Holies,—now a chapel dedicated to St. Peter. The pavement is worn by the steps of the pilgrims, who had to make the circuit of the shrine seven times, as at Mecca. *Zoca* and *colodra*, which are generally coupled with the

—How little dost thou know, Sancho, of the gear of chivalry![1] responded Don Quixote. Peace, and have patience, for the day will come when thou shalt see with thine eyes how honourable a thing it is to wander in this calling. Nay, and tell me what greater bliss can there be in the world, or what joy can equal that of winning a battle and triumphing over one's enemy? Doubtless, none.

—So it might be, answered Sancho, for all I know; but this I know, that since we are Knights Errant, or your worship is one (for I have no business to be reckoned of that honourable number), never have we won any battle, save it was that with the Biscayan, and even out of that your worship came with half an ear and half a head-piece less; since then up to this it has been cudgellings and more cudgellings, fisticuffs and more fisticuffs—I getting the blanketing to boot; and this happening to me from enchanted people on whom I cannot take vengeance so as to learn where that pleasure comes in of which your worship speaks, of conquering the enemy.

—That is the pain I feel, and which thou shouldst feel, Sancho, answered Don Quixote; however, from henceforward I will endeavour to have at hand some sword forged by such craft that upon him who wears it they may not be able to work any manner of enchantments; and it may even

other two words, *ad majorem invidiam*, are utensils used in husbandry. *Zoca*, more properly *zoco*, means here a small wooden pail; *colodra*, or *colodro*, means pretty much the same thing. Covarrubias explains that to go from *zoco* to *colodro* signifies passing from one danger to another greater,—from "the frying-pan into the fire," or, as Shakspeare has it, "from the smoke to the smother."

[1] *Achaque de caballería*. *Achaque* is a singular word, of loose meanings with no visible inter-connexion. It is from the Arabic *achaqui*, which signifies primarily excuse, then indisposition, then a penalty or compensation for an offence. In *Don Quixote* it has a special meaning, which I have not found elsewhere, going back to the primitive *causa*, *occasio*. I have translated it "gear," as being the best archaic equivalent I can find to the old Spanish—in the Shakspearian sense of "matter-in-hand," "business"—"I will remedy this gear ere long" (2 *Henry VI.*, Act iii. sc. 1).

happen that fortune may procure me that of Amadis when he was called *The Knight of the Flaming Sword*, which was one of the best swords that ever Knight in the world possessed; for, besides that it had the virtue aforesaid, it cut like a razor, and there was no armour, however strong or enchanted it might be, which could stand before it.[1]

—'Tis like my luck, said Sancho, that when this comes about and your worship finds such a sword, it will only serve and profit you dubbed Knights, like that balsam, and as for the squires, they may sup sorrow.

—Be not in fear of that, Sancho, replied Don Quixote; for Heaven will deal better with thee.

Thus conversing, Don Quixote and his squire were riding along, when on the road they were taking Don Quixote perceived approaching them a great and dense cloud of dust, on seeing which he turned to Sancho, and said:—This is the day, O Sancho! wherein shall be made manifest the boon which my fortune has reserved for me. This is the day, I say, on which as much as on any other shall be displayed the might of my arm, and on which I have to do deeds which shall remain inscribed in the book of fame for all future ages. Seest thou that cloud of dust which yonder rises, Sancho? Well, it is all the churning[2] of an immense army of divers and innumerable nations that comes marching there.

—By that token there should be two of them, said Sancho, for on this opposite side also there is just such another cloud of dust.

[1] The Amadis referred to was he of Greece, not of Gaul. For the Flaming Sword, see note to ch. x. Enchanted swords were a common property with Knights Errant, and helped them materially in their adventures. Ruggiero had one which he lent to Orlando for the fight with Gradaso (*Orlando Furioso*, cant. xli.).

[2] *Cuajada*; which the prosaic Clemencin supposes to be a printer's error for *causada*. But the phrase as it stands seems to be intelligible enough, and is the more picturesque.

Don Quixote turned round to look, and saw that this was true; and, vastly delighted, he imagined that they were verily two armies which were coming to encounter and to assail each other in the middle of that wide plain; for every hour and moment was his fancy full of the battles, enchantments, adventures, extravagancies, amours, and challenges which are related in the books of chivalries; and all that he spoke, thought, or did took the direction of such things. As for the cloud he had seen, it was raised by two large flocks of sheep which were being driven along the same road from two opposite sides, which, by reason of the dust, were not made out till they came near. With so much vehemence did Don Quixote affirm them to be armies, that Sancho came to believe it, asking:—What, then, shall we do, Sir?

—What! cried Don Quixote;—favour and help those who are in distress and need. Thou must know, Sancho, that this which comes on our front is conducted and led by the mighty Emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great island of Taprobana;[1] this other, which is marching at our back, is the army of his foe, the King of the Garamantas—Pentapolin of the Sleeveless Arm—for he always goes into battles with his right arm bare.[2]

—But why do these two lords like each other so ill? asked Sancho.

—They like each other ill, replied Don Quixote, because this Alifanfaron is a furious pagan, and is enamoured of

[1] These names, invented with Cervantes' usual felicity in burlesque nomenclature, have more or less of significance. Alifanfaron, the braggart Paynim, is happily denominated. Taprobana is the only place of all those mentioned which geographers have set down in their maps. Taprobana is Boiardo's *isola grande*, —Milton's "utmost Indian isle," the modern Ceylon.

[2] *Pentapolin del arremangado brazo*. This is probably an allusion to that historic Knight Errant, Suero de Quiñones, who was accustomed to go into battle with his right arm bare. George Castriota or Scanderbeg, King of Epirus, had the same habit. The Garamantas are a people of inner Africa, twice named in Virgil.

Pentapolin's daughter, who is a very beautiful, and, moreover, well-graced lady, and a Christian; and her father is unwilling to bestow her on the Paynim king unless he first renounces the faith of his false prophet, Mahomed, and becomes a convert to his own.[1]

—By my beard, said Sancho, but Pentapolin does right well, and I will help him all I can.

—In that thou wilt be doing thy duty, Sancho, said Don Quixote; for it is not necessary to be a dubbed Knight to engage in battles such as these.

—That I can well understand, answered Sancho; but where shall we stow this ass that we may be sure of finding him after the fray is over? For I fancy it is not the fashion up to now to go into battle on a beast like this.

—That is true, said Don Quixote; what thou must do with him is to leave him to his chances, whether he be lost or not; for the horses we shall have after we come out victors will be so many that even Rozinante runs a risk of being exchanged for another. But lend me thy attention and look, for I would give thee an account of the leading Knights who come in these two armies; and that thou mayst see and note them the better, let us withdraw to that hillock yonder, whence both the armies may be viewed.

They did so, and posted themselves on a slope from which the two flocks which Don Quixote had turned into armies might very well be seen if the clouds of dust which rose had

[1] This was a case frequent in the books—the Spanish heroes of chivalry being all orthodox Catholics, who did much missionary work in their way. Amadis spared the life of the giant Madarque, lord of the Distressful Island (*insula triste*), on condition that he became a Christian and built churches and monasteries in his kingdom. Oliver converted Fierabras, and Orlando did the same office for Morgante and Agrican. Even Tirante, whose morals were of a looser texture than were professed by the line of Amadis, propagated the true faith upon occasion, baptizing with his own hand the Queen Esmaragdina and many thousands of her vassals in Æthiopia and Barbary. Difference of faith, however, was not always an impediment to the marriage of the hero and heroine in romance.

not obscured and blinded their vision; but, nevertheless, seeing in his imagination that which was neither visible nor existing, he began, with uplifted voice, to say:

—That Knight whom thou seest there in bright yellow armour, who bears upon his shield a crowned lion crouching at the feet of a maiden, is the valorous Laurcalco, Lord of the Silver Bridge;[1] the other, in the armour with flowers of gold, who bears on his shield three crowns argent on an azure field, is the dreaded Micocolembo, Grand Duke of Quirocia; he with the giant limbs, who is on his right hand, is the ever-dauntless Brandabarbaran of Boliche, Lord of the three Arabias,[2] who for armour wears that serpent's skin,[3] and has for his scutcheon a gate which, according to report, is one of those of the temple which Samson demolished when with his death he avenged himself on his enemies. But turn thine eyes to that other side, and thou wilt behold before and in the van of that army the ever-virtuous and never-vanquished Timonel of Carcajona, Prince of New Biscay,[4] who comes in an armour quartered azure, green, white, and yellow, and bears on his shield a golden cat on a tawny field, with a motto which says *Miau*—which is the beginning of his lady's name, who, they say, is the peerless Miaulina, daughter of the Duke Alfeñiquen of Algarve.[5] The other who burdens and oppresses the loins of that powerful

[1] These arms were borne by Rodomante, King of Sarza, at the siege of Paris (*Orlando Furioso*, cant. xiv.). The title of "Lord of the Silver Bridge" was borne by Madancil, one of the Knights in the train of Amadis.

[2] The three Arabias, viz. the Happy, the Desert, and the Stony.

[3] Such a garment wore the giant Galafre, at the defence of the bridge of Mantible, in the romance of *Carlomagno*. Rodomante also wore the same, according to Ariosto (*Orlando Furioso*, cant. xiv.).

[4] The Prince of the New Biscay may be a slant at some aspiring native of the Old. To bear the first syllable or letter of his mistress's name on his shield was a favourite device of the Knight of romance. So Amadis had his rich purple mantle covered with *O*'s, in honour of Oriana.

[5] Alfeñiquen is a grotesque coinage, from *alfeñique*, a kind of delicate sweetmeat, made of sugar and almonds. Algarve is a province of Portugal.

courser,[1] who wears the armour white as snow and a white shield without any device, is a novice Knight of the French nation, called Pierre Papin,[2] Lord of the Baronies of Utrique. The one who, with his iron heels, beats the flanks of that nimble, painted zebra,[3] and carries for arms the azure cups, is the potent Duke of Nerbia, Espartafilardo of the Wood, who bears for a device on his shield a plant of asparagus, with a motto in Castilian, which runs thus:—*Rastrea mi suerte.*[4]

And in this manner he went on naming many Knights of one or the other squadron, even as he imagined them; and to all he gave their armour, colours, devices, and mottoes off-hand, so carried away was he by the illusion of his unheard-of craze. And without a stop he proceeded, saying:—This squadron in the van is composed of people of divers nations; here are they who drink of the sweet waters of the famous

[1] *Alfana*—a name for a big, powerful war-horse, such as the giants rode.

[2] A novice Knight was one newly dubbed, who had not yet performed any feat of arms. He wore white armour, and a shield blank, *i.e.* without any device (see ch. ii.). Clemencin suggests that the name *Pierre Papin* might have been borrowed from a French humpback who kept a shop at Seville in the *Calle de las Sierpes*, whom Cervantes might have known during his residence in that city. He is introduced in Cervantes' comedy of *El Rufian Dichoso*.

[3] A zebra was the occasional mount of the pagan King Marsil, or Marsilius, in the romances.

[4] *Rastrea mi suerte* may be interpreted in two ways, according to whether we take *rastrear* in the active or the neuter sense. If in the former, it means, *Trail my fortune*; if in the latter, *My fortune trails*. The asparagus plant would seem to point to the latter meaning. Probably, the device was left purposely enigmatical, and contains some allusion to which the clue is lost. In an article contributed to *La Concordia* (1863), Fernandez Guerra (one of the best of the new school of Cervantists, lately deceased) identifies the leaders of the two hosts with real persons of the time. Laurcalco, Lord of the Silver Bridge, is the Duke of Lerma; Micocolembo is the Conde de Salazar; Espartafilardo, of the dubious device, is the secretary Antonio de Aróstegui; Timonel de Carcajona is Martin de Aróstegui, Inspector-General of the Fleets; Pentapolin is the Conde de Villalonga. The Duke Alfeñiquen is the Conde de Salinas. Perhaps there is as much in these guesses as in others, of the kind of which *Don Quixote* has been the object.

Xanthus; the mountaineers who tread the Massilian fields;[1] those who sift the fine gold-dust in Arabia Felix; those who enjoy the famed cool banks of limpid Thermodon; those who drain, by many divers ways, the golden Pactolus;[2] the Numidians, unsteadfast in their promises; the Persians, renowned for bows and arrows; the Parthians; the Medes, who fight flying; the Arabs, with their ever-changing houses; the Scythians, as cruel as they are fair; the Æthiops, with pierced lips; and other nations without end, whose visages I know and behold, although their names I do not recollect. In that other squadron march those who drink of the crystal streams of olive-bearing Betis; those who smooth and polish their faces with the water of the ever-rich and golden Tagus; those who rejoice in the fruitful floods of the divine Genil; those that tread the Tartesian plains, in pastures abounding; those who take their pleasure in the Elysian meadows of Jerez; the Manchegans, rich and crowned with ruddy ears of corn; those clad in iron, ancient relics of the Gothic blood; those that bathe in the Pisuerga, famous for the gentleness of its stream; those that feed their flocks in the broad pastures of the tortuous Guadiana, renowned for its secret course;[3] those that shiver with cold

[1] The Massilian fields, which, says Clemencin, could hardly have been inhabited by mountaineers, were in Africa.

[2] The Thermodon, mentioned in the *Æneid*, was a river of Cappadocia, running through the country of the Amazons. The Pactolus was a river of Lydia, famous for its golden sands ever since Crœsus bathed in it.

[3] These last rivers are of Spain, it being understood that the hosts of Alifanfaron were Africans and Asiatics; those of Pentapolin Europeans and Christians, though in his frenzy Don Quixote makes Pentapolin himself a Garamantan,—an African from remotest Africa,—yet commanding the Christian army. The Betis is the Guadalquivir, which runs by Seville, celebrated by Martial, a native of the district, as *olivifera*. The Tagus was once renowned for its golden sands. The Genil, or Xenil, runs by Granada. The Tartesia was the ancient name of the region west of Betica. The Pisuerga flows by Simancas, and was the ancient boundary between Leon and Castile. The Guadiana, with which we shall meet again in the course of this history, runs, like "sullen Mole," underground for part of its course.

in the wood-clad Pyrenees, or among the white snow-flakes of lofty Apennine; in fine, as many as all Europe contains and comprehends.[1]

God save us! how many provinces did he mention, how many nations name, giving to each with marvellous readiness the attributes which belonged to it, all stuffed and saturated with what he had read in his lying books! Sancho Panza hung upon his words without speaking, and from time to time he turned his head to see if he could make out the knights and giants whom his master named, and as he could not discover any, he cried:

—Sir, devil take me, if man, or giant, or Knight appears, for all this, of those that your worship mentions; leastways, I do not see them; may be it is all enchantment, like the phantoms of last night.

—How sayst thou so? answered Don Quixote; dost hear not the neighing of the horses, the blare of the trumpets, the beating of the drums?

—I hear nothing, said Sancho, but a great bleating of ewes and wethers.—And this was true, for the two flocks had now come up near them.

—The fear thou art in, said Don Quixote, permits thee neither to see nor hear aright, for one of the effects of fright

[1] This flowing and picturesque description, deserving, for the beauty of its language and the stately rhythm of its periods, of all the praises which the Spaniards have lavished on it, is gravely compared by Vicente de los Rios, in the analysis of *Don Quixote* prefixed to the Spanish Academy's editions, to the catalogue of the ships in the *Iliad* and the enumeration of the allies of Turnus in the *Æneid*. As a burlesque on these and similar passages in the poets and romances, it is most admirable. The mellifluous, musical-accented proper names recall some of Milton's grandly rolling lines, which are made poetical chiefly by the exquisite collocation of words. Cervantes, however, there can be little doubt, intended to parallel only certain passages in the romances of chivalry, especially that in the fourth book of *Amadis*, where the two rival armies of the Emperor of Rome and King Perion of Gaul are described. There is a similar passage in the *Knight of the Sun*, where the Enchanter Lirgandeo sums up the contending hosts of the Pagan Emperor Alicandro and the Christian Emperor Trebacio of Constantinople.

is to disturb the senses, and make things seem different from what they are. If it be that thou art so much afraid, retire to one side and leave me to myself, for I singly am sufficient to give the victory to the side on which I may bestow my aid.

And so saying he clapt spurs to Rozinante, and setting his lance in rest, descended the hill like a thunderbolt. Sancho shouted after him, saying:—Come back, your worship, Sir Don Quixote! for I swear to God that they are wethers and ewes which you are going to attack! Come back! Unlucky the father that begot me, what madness is this! Look, there is no giant, nor any Knight, nor cats, nor arms, nor escutcheons, quartered or whole, nor cups, azured or bedevilled. What is it you do? God's sinner that I am!

But not for that did Don Quixote turn back; rather he went on, shouting in a loud voice:

—So ho, Knights! ye that serve and fight under the banners of the valorous Emperor Pentapolin of the Sleeveless Arm, follow me all; ye shall see how easily I will give him his revenge on his enemy, Alifanfaron of Taprobana!

So crying, he dashed into the middle of the squadron of ewes, and began to spear them with as much courage and daring as if in very earnest he was spearing his mortal enemies. The shepherds and drovers who came with the flock called out to him not to do so, but seeing that their cries did not avail they unloosed their slings, and began to salute his ears with stones as big as one's fist. Don Quixote cared nothing for the stones, but galloping to and fro everywhere, kept crying out:—Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron? Come to me, who am a single Knight and would man to man prove thy prowess, and make thee yield thy life, in penalty of what thou hast done to the valorous Pentapolin the Garamantan.

Here there came a pebble[1] of the brook, which, hitting

[1] *Peladilla*—it may mean either pebble or a sugared almond.

him in the side, buried two of his ribs in his body. Finding himself so ill-treated, he thought for certain that he was killed or sorely wounded, and recollecting his balsam, he drew out his cruse and putting it to his mouth, began to pour the liquor into his stomach; but before he had swallowed what seemed to him to be enough, there came another sugar-plum[1] and struck him full in the hand and the cruse so fairly that it smashed that to pieces, carrying away on the road three or four teeth and grinders out of his mouth and badly crushing two fingers of his hand. Such was the first blow and such the second, that the poor knight was forced to tumble off his horse to the ground. The shepherds ran up, and believing that they had killed him, in great haste collected their flocks, taking up the dead sheep, of which there were more than seven, and made off without caring to enquire into anything further.

Sancho all this time was standing on the hill looking on at the mad pranks which his master was performing, and tearing his beard and cursing the hour and the moment when Fortune had made them acquainted. Seeing him there fallen to the ground, and that the shepherds had gone away, he came down the hill and went up to his master, and finding him in very evil case, although not insensible, said to him:—Did I not tell you, Sir Don Quixote, to come back, for those you were going to attack were not armies, but flocks of sheep?

—How that thief of an enchanter, mine enemy, can alter and counterfeit things! Know, Sancho, that it is very easy for such to make us appear what they please, and this malign being who persecutes me, envious of the glory that I was to reap from this battle, hath changed the squadrons of the foe into flocks of sheep. If thou dost not believe me, Sancho, do one thing, I entreat thee, in order that thou mayst undeceive thyself, and see that what I tell thee is true.

[1] *Otra almendra*—lit. "another almond."

Mount thine ass, and follow them softly, and thou shalt see that when they have gone a little way off, they will return to their original shapes, and ceasing to be sheep become men right and straight as I described them to thee at the first. But go not just yet, for I have need of thy help and service. Draw near to me and look how many of my teeth and molars are wanting, for methinks they have left me none in my mouth.

Sancho came so near as almost to thrust his eyes into his master's mouth, and it was just at the time when the balsam had operated on Don Quixote's stomach, so that at the moment when Sancho had come to look at his mouth, he discharged from him more violently than from a musket what he had inside, and sent it all upon the beard of the compassionate squire.

—Holy Mary! cried Sancho, what is this that has befallen me? Sure this sinner is wounded to death, since he vomits blood from the mouth.

But looking closer into it he discovered by the colour, taste, and smell that it was not blood but the balsam from the cruse which he had seen Don Quixote drink; and so great was the loathing he took that, his stomach turning, he vomited his bowels over his very master; and they were left a pair of precious objects.[1] Sancho ran to his ass to get something from his wallets to clean himself and to relieve his master, and finding them not, was on the point of losing his wits. He cursed himself anew, and resolved in his heart to leave his master and return to his home, though he should lose the wages for which he had served, and his hopes of the governorship of the promised Isle.

Don Quixote now rose, and with his left hand to his mouth that the rest of his teeth might not all fall out, with the other took Rozinante by the bridle, who had never moved

[1] *Como de perlas*—"and so they both remained like pearls," says literal Shelton.

from his master's side (of so loyal and good a nature was he), and went up to where his squire stood, leaning against his ass, with his hand to his cheek in the posture of one in deep dejection. Don Quixote, seeing him in this mood, looking so melancholy, said to him:—Learn, Sancho, that a man is worth no more than another who does no more than another;[1] all these storms that befall us are signs that the weather will soon be fair, and things will go well with us, for it is not possible that either the evil or the good is durable; and hence it follows that the evil having lasted long, the good is now close at hand. Therefore thou shouldst not vex thyself on account of the misfortunes which happen to me; sure thou didst not share in them.

—How not? replied Sancho; mayhap he they tossed in a blanket yesterday was some other than my father's son? And the wallets which are missing to-day, with all my chattels,[2] do they belong to another but myself?

—What, are the wallets missing, Sancho? said Don Quixote.

—Yes, they are missing, answered Sancho.

—In that case we have nothing to eat to-day, said Don Quixote.

—It would be so, returned Sancho, should the herbs of the fields fail us, which your worship says you know of, with which unlucky Knights Errant like your worship are used to supply such wants.

—Nevertheless, answered Don Quixote, I would liefer have just now a hunch of bread or a cottage loaf, and a couple of pilchards' heads,[3] than all the herbs that

[1] *Quien no hace mas que otro, no vale mas que otro*—a proverb.

[2] *Con todas mis alhajas: alhaja* is Arabic, meaning primarily, "something necessary." In Spain it was used first to signify "plaything," or child's toy of little worth; afterwards, a thing of more value, a jewel. Here it is used by Sancho to include all his belongings.

[3] *Un cuartal de pan, ó una hogaza y dos cabezas de sardinas arenques.* The

Dioscorides describes, though he were illustrated by Doctor Laguna.[1] Mount thine ass, however, Sancho the Good, and come after me, for God, who is the provider of all things, will not fail us, more especially going, as we do, in His service, since He fails not the gnats of the air, nor the worms of the earth, nor the tadpoles of the water; and He is so merciful that He makes His sun to rise upon the good and the evil, and rains upon the unjust and the just.[2]

—Your worship were better for a preacher than a Knight Errant, said Sancho.

—Knights Errant knew, and have to know, about everything, said Don Quixote; for there was Knight Errant in past ages who was as prompt to deliver a sermon or discourse in the middle of the King's camp[3] as if he were a graduate of the Paris University; whence it may be inferred that never did the lance blunt the pen nor the pen the lance.[4]

—Well, be it as your worship says, answered Sancho; let us get out of this now and try to find a lodging for the night, and please God it may be somewhere where there

sardina arenque—sardine herring—is our English pilchard, which, in its half-grown stage, visits the shores of Spain in the Mediterranean, and smoked or cured is the food of the common people, who are accustomed to throw away the heads for which Don Quixote in his extremity longs.

[1] Andrés Laguna, physician to the Emperor Charles V., translated Dioscorides from the Greek, in an edition with notes and illustrations, published at Salamanca in 1570. The book is dedicated to Philip, "King of England and Hereditary Prince of Spain."

[2] The Gospel of St. Matthew, ch. v.

[3] *Campo real*—so in all the original editions, altered in the London edition of 1738 into *camino real*, of which emendation Clemencin approves. I see no necessity for any change. Surely a camp is a place more proper for a sermon than a high road.

[4] As evidenced in the history of several of the great Spanish writers. Garcilaso de la Vega and Ercilla, author of the *Araucana*, were valiant soldiers and good poets. Lope de Vega, whether he ever fought or not, was in the Invincible Armada. Cervantes himself bore a distinguished part in the famous battle of Lepanto before he began to use his pen.

are no blankets or blanketers, nor phantoms, nor wizard-Moors, for if there are, I'll pitch flesh and hook to the Devil.[1]

—Ask that of God, my son, said Don Quixote; and lead me whither thou wilt for this time. I would leave the lodging of us to thy choice; but lend me here thy hand and feel with thy finger, and see how many teeth and molars are lacking on this right side of my upper jaw, for there I feel the pain.

Sancho put his fingers in, and feeling about, asked:—How many grinders did your worship use to have on this side?

—Four, replied Don Quixote, besides the wisdom tooth, all whole and sound.

—Mind well what you say, Sir, answered Sancho.

—Four, say I, if not five, said Don Quixote; for in all my life I never had tooth or grinder drawn from my mouth, nor has any fallen out, or is destroyed by decay or rheum.

—Well, then, on this lower part, said Sancho, your worship has but two grinders and a half, and on the upper, no half nor any, for all is as smooth as the palm of my hand.

—Unfortunate me! exclaimed Don Quixote, hearing the sad news which his squire gave him; I had rather they had deprived me of my arm, provided it were not the sword one; for know, Sancho, that a mouth without molars is like a mill without grindstone, and a tooth is more to be prized than a diamond. But to all this are we subject who profess the austere rule of Knighthood. Mount, friend, and lead me, for I shall follow thee at what pace thou wilt.

Sancho did so, and travelled towards where he thought he might be able to find entertainment, without quitting

[1] *Daré al diablo el hato y el garabato.* Literally, *garabato* is a pot-hook on which meat is hung. Sancho means that he will throw up the whole business.

the high road, which about there was well beaten. As they went along slowly, for the pain in Don Quixote's jaws gave him no rest nor disposition to hurry, Sancho felt inclined to divert and amuse him by talking of something, and among other things he said was what will be told in the chapter following.



CHAPTER XIX

Of the sensible discourse which Sancho held with his Master, and of the Adventure which happened to him with a Dead Body; with other notable Incidents

—METHINKS, my master, that all these mishaps which have befallen us in these days have been, without any doubt, a punishment for the sin committed by your worship against the rule of your Knighthood in not keeping the vow which you made not to eat bread on a set table nor sport with the Queen, with all the rest that belongs to it, and which your worship swore to keep, until you got that helmet of Malandrino,[1] or whatever they call the Moor, for I do not well remember.

—Thou art very right, Sancho, said Don Quixote; but to tell thee the truth it had passed from my memory; and hold thou also for certain that for the fault of not putting me in mind of it in time that matter of the blanket happened to thee; but I make amends, for, in the order of chivalry, there are ways of compounding for everything.

—Did I then by chance vow anything? replied Sancho.

—It matters not that thou didst not swear, said Don Quixote; enough that I hold thee not very clear of complicity; and at any rate it will not be amiss to provide us with a remedy.

—If that be so then, said Sancho, mind your worship does not once more forget this as you did that about the oath;

[1] So Sancho calls Mambrino (see ch. x.).

perhaps the phantoms will have a mind to take another turn at diverting themselves with me, and even with your worship, if they see you so wilful.

While talking thus the darkness overtook them in the middle of the road before they could reach or find any place in which to shelter themselves that night, and the worst of it was that they were perishing of hunger, for with the loss of their wallet they had lost their whole pantry and provender. And to complete this misfortune there befell them an adventure which, without any artifice, really looked like one.[1] The night set in somewhat dark, but for all that they journeyed on, Sancho thinking that within one or two leagues they would surely find some inn, seeing that was the King's highway. Going along thus, the night dark, the squire hungry, and the master with a good stomach for supper, they saw coming towards them on the same road they were taking a great multitude of lights, which looked like nothing else than stars in motion. Sancho was startled by the sight of them, nor did Don Quixote altogether like

[1] Navarrete, in his *Life of Cervantes*, tells a curious story, which he believes to be the original of this adventure. In 1591, a certain holy monk, San Juan de la Cruz, died in his convent at Ubeda, which is near Baeza, of a pestilent fever,—*calenturas pestilentes*,—whose body, after being buried nine months, was removed at night in great secrecy to another convent at Segovia, many strange signs and omens attending the translation. The saint was found fresh and uncorrupted, distilling sweet odours. On the road a man appeared suddenly on top of a high hill, and called out in a loud voice, "*Whither are ye taking the saint's body? Leave it where it was.*" Before it reached Segovia, the corpse-bearers testified to seeing, during its transit, many shining lights round about the chest which contained the venerable relic. The affair ended in a suit by the city of Ubeda against the city of Segovia, heard before Pope Clement VIII., who ordered the restitution of the holy remains to their original tomb. Ultimately, so great was the reluctance of the Segovians to part with the sacred corpse, a compromise was made with the people of Ubeda, the saint's body being divided between the two cities. Cervantes was in the province of Granada about the date of this affair, which made much noise at the time, and it may be that it gave him a hint for Don Quixote's adventure, and also an occasion, such as he rarely misses, of having a sly hit at the clericals.

them; the one pulled up his ass by the halter, the other his nag by the bridle, and stood still, watching intently to see what that might be; and they saw the lights approaching near them, and the closer they came the larger they seemed, at which spectacle Sancho began to tremble like one dosed with quick-silver,[1] and the hair on Don Quixote's head stood on end; but rousing himself a little he cried:

—This, without doubt, Sancho, should be a very grand and perilous adventure, wherein I shall need to show all my valour and might.

—Woe is me! responded Sancho; should this adventure by chance be one of phantoms, as methinks it is like to be, where will there be ribs to bear it?

—Be they ever so much phantoms, said Don Quixote, I will not allow them to touch a hair of thy raiment; if the other time they befooled thee it was because I could not leap the walls of the inn yard; but now we are on the open plain where I shall be able to wield my sword as I please.

—And if they bewitch and cramp you as they did the other time, cried Sancho, what will it avail to be in the open plain or not?

—For all that, replied Don Quixote, I entreat thee, Sancho, to have a good heart; for experience should teach thee what mine is.

—I will, please God, answered Sancho. And the two, withdrawing to one side of the road, again gazed attentively at the travelling lights, to try to make out what they might be; and after a while they descried a number of men clad in white surplices,[2] whose fearful appearance completely extinguished the courage of Sancho Panza, whose teeth began to

[1] *Temblar como un azogado*—a proverbial phrase, derived from an idea that those who take mercury, *azogue*,—or breathe it, as they do who work in quick-silver mines,—tremble like the metal.

[2] *Encamisados*—clothed in white to distinguish them in the dark: an expression chiefly used of soldiers, who resort to that device in night attacks.

chatter, like one with a cold fit of ague; and the quaking and the teeth-chattering increased when they saw distinctly what it was; for they made out some twenty surpliced men, all on horseback, with blazing torches in their hands, behind whom there came a litter covered with black, following which there rode other six draped in mourning down to their mules' feet, for that they were not horses was plainly seen by the leisurely pace at which they travelled. The white-shirted ones came along muttering to themselves in a low and plaintive voice.

This extraordinary vision at such an hour and in so solitary a place was quite sufficient to strike terror into the heart of Sancho, and almost into his master's. As for Sancho, all his resolution was upset; though the contrary happened with his master, for in that moment his imagination represented to him visibly that this was one of the adventures out of his books. He fancied the litter to be a bier on which was being carried some dead or sorely wounded Knight, the avenging of whom was reserved for him alone; and without more consideration he couched his lance, settled himself well in his saddle, and with an intrepid air and mien posted himself in the middle of the road, by which the white-surpliced train had of necessity to pass. And when he saw that they were near, he lifted up his voice and cried:

—Stand ye, Knights, whosoever ye be; and render me account of who ye are, whence ye come, whither ye go, and what it is ye carry in that bier, for to all appearance, either ye have done, or some one has done you, some misdeed; and it is fitting and necessary that I should know, either to chastise you for the ill ye have done, or to avenge the wrong they have done you.

—We travel in haste, answered one of the white-surpliced ones, for the inn is far off, and we cannot stop to give you such an account as you demand.—And spurring his mule he passed forward.

Greatly incensed at this answer, Don Quixote laid hold of his bridle and said :—Stay, and be more courteous, and render me the account I have demanded of you ; or else do battle with me, all of you.

The mule was skittish, and on being seized by the bridle, was so frightened that, rearing on her hind legs she threw her master over her haunches to the ground. A lacquey who travelled on foot, seeing him fall, began to abuse Don Quixote, who being now thoroughly enraged, without more ado, set his lance in the rest and attacked one of the mourners, bringing him to earth badly wounded ; and turning upon the rest, it was a thing to see with what agility he assailed and routed them, for it seemed as if wings had grown to Rozinante at that moment, so nimbly and proudly did he move. The white-surpliced ones were all timorous folk and unarmed, and so they quitted the fray in a trice with all speed, and set off to run over the plain with their lighted torches, so that they looked like nothing so much as masquers flitting about on a gala or festival night. As for the mourners, swathed and muffled in their skirts and gowns, they were not able to move ; so Don Quixote belaboured them all very much at his ease, and compelled them to quit the scene much against their will, for they all thought that this was no man but a devil from Hell, who had come out to rob them of the corpse they were carrying on the litter. All this did Sancho believe, astonished at his master's intrepidity, saying to himself :—Truly this master of mine is as mighty and valiant as he says.

There lay on the ground a burning torch near the first man whom his mule had overthrown, by the light of which Don Quixote could see him ; and, coming up to him, he set the point of his lance to his face, calling on him to surrender, or else he would slay him. To which the fallen man replied :— I am quite surrendered enough, for I cannot move, having a broken leg. I beseech your worship, if you be a Christian,

slay me not, for you will commit a great sacrilege, as I am a Licentiate, and have taken the first orders.

—Who the devil has brought you here? cried Don Quixote; you being a man of the Church?

—Who, Sir? replied the fallen one; why, my evil luck.

—Then still worse threatens you, said Don Quixote, if you do not satisfy me in all that I first demanded of you.

—Your worship shall be promptly satisfied, replied the Licentiate; and therefore know that though just now I said I was a Licentiate, I am only a Bachelor, and call myself Alonzo Lopez. I am a native of Alcobendas;[1] I come from the city of Baeza, with eleven other priests, who are they that have fled with the torches; we are going to the city of Segovia, accompanying a dead body which lies in that litter, which is that of a gentleman who died in Baeza, where he was deposited, and now, as I said, we are carrying his bones to their burial-place, which is in Segovia, where he was born.

—And who killed him? asked Don Quixote.

—God, through the agency of a pestilent fever which took him, answered the Bachelor.

—In that case, said Don Quixote, the Lord hath relieved me of the task I should have taken on myself of avenging his death had any other slain him. But he being dead through Him who killed him, there is nothing for it but to be silent and submit. I should do the same were He to slay me. And I would have your Reverence know that

[1] Alcobendas is a small town seven or eight miles north of Madrid. Why should the name and place of the priest be particularised?—Señor Benjumea, the author of some ingenious but fantastic tracts on *Don Quixote*, has a theory here which I think worthy of some attention. It is that, under the name of the priest whom Don Quixote overthrows, is veiled an allusion to Cervantes' old enemy, Blanco de Paz, the Dominican. *Lopez de Alcobendas* is an anagram of *Es lo de Blanco de Paz.* The whole adventure is obviously intended to bring into ridicule a well-known contemporary occurrence of the time. Could Blanco de Paz have been mixed up in this business?—This ecclesiastic is found mysteriously crossing Cervantes' path in several passages of his life.

I am a Knight of La Mancha, hight Don Quixote, and that my office and duty are to roam the world, setting wrongs straight, and redressing injuries.

—I do not know how that about setting wrongs straight can be, said the Bachelor; since from straight you have turned me crooked, leaving me with a broken leg which will never see itself straight again all the days of its life, and the injury you have redressed in me is to leave me injured in such a way that I shall remain injured for ever; and a sufficient misadventure has it been to fall in with you who go seeking adventures.

—All things, said Don Quixote, do not happen after the same order. The mischief was, Sir Bachelor Alonzo Lopez, in your coming as you did by night, clad in those surplices, with torches lighted, chanting and covered with mourning, so that, naturally, you looked like some evil thing and of the other world; and so I could not avoid fulfilling my obligation in attacking you, and I should have attacked you, even though verily I had known that you were the devils from Hell themselves, for such I ever believed and took you to be.

—Then since my destiny has so willed it, said the Bachelor, I beseech your worship, Sir Knight Errant, who has done me so ill an errand, help me to rise from under this mule who holds one leg of mine fast between the stirrup and the saddle.

—I might have talked to you till morning, replied Don Quixote; till when were you going to wait to tell me of your trouble?

He then at once summoned Sancho Panza; but the squire had no mind to come, for he was occupied in disloading a sumpter mule which those worthy gentlemen[1] had

[1] *Buenos señores*,—the *buenos* before the *señores* is ironical, a proof, with what follows about clerics being always well provided with good cheer, that the reference to the religious profession is not meant to be a flattering one, in spite of Don Quixote's protestations of loyalty to the Church.

brought with them, well stored with provender. Sancho made a bag of his coat, and, thrusting into it all he could and as much as the sack would hold, loaded his ass, and then ran to his master's call and helped to relieve the Bachelor from the weight of his mule; and, placing him upon her back, he gave him his torch, and Don Quixote bade him follow his companions' track, and beg their pardon on his account for the injury which he could not help doing them. And said Sancho:—If by chance these gentlemen should wish to know who is the valorous one that served them so, let your worship tell them that it is the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha, who is otherwise called the Knight of the Rueful Feature.[1]

With this the Bachelor departed;[2] and Don Quixote

[1] *Caballero de la Triste Figura.* The translators, with nearly one consent, have agreed to interpret *figura* as meaning only Don Quixote's face. Shelton makes it *Ill-favoured Face*; Motteux, *Doleful Countenance*; Smollett, *Rueful Countenance*,—in which he is followed by Mr. Ormsby. Jarvis only has it *Sorrowful Figure*, which is literal, and clearly what was intended. *Figura*, if we can trust etymology and the dictionaries, means "figure,"—that is, the whole form and aspect of the man, not the face only. Covarrubias, who was almost contemporary with Cervantes, gives no other meaning. The word "feature," standing as it did in old English for face and shape together, seems to me to express *figura* better than any other, especially as a chivalric and antique designation. In Shakspeare "feature" is nearly always used in its primitive sense of the whole shape or make-up (*factura*). "Cheated of feature by dissembling nature" (*Richard III.*). In Milton Death is called "the grim feature." It is urged that Don Quixote "never could have contemplated painting a full length on his shield." Why not? Such a blazon would have been strictly in accordance with precedent. King Abies of Ireland, who was slain by Amadis, bore on his shield a Knight with a headless giant, in token of a feat performed by himself (*Amadis*, bk. i. ch. ix.).

[2] Here a great, and, as it seems to me, a most unwarrantable, liberty is taken with the received text by Señor Hartzenbusch, who, to make the passage read better, and to correct an inadvertence of the author, interpolates a sentence giving to the cleric the words which in all other editions are put in the mouth of Don Quixote, with reference to the canon, *Si quis suadente Diabolo* (see page 237). It is true that the sentence occurs (not in the place given to it by Hartzenbusch, but elsewhere) in the first of Cuesta's two editions of 1605. But in the second of 1605, and in the third, of 1608, the text runs as I have translated it, with

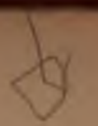
asked Sancho what had moved him to call him the Knight of the Rueful Feature, then more than at any other time.

—I will tell you why, answered Sancho; because I was looking at you some time by the light of the torch which that unlucky wight was carrying, and truly your worship has got of late the sorriest figure I have ever seen; and it must be owing either to your being tired out after this battle, or to the loss of your grinders and teeth.

—It is not that, replied Don Quixote; but to the Sage on whom the charge has devolved of writing the history of my exploits, it must have seemed fitting that I should take some appellative, as took all the Knights of yore. One called himself *He of the Flaming Sword*; one *He of the Unicorn*; this was *Of the Damsels*; that *Of the Phœnix*; another was *The Knight of the Griffin*; another *He of Death*; and by these names and distinctive devices were they known through all the compass of the earth.[1] And so I tell thee that the aforesaid Sage hath put it into thy mouth and into thy mind now to call me *The Knight of the Rueful Feature*, as I intend to call myself from this day forward;

better sense and certainly better authority. The edition of 1608 must be assumed, as every other editor and critic of *Don Quixote* except Hartzenbusch, including the Spanish Royal Academy, has assumed, to be the text as finally revised and corrected (however carelessly) by Cervantes. And certainly he could never have intended to make Don Quixote say, "I do not understand that Latin." Surely the Knight has already given proof of a sufficient knowledge of Latin to understand what must have been in that age a common form of words.

[1] "The Knight of the Flaming Sword" was Amadis of Greece; he "of the Unicorn" was Belianis, who under this name won the prize at the tournament of London; he "of the Damsels" was Florandino of Macedonia, in *El Caballero de la Cruz*; he "of the Phœnix" was Florarlan of Thrace, who is one of the Knights in *Florisel de Niquea*; he "of the Griffin" is common in many romances. Count Aremberg was so designated in the jousts held at Bins by Mary of Burgundy, in honour of her brother, Charles V., and her nephew, Philip, in 1549. He "of Death" was the grim name chosen for a time by Amadis of Greece. Among other such designations in the romances are the Knights Gloomy, Painful, Sorrowful, Nameless, Hopeless,—"of the Green Shield," "of the Blue Shield," "of the Basilisk," "of the Black Eagle," etc.



and that such name may square with me the better I am resolved, when there is an opportunity, to have a very rueful figure painted on my shield.

—There is no need to waste time and money in having that figure made, said Sancho; all that has to be done is that your worship should discover your own, and show your face to those who look at you, when, without more ado and without other image or shield, they will name you *He of the Rueful Feature*; and believe me that I am speaking the truth, and I promise you (and in jest be it said) that hunger and the loss of your grinders has given your worship so evil a face that you may well spare yourself the rueful painting.

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's pleasantry; nevertheless, he resolved to call himself by that name when he could have it painted on his shield or buckler, according to his fancy; and, said he:—I apprehend, Sancho, that I lie under the ban of excommunication for having laid hands violently on sacred things according to that canon: *Si quis suadente Diabolo*, etc.,[1] though I am well aware that I laid not my hands but this lance; moreover, I did not suspect that I was engaging with priests or things of the Church, which, like the Catholic and faithful Christian that I am, I respect and adore, but with phantoms and spectres of the other world. And, if it come to the worst, I have in remembrance what happened to the Cid Ruy Diez when he demolished the chair of the ambassador of that King before his Holiness the Pope, who excommunicated him for it; and yet the good Rodrigo de Bivar bore himself on that day like a very noble and valiant Knight.[2]

[1] *Si quis suadente Diabolo hujus sacrilegii vitium vel crimen incurrerit, etc.* Bowle gives the words from the *Decretum Aureum* of Gracian.

[2] This apocryphal episode in the life of the Cid, invented by some patriotic Spaniard when the rivalry between Spain and France was at its height, forms the subject of one of the ballads beginning, *Á concilio dentro en Roma* (Duran, vol. i. p. 495). The legend is given otherwise in the *Crónica del Cid*, the place being Thoulouse instead of Rome. Father Manuel Risco, and other ecclesiastical historians,

On hearing this the Bachelor went off, as has been said, without replying a word.[1]

Don Quixote wished to see if the body which the litter contained was bones or not, but Sancho would not agree, saying:—Sir, your worship has ended this perilous adventure more safely for yourself than all the others I have seen. These people, though conquered and routed, might come to reckon that he who conquered them was but one single person, and, abashed and ashamed of this, they might take heart again, and seek us, and give us enough to do. The ass is in good trim; the mountain is near; hunger presses; we have nothing to do but step a retreat gracefully, and, as the saying is, *the dead to the grave the live to the loaf*.[2] And driving his ass before him, he prayed his master to follow, who, feeling that Sancho was right, did so without replying. They proceeded a little way between two hills, until they found themselves in a wide, secluded valley, where they alighted, and Sancho unloaded the ass; and, stretched upon the green grass, with hunger for sauce, they breakfasted, lunched, dined, and supped all at once, appeasing their stomachs out of more than one hamper which those gentlemen clerics with the defunct (who seldom permit themselves to fare badly) carried on their sumpter-mule. But there

are at great trouble to show that the Cid could not have committed so great an offence against the Holy Father; but their pains are needless, for it is certain that Ruy Diez was never out of Spain. As to the Cid's orthodoxy, it was always more than doubtful, as Don Quixote seems to hint.

[1] This sentence is clearly a piece of carelessness on the part of the author, who has already told us that the Bachelor had gone away. The chapter is one of the worst printed in *Don Quixote*, and has given great trouble to the editors. Here, as elsewhere, I follow what I hold to be the only safe rule, of giving a meaning to every word of the text, so far as it can bear a meaning, without regard to what Cervantes should or could have written. Doubtless he could have made *Don Quixote* better had he pleased. But he did not do so, and doubtless it is good enough.

[2] *El muerto á la sepultura y el vivo á la hogaza*—a proverb, worded otherwise in the collection of Nuñez, *El muerto á la fosada y el vivo á la hogaza.*

befell them another misfortune which Sancho took to be the worst of all, which was that they had no wine to drink, nor even water to come to mouth; and, being parched with thirst, Sancho, observing that the meadow where they were was thick with green and tender grass, said—what shall be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XX

Of the adventure, never before seen or heard of, achieved by the valorous Don Quixote of La Mancha, with less peril than any ever achieved by the most famous Knight in the world

—It is impossible, good master, but that this grass bears witness that about here there must be some spring or brook which keeps the herbage moist, and therefore it were well that we should go a little farther, so that we may alight on some place where we may quench this terrible thirst which plagues us, which, beyond a doubt, is more painful than hunger.

The counsel seemed good to Don Quixote; so, taking Rozinante by the bridle, and Sancho his ass by the halter, after he deposited upon him the fragments which were left of the supper, they began to march up the meadow, feeling their way, for the darkness of the night permitted them to see nothing. But they had not gone two hundred paces when a great noise of water reached their ears, as if tumbling down from some high and steep rocks. The sound cheered them exceedingly; and, halting to listen whence it came, on a sudden they heard another loud noise which drowned their joy of the water,[1] especially in Sancho, who was by nature timid and of little courage. They heard, I

[1] *Que les aguó e. contento del água*,—a play upon the words. *Aguar* is to quench by water,—thence to put out, as a fire is,—to diminish. Or it may be used in the sense of abating or weakening, as tavern-keepers do with their liquor by watering it.

say, some blows struck in a regular measure, with a certain rattling of irons and chains which, accompanying the furious roar of the water, would have struck terror into any other heart than that of Don Quixote. The night, as has been said, was dark, and they had happened to come among some tall trees, whose leaves, stirred by a gentle breeze, made a low, fearful sound, so that the solitude, the place, the darkness, the noise of the water, with the rustling of the leaves, all caused horror and fright; and the more when they found that the blows ceased not, nor the wind lulled, nor the morning came, added to all which was their ignorance of the place where they were. But Don Quixote, sustained by his intrepid heart, leapt on Rozinante, and, bracing on his buckler, poised his lance, and said:

—Friend Sancho, thou must know that I was born by the will of Heaven, in this our age of iron, to revive therein that of gold, or the Golden one, as it is called. I am he for whom are reserved perils, mighty feats, valiant exploits; I am he, I say again, who has to revive them of the Table Round, the Twelve of France, and the Nine of Fame;[1] who has to consign to oblivion the Platirs, the Tablantes, Olivantes, and Tirantes, the Phœbuses, and the Belianises, with the whole herd of the famous Knights Errant of the time past, performing in this in which I live such prodigies, wonders, and feats of arms as shall eclipse the brightest they achieved. Mark well, trusty and loyal squire, the gloom of this night, its strange stillness, the dull, confused noise of these trees, the fearful sound of that water, in quest of which we came, which seems as though it were being hurled and flung down from the lofty mountains of the moon, and that incessant thumping which wounds and pains our ears; which things all together and each by itself are sufficient to instil fear, dread, and dismay into the bosom of Mars himself; how much more into that of one who is not used to this

[1] *The Nine of Fame.* See note to ch. v.

kind of incidents and adventures. Yet all that I have described to thee are but incentives and stimulants to my soul, which cause my heart now to bound within my bosom with the longing it feels to encounter this adventure, however arduous it may prove. Therefore tighten Rozinante's girths a little, and God be with thee! Wait for me here three days, and no more,[1] in which, if I should return not, thou canst go back to our village, and thence, to do me a favour and good service, thou wilt go to El Toboso, where thou shalt say to my incomparable lady, Dulcinea, that her captive Knight died in performing deeds which might make him worthy to be called her own.

When Sancho heard the words of his master, he began to weep very piteously, saying to him:—Sir, I know not why your worship should engage in so fearful an adventure; it is night now; there is no one here sees us; we can easily turn off the road and get out of the way of the danger, even though we don't drink for three days; and, since there is no one to see us, all the less will there be anybody to set us down for cowards. Besides, I have often heard the Priest of our village, whom your worship knows very well, preach that he who seeks danger perishes therein, so it is not right to tempt God by rushing into so monstrous a feat, out of which we cannot escape but by a miracle; and let those suffice which Heaven has done for your worship in saving you from being tossed in a blanket as I was, and bringing you out conqueror, free and safe, from among all those many enemies that were with that dead man. And should all this not move or soften that heart of yours, let this reflection and belief move it, that your worship will hardly have gone from here when I, from fright, will give up my soul to any one that shall please to carry it away. I went out of my country and left children and wife to come and serve your

[1] So Amadis of Gaul, arriving at the Rock of the Enchanted Damsel, tells his comrade Grasandor to wait for him no more than three days (ch. cxxx.).

worship, hoping to do better and not worse; but, as covetousness doth burst the bag,[1] so with me it has rent my hopes asunder, for just as I had them most lively for winning that plaguy, ill-starred Isle which your worship has so often promised me, I see that in payment and change for it you wish to leave me now in a spot away from all human walk. By the one only God, good master, do me not this scathe;[2] and if your worship will not give up altogether attempting this deed, put it off at least till the morning, for by what the art tells me I learnt when a shepherd, it should not be three hours from now to dawn, for the mouth of the Horn is over the head, and shows midnight in the line of the left paw.[3]

—How canst thou see, Sancho, said Don Quixote, where that mouth is or that head thou speakest of, the night being so dark that not a star is visible in the whole sky?

—That's true, said Sancho; but fear has many eyes, and sees things beneath the earth, how much more above in the sky; besides, we may in good reason suppose that it wants but little from this to daybreak.

—Let it want what it may, answered Don Quixote, it shall not be said of me now or at any time that tears and prayers have turned me aside from doing that which is due to the quality of Knight. Therefore, Sancho, prithee be silent, for God, who hath put it into my heart now to essay this unparalleled and dreadful adventure, will take care to watch over my safety and soothe thy affliction. What thou

[1] *La codicia rompe el saco*—a proverb.

[2] *No me faga tal desaguisado.* Sancho falls here, as elsewhere, into his master's high-flown language.

[3] *Bocina*, the Hunting-Horn, a name given in that age to the constellation *Ursa Minor*. The mode of calculating midnight, as explained in the *Hydrographia* of Andres de Pozo (1584), was to imagine the Horn to form with its seven minor stars a cross, with the Pole Star in the centre, the two arms of which formed different angles according to the season of the year. At the beginning of August it would be midnight along the line of the left arm, as Sancho says. According to the chronological plan of the story as elaborated by Vicente de los Rios, the date of this adventure should be the night between the 24th and 25th of August.

hast to do is to tighten well the girths of Rozinante and rest here, for I will soon return, alive or dead.

Sancho, perceiving his master's final resolution, and how little his tears, counsels, and entreaties prevailed with him, determined to have recourse to his trickery, and to make him wait till daylight if he could; and so, while he was tightening the horse's girths, he slyly, and without being felt, tied with his ass's halter the two fore feet of Rozinante in such a manner that when Don Quixote wished to start he could not, as the horse was unable to move but by jumps. Seeing the success of his stratagem, Sancho Panza exclaimed:—Lo, sir! behold how Heaven, moved by my tears and prayers, has ruled that Rozinante shall not be able to stir; and if you persist in urging, spurring, and striking him, it will be to anger Fortune and kick, as the saying is, against the pricks.

Don Quixote fretted exceedingly, but the more he set his heels to the horse the less could he move him, and so, without any suspicion of the tying, he thought it best to be quiet and wait till the day should break, or until Rozinante could proceed, verily believing that this came of something else than Sancho's artifice, and so he said to him:

—Since it is so, Sancho, that Rozinante is not able to move, I am content to wait here until morning smiles, although I weep that it lingers in the coming.

—There's no need, replied Sancho, for I will entertain your worship by telling you stories from now to daylight, unless you like to dismount and snatch a little sleep upon the green grass, after the custom of Knights Errant, so that you may be the fresher when the day and the moment shall come for tackling that incomparable adventure which awaits you.

—Whom call you to dismount or whom to sleep? said Don Quixote; am I, perchance, one of the Knights who take their repose amid dangers? Sleep thou, that wert born for sleeping, or do what thou wilt, for I will do what I perceive to be most befitting my vocation.

—Good master, be not angry, your worship, replied Sancho; I did not mean all that.—And, coming to him, he laid one hand on the pommel of the saddle and the other on the cantle, so that he stood hugging his master's left thigh, without daring to stir from him a finger's breadth, so greatly was he terrified at the strokes which still resounded in a regular measure. Don Quixote bade him tell some story for his entertainment, as he had promised, to which Sancho replied that he would if his fear at what he was hearing would let him.—But for all that, said he, I will do my best to tell you a story which, if I manage to tell it, and be not interrupted, is the very best of stories. And let your worship attend, for now I begin:—There was what there was; may the good which is to come be for all, and the harm for him who goes to seek it;[1] and take note, your worship, master mine, that the beginning which the old folk put to their tales was not just as each pleased, for it was a sentence of Cato, the Roman Incenser,[2] who says—*Evil to him who goes to look for it*, which fits in here like a ring to the finger, to the effect that your worship should remain quiet and not go seeking after harm anywhere, but for us to go back by another road, since nobody forces us to follow this, where so many terrible things affright us.

—Pursue thy story, Sancho, cried Don Quixote, and leave the road we have to pursue to my charge.

—I say, then, continued Sancho, that in a village of Estremadura there was a shepherd,—goatherd I should say,

[1] *Erase que se era, el bien que viniere para todos, y el mal para quien lo fuere á buscar*. According to Pellicer, this was a common formula by way of preface to the popular stories when told by rustic people. The custom smacks strongly of an Eastern origin. Something like this form of words is used to this day by Hindustani story-tellers.

[2] *Caton Zonzorino*, says Sancho, meaning *Caton el Censorino*, or Cato the Censor, whose sayings were much in vogue at that period among the unlearned as well as the learned. Sancho's blunder has a spice of malice in it, as usual, for *zonzo* is "a stupid fellow."

for he kept goats,—which shepherd or goatherd, as my story goes, was called Lope Ruiz, and this Lope Ruiz fell in love with a shepherdess who was called Torralva, which shepherdess called Torralva was daughter to a rich flock-master, and this rich flock-master——

—If thou tellest thy story, Sancho, in that fashion, said Don Quixote, repeating twice over what thou hast to say, thou wilt not finish in two days. Speak connectedly, and tell it like a man of intelligence, or else say nothing.

—In the same fashion that I am telling it, replied Sancho, they tell all the stories in my country, and I have no other way of telling it, nor is it fair that your worship should ask me to make new customs.

—Tell it as thou pleasest, answered Don Quixote, for since Fate wills that I can do naught else than listen to thee, proceed.

—And so, dear master of my heart, continued Sancho, as I have said, this shepherd fell in love with Torralva, the shepherdess, who was a buxom, rakish wench,[1] with somewhat of a mannish turn, for she had little moustaches,—I think I see her now.

—Didst know her then? asked Don Quixote.

—No, I did not know her, answered Sancho; but he who told me this tale said that it was so certain and true, that when I told it to any one else I might avouch and swear that I had seen it all. And so as the days went and the days came, the Devil, who sleeps not and embroils everything, so contrived it that the love which the shepherd had for the shepherdess was turned to hate and ill-will, and the reason, according to evil tongues, was a certain measure of jealousy she caused him, such as passed the bound and trespassed on the forbidden; and so much was it that the shepherd hated her thenceforward, and so as not to see

[1] *Zahareña*,—an epithet proper to hawking,—applied to a bird difficult to tame, a "haggard."

her any more he resolved to fly from that country, and go where his eyes should never behold her more. Then Torralva, when she found herself scorned by Lope, straight fell to loving him more than ever she had loved him before.

—That, quoth Don Quixote, is the natural disposition of women,—to disdain those that love them, and to love those that hate them; go on, Sancho.

—It came to pass, said Sancho, that the shepherd carried out his resolve, and driving his goats before him, took the road along the plains of Estremadura to pass over into the kingdom of Portugal. Torralva, who learnt of it, went away after him, and followed him on foot and bare-legged, afar off, with a pilgrim's staff in her hand and a scrip round her neck, in which she carried, as they say, a bit of a looking-glass and another of a comb, and I know not what little bottle of washes for her face; but let her carry what she did, for I care not to set about verifying it for the present, all I say is that the shepherd, as they say, came with his flock to pass over the river Guadiana, which at that season was swollen, and almost away from its bed; and at the spot he came to there was neither boat nor bark nor any one to pass him or his flock to the other side, at which he was much put out, for he saw that Torralva was approaching, and would give him much trouble with her prayers and tears. However, he went looking about till at last he saw a fisherman, who had by him a boat so small that it could only hold one person and one goat; and upon this he spoke and agreed with him to carry himself and three hundred goats which he was driving across. The fisherman got into the boat, and carried over a goat, returned and carried over another, and came back again and carried over another.—Let your worship keep count of the goats which the fisherman is carrying over, for if one should slip from your memory the tale will be ended, and it will be impossible to tell a word of it more.—

I go on, then, and say that the landing-place on the other side was covered with mud and slippery, and delayed the fisherman a good deal in going and coming; yet for all that he returned for another goat, and another, and another——

—Reckon that he has carried them all over, said Don Quixote, and do not keep going and coming in that fashion, or thou wilt not make an end of passing them over in a twelvemonth.

—How many have gone over up to this time? asked Sancho.

—How the devil do I know? replied Don Quixote.

—There, now; what did I tell you, to keep a good count? by the Lord, then, the tale is ended, for there is no going any farther.

—How can that be, replied Don Quixote; is it so essential to the narrative to know the goats who have passed over so exactly, that if one of their number be missed thou canst not go on with the story?

—No, sir, by no manner of means, answered Sancho; for as soon as I asked your worship to tell me how many goats had passed, and you replied that you did not know, in that same instant there went away out of my memory what remained to tell, and faith but there was much goodness in it and diversion.

—So then, said Don Quixote, the story is finished?

—'Tis as finished as my mother, said Sancho.

—Verily I say, replied Don Quixote, that thou hast told me the most novel tale, story, or history [1] that any one in

[1] This tale of Sancho's is very old, and the "sell" with which it concludes common to stories told with the object of spinning out the time. It is found in the *Cento Novelle Antiche*; also in one of the French *fabliaux* in the collection of Barbazan, where a sleepy "fableor," being ordered by the King to tell him a story, repeats this, coming to a stop when the boat begins taking over the sheep, for the reason that the boat is small and the sheep are many—

Or laissons les berbiz passer,
Et puis porrons assez conter.

the world could conceive, and never was such a way of telling it and leaving it seen in a lifetime, although I expected nothing other from thy excellent wit; but I marvel not, for possibly that ceaseless clatter has disturbed thine understanding.

—All that may be, responded Sancho, but I know that as to my tale there is no more to tell, for there it ends where the mistake in the reckoning of the passage of the goats begins.

—Let it end, and in a good hour, where it will, said Don Quixote; and now let us see whether Rozinante is able to move.—Again he applied his heels to his horse, who again gave some jumps and stood still, so securely was he tied.

Here it chanced that whether from the cold of the morning which now broke, or that Sancho had supped off some laxative things, or that it was a call of nature, which is what we must believe, there came to him the inclination and desire to do that which no one else could do for him; but so great was the fear which had invaded his heart that he did not dare to withdraw from his master a nail's breadth.[1] Yet to think of leaving undone what he wanted to do was also impossible, and so what he did, taking a middle course,[2] was to let go his right hand by which he was holding the cantle behind, and with this softly and without any noise he loosened the running string by which his breeches were kept up without any other help; that being untied, they fell about his feet, and held him like fetters. Then he raised his shirt as well as he could, and exposed to the air a pair of

In the *Disciplina Clericalis* of Pedro Alfonso, the Jew convert, who was physician to King Alfonso I. of Aragon (about A.D. 1100), the same story is told by a father to his son,—the author alleging in his preface that he had taken his stories from the Arabic. It is probably much older than this, and of undoubted Eastern origin. In India it is a nursery tale told by *ayahs* to children, who are bidden to go to sleep until all the goats have crossed.

[1] *Un negro de uña*—lit. "a black of the nail."

[2] *Por bien de paz*—a term used in disputes where, for the sake of peace, something is yielded less than the strict right, so that both parties may be contented.

buttocks, which were none of the smallest. This done, which he fancied was all that he had to do to get out of that terrible griping and anguish, there was presented to him another and greater difficulty, which was that he feared he could not relieve himself without some report and sound; so he set to grinding his teeth and drawing in his shoulders, holding his breath as much as he could. But with all these precautions he was so unfortunate as after all to make a little noise, which differed from that which was causing them so much terror. Don Quixote heard it and said:

—What report is that, Sancho?

—I know not, sir, replied he; something new it must be, for these adventures and misventures never begin for a little thing.

He again tried his luck, and succeeded so well that without further noise and disturbance he found himself free of the load which had given him so much distress. But inasmuch as Don Quixote had the sense of smelling as quick as that of hearing, and Sancho was pinned so close to him as that the fumes ascended upwards almost in a straight line, it could not be helped but that some should reach his nose; and scarce did they arrive there when, going to its succour and holding it between his fingers, he said, in a voice somewhat snuffling:

—Methinks, Sancho, thou art in great fear.

—Yes, I am, responded Sancho; but how does your worship perceive it now more than ever?

—In that more than ever thou smellest, and not of amber, replied Don Quixote.

—Very like I do, said Sancho, but it is no fault of mine, but of your worship, who drags me about at unseasonable hours and at these unaccustomed paces.

—Retire three or four of them off, friend, said Don Quixote (this without letting go his fingers from his nose), and henceforth take more account of thy person and of what

① the loosened the Butter

thou owest to mine, for the over-much familiarity I have with thee has engendered this contempt.

—I'll wager, replied Sancho, that your worship thinks I have done something with my person I should not do.

—It is worse to stir it, friend Sancho, responded Don Quixote.

In this and other such converse master and man passed the night; and Sancho, seeing that in a little more the morning would break, very carefully released Rozinante and tied up his breeches. As soon as Rozinante found himself free, although of himself he was never very mettlesome, he seemed to revive and began to paw with his hoofs, for to curvet (by his leave) he was unable. Don Quixote, observing that Rozinante could now move, took it for a good sign, and believed that it was for him to attempt that fearful adventure.

By this time the day had broken and things could distinctly be seen, when Don Quixote perceived that he was among some tall trees that were chestnuts, which cast a very dark shadow. He perceived also that the hammering did not cease, but could not discover what caused it, and so without further delay he made Rozinante feel the spurs, and turning to take leave of Sancho, he directed him to wait there for him three days, at the most, as he had already told him, and if at the end of them he had not returned, to take it for certain that it had pleased God he should end his days in that perilous adventure. He again repeated to him the message and errand which he had to carry on his behalf to his Lady Dulcinea, and as to what related to payment for his services, Sancho should give himself no concern, for he had drawn up his will before leaving his village, wherein he would find he was satisfied in all touching his wages,—in due proportion to the time he had served; but if God should bring him out of that peril, safe and sound and without damage, the squire might hold that promised Isle as more than certain.

Sancho began to weep afresh to hear once more the pitiful words of his good master, and resolved not to leave him till the final issue and end of that business. (From these tears and this resolve, so honourable to Sancho Panza, the author of this history gathers that he must have been well born, and at least an old Christian.) This tenderness of heart did somewhat soften his master, but not so much as to betray him to any weakness; on the contrary, dissembling as best he might, he began to travel towards the point where the noise of the water and the hammering seemed to come.

Sancho followed on foot, leading by the halter, as he was wont to do, his ass, the constant companion of his prosperous and adverse fortunes. Having gone a good distance among those chestnuts and shady trees, they came to a little meadow which lay at the foot of some high rocks, down which a mighty rush of water descended. At the base of the rocks were some rudely-built houses, looking rather like ruins of buildings than dwellings, out of which, they became aware, issued the din and clatter of the strokes which still never ceased. Rozinante started at the noise of the water and of the hammering, and, quieting him, Don Quixote advanced gradually nearer to the houses, commending himself with all his soul to his lady, and supplicating her favour in that formidable task and enterprise, and, by the way, commending himself also to God that He might not forget him.[1] Sancho did not quit his master's side, but stretched forth his neck and his eyes as far as he could from between Rozinante's legs to see if he could make out what it was that had caused him so much terror and dismay. They had gone about a hundred paces farther when, on turning a corner, the very cause,—for there could be no other,—of that horrid and to them terrible sound which had held them all that night in suspense and fear, became clear and patent. This was (if,

[1] A part of this passage, the commendation to his lady, was erased in the *Index Expurgatorius* of Portugal, 1624.

O reader, thou wilt take it not in disgust and anger) six fulling-hammers which, with their successive strokes, made all that din.[1]

When Don Quixote perceived what it was, he was struck dumb, and covered with confusion from head to foot. Sancho looked at him, and saw that he hung his head down on his breast with signs of being ashamed. Don Quixote, too, looked at Sancho, and saw that he had his cheeks distended and his mouth full of laughter, with evident tokens of waiting to explode with it; and his gloom did not prevail so much with him that at the sight of Sancho he could refrain from laughing himself. When Sancho saw his master had begun, he burst out in such a manner as that he had need to catch his sides with his hands to prevent them splitting. Four times he stopped, and as often renewed his laughter with the same violence as at first, upon which Don Quixote gave him to the devil, especially when he heard him repeat in a gibing way:[2]—Thou hast to know, O friend Sancho, that I am born in this an age of iron to revive therein, by the will of Heaven, the golden or that of gold; I am he for whom are reserved perils, mighty deeds, valorous exploits.—And thus he went on repeating all or most of the words which Don Quixote had uttered when first they heard that terrible hammering.

[1] There are still some fulling-mills, apparently of old construction, standing on the banks of the Upper Guadiana, shortly after it issues from the Lagoons, near the village of Ruidera, which are believed to be the very same which Cervantes has here described. But though the scene is one which he might have had in his mind, the rocks, and the tall trees (not chestnuts here, but poplars), and the water, corresponding to his description, it is difficult to make this spot fit into the accepted itinerary of Don Quixote. According to the road and the rate they have been travelling since leaving the inn of Juan Palomeque, the Knight and the squire should be now a little east of Ciudad Real, near the site of the small town of Almagro, which is some fifty miles away from the *Lagunas de Guadiana*.

[2] *Como por modo de fisga*: *fisga*, formed by *onomatopœia* from the sound made by the mouth when pursed up in derision, says Covarrubias.

Don Quixote, seeing that Sancho was mocking him, was so vexed and enraged that he raised his lance and dealt him two blows such as, if instead of receiving them on his shoulders he had caught them on his head, would have freed his master from paying him his wages, unless it were to his heirs. Sancho, finding that he got such ill earnest for his jest, in fear that his master would carry it farther, said to him with much humbleness:—Good, your worship, calm yourself; I did but jest.

—But because you jest,[1] I do not, replied Don Quixote. Come hither, sir merryman: think ye that if instead of these being fulling-hammers they had been some perilous adventure else, I should not have shown the courage necessary to its undertaking and achievement? Am I, perchance, bound, being as I am a Knight, to know and to distinguish sounds, and to tell whether they are of fulling-mills or not?—especially since it might be, as in truth it is, that never in my life have I seen them as you have seen them, base churl as you are, born and bred among them. Nay, procure ye that these six hammers be turned into six giants, and throw them at my beard, one by one or all together, and, if I do not have them all heels up, mock me as much as you please.

—No more, good master, replied Sancho, for I confess I went too far with my laughing; but tell me, your worship, now we are at peace, as God shall bring you out of all the adventures which may befall you as whole and sound as you have been brought out of this, has it not been a thing to laugh at and to tell, the great fright we have had?—at least which I had, for, as to your worship, I trow that you know not nor comprehend what fear or fright is.

—I do not deny, answered Don Quixote, that what has happened to us is a thing worth laughing at, but it is not

[1] Don Quixote here uses the second person plural, to give greater emphasis to his contempt and anger.

worth telling, for not all persons are knowing enough to give things the right point.

—Your worship, at any rate, replied Sancho, knew how to give point to your lance, pointing it at me at my head and hitting me on the shoulders, thanks be to God and to the agility I used in stepping aside; but, go to, it will all come out in the bucking;[1] as I have heard say, he likes thee well who makes thee cry,[2] and, besides, great lords are wont, after an ill word to a servant, to give him a pair of breeches—though I know not what they are wont to bestow after giving him blows, if so be that Knights Errant after blows give not Isles or Kingdoms on the main.

—The die may so fall, said Don Quixote, as that all thou suggest may come to be true: overlook what has passed, since thou art sensible enough to know that a man's first motions are not under his control. And take heed from henceforth of one thing, in order that thou mayst restrain thyself and repress thy too much licence of speech with me, for never in the many books of chivalries which I have read, which are infinite, have I found any squire speak so much with his lord as thou with thine; and, in truth, I hold it for a great fault in thee and in me,—in thee, that thou respectest me so little,—in me, in not making myself to be more respected. There was Gandalin, squire of Amadis of Gaul, was Count of the Firm Isle,[3] and we read of him that he always spoke to his lord cap in hand, with his head bowed and his body bent, in Turkish fashion. Then what shall

[1] *Todo saldrá en la colada*—a proverbial idiom, more than once used by Sancho.

[2] *Ese te quiere bien que te hace llorar*—a proverb.

[3] Gandalin was the son of a Breton knight, and a foster-brother of Amadis, to whom he afterwards became squire. Amadis married him to the princess of Denmark. The *Insula Firme*, which appears a contradiction in terms, was a peninsula of very moderate dimensions, being only seven leagues long and five wide, united to Brittany by a narrow neck of land. The passage in which Amadis bestows on his faithful squire and constant companion the *Insula Firm.* is one of genuine pathos and high chivalric sentiment (*Amadis*, bk. ii. ch. ii.).

we say of Gasabal, squire of Don Galaor, who was so reserved that to indicate his surpassing and marvellous taciturnity, only once is his name named in all that history,[1] so grand and truthful. From all that I have said, Sancho, thou hast to infer that it is necessary to make a distinction between master and man, between lord and servant, and between knight and squire. So from this day henceforward we must proceed with more respect, without giving ourselves rope, for in whatever wise I may be angered with you, it will go ill with the pitcher.[2] The favours and benefits I have promised you will come in their time, and, should they not come, the wages at least will not be lost, as I have told you already.

—It is well, all that your worship speaks, said Sancho; but I would fain know, in case the time of the favours did not come, and it was necessary to fall back upon wages, how much was it that the squire of a Knight Errant made in those times, and if they settled by the month, or by the day like bricklayer's hands?

—I do not believe, replied Don Quixote, that ever such squires were on wages, only on favour; and if now I have assigned wages to thee in the sealed testament which I left at home, it was in order to provide against what might happen, for I know not yet how chivalry may turn out in these disastrous times of ours, and I care not that my soul should suffer for trifles in the other world, for I would have thee know, Sancho, that in this there is no state more perilous than that of the adventurers.

—That is true, said Sancho; since the mere sound of

[1] A fact vouched for by the faithful and indefatigable Bowle,—a proof no less of the English commentator's industry than of Cervantes' marvellous knowledge and love of the books of chivalries.

[2] *Mal para el cántaro*,—alluding to the proverb, *si el piedra dá en el cántaro, mal para el cántaro; si el cántaro dá en la piedra, mal para el cántaro*;—whether the pitcher strikes on the stone, or the stone on the pitcher, it is bad for the pitcher.

the hammers of a fulling-mill could trouble and disquiet the heart of so valorous an Errant adventurer like your worship ; but you may rest well assured that from this henceforth I shall not loosen my lips to make a jest of your worship's doings, but only to honour you, as my master and natural lord.

—By so doing, replied Don Quixote, shalt thou live long upon the face of the earth, for, after parents, should masters be honoured like unto them.

CHAPTER XXI

Which treats of the lofty adventure and the rich winning of Mambrino's helmet, with other things which happened to our invincible Knight

MEANWHILE it began to rain a little, and Sancho wanted them to go into the fulling-mills, but Don Quixote had conceived such an abhorrence of them on account of the late joke that he would on no account enter them, and so, turning to the road on his right hand, they came upon another like that which they had taken the day before. A little space onward Don Quixote descried a man mounted, who wore on his head something that glittered as if it were of gold, and scarce had he seen him, when he turned to Sancho, and exclaimed:

—Methinks, Sancho, that there is no proverb which is not true, for all are maxims gathered from experience, itself the mother of all the sciences, especially that which says, *where one door shuts another opens.*[1] This I say, because if fortune last night shut against us the door of that which we sought, befooling us with the fulling-mills, now does it open wide to us another far better and more certain adventure, by which, if I make not good my entry, the fault will be mine, without my being able to impute it to my scant knowledge of fulling-mills or to the darkness of the night. I say this because, if I am not deceived, there is coming towards us

[1] *Donde una puerta se cierra otra se abre*—a proverb.

one who bears on his head the helmet of Mambrino,[1] over which I made the vow thou knowest of.[2]

—Mind well what you say and better what you do, said Sancho, for I would not there were other fulling-mills to full us off and hammer us out of our senses.

—The devil take thee, fellow, cried Don Quixote; what has a helmet to do with fulling-mills?

—I don't know, answered Sancho; but, faith, if I might speak as I used to, perhaps I could give such reasons that your worship would see that you are mistaken in what you say.

—How can I be mistaken, scrupulous traitor, in what I say, cried Don Quixote; tell me, seest not yon Knight who comes towards us mounted upon a dappled grey steed, who bears upon his head a helm of gold?

—What I see and make out, replied Sancho, is naught but a man upon a grey ass like mine, who carries on his head a thing which shines.

—Well, that is the helmet of Mambrino, said Don Quixote; withdraw aside and leave me alone with him; thou shalt see how, without speaking a word, and in order to save the time, I conclude this adventure, and the helmet which I have so coveted becomes mine.

—The withdrawing I will take care to do, replied Sancho; but God grant, I say again, it prove sweet marjoram and no milling.[3]

[1] Mambrino's helmet, an enchanted head-piece which figures largely in the *Orlando Furioso* and *Innamorato*. Originally forged for the Saracen King Mambrino, it was won from him in battle by Rinaldo of Montalvan, whom it served in his combats with Gradaso, with Orlando, and with Dardinel. From him it seems to have passed into the hands of Ogier the Dane, whom Ariosto describes as wearing it in the train of Charlemagne (*Orlando Furioso*, canto xxxviii. st. 79).

[2] In ch. xii.

[3] *Que orégano sea y no batanes.* Sancho is alluding to the old proverb—*á Dios plega que orégano sea y no se nos vuelva alcarabea,*—"please God it be marjoram, and not turn carraway upon us,"—denoting anxiety lest something should turn out other than what was expected. Shelton, mistaking the meaning of *orégano*, makes Sancho say: "I pray that it be a purchase of gold and not

—I have told you already, brother,[1] not to remind me any more, even by a thought, of the matter of the fulling-mills, said Don Quixote; for I swear—I say no more—I will full that soul of you!

Sancho held his peace for fear that his master would carry out the vow he flung at him so roundly.[2]

Now, the truth of the matter as to the helmet, the horse, and the Knight that Don Quixote saw was this. There were in that neighbourhood two villages, one so small that it possessed neither apothecary's shop nor barber, which the other, close to it, had; and so the barber of the larger village did duty for the smaller, in which was a sick man who required to be blooded, and another who wanted shaving; on which account the barber was coming, bringing with him a brass bason; and it chanced that, at the time he was travelling, it commenced to rain, and, not to spoil his hat which was a new one, he clapt upon his head the bason, which, being a clean one, shone half a league off. He rode upon a grey ass, as Sancho said, and this was how to Don Quixote there appeared the dapple-grey steed, and the Knight, and the helmet of gold, for all things that he saw he made to fall in very easily with his wild chivalries and his vagabond fancies. And, when he perceived that luckless horseman draw near, without stopping to parley with him he ran at him with his lance couched at Rozinante's full gallop, with intent to pierce him through and through; and as he came up to him, without abating the fury of his career, he cried out:

—Defend thyself, vile caitiff creature,[3] or render me

fulling-mills." Smollett is still more absurd, making it "a melon rather than a milling." Jarvis, as usual when he does not understand his text, passes it by, as Motteux did before him.

[1] Don Quixote once more resumes the second person plural of superiority, substituting *os* for *tu*.

[2] *Echado redondo como una bola*—lit. "flung at him round as a ball."

[3] *Cautiva criatura*,—*cautivo*, or *cativo*, was the usual form of address in the romances from a Knight to his foe at the first meeting.

up of thine own will that which by all right is my due!

The barber, who saw that apparition bearing down upon him, without thought or apprehension of any such thing, had no other way to save himself from the thrust of the lance than to let himself fall off his ass, and no sooner had he touched the ground than he rose more nimbly than a deer, and began to race across the plain faster than the wind. The bason he left upon the ground, with which Don Quixote was well content, remarking that the Paynim had done wisely, and that he had imitated the beaver who, when he finds himself hard pressed by the hunters, tears and cuts off with his teeth that for which he knows by natural instinct he is chased.[1] He bade Sancho pick up the helmet, who, taking it in his hands, said:

—In sooth the bason is a good one, and worth a *real* of eight[2] if it is worth a *maravedi.*

He gave it to his master, who placed it upon his head, turning it about from side to side in search of the vizor, and, not finding it, he said:—Doubtless, the Paynim to whose measure this famous head-piece was first forged must

[1] A similar remark was made by Mandricardo when he accounts to the King of Tartary for the possession of Orlando's sword Durindana.

> E dicea ch' imitato avea il castore,
> Il qual si strappa i genitali sui,
> Vedendosi alle spalle il cacciatore,
> Che sa che non ricerca altro da lui.
> —*Orlando Furioso*, canto xxvii. st. 57.

Compare Juvenal, *Sat.* 13:

> —Imitatus castora qui se
> Eunuchum ipse facit, cupiens evadere damno
> Testiculorum.

Pliny, in his *Natural History*, refers to this habit of the beaver, which was believed in till quite a late period.

[2] *Real de á ocho*—a silver coin, said by Covarrubias to be equal to eight common *reals* of silver,—therefore equal to two *pesetas*, or one and eightpence of English money.

have had a very large head, and the worst of it is that half of it is wanting.

When Sancho heard him call the bason a head-piece, he could not contain his laughter, but, bethinking him of his master's wrath, he checked himself in the midst of it.

—What dost thou laugh at? asked Don Quixote.

—I am laughing, replied he, for thinking of the big head the Paynim owner of this helmet must have had, for it looks for all the world like nothing but a perfect barber's bason.

—Knowest thou what I suspect, Sancho? That this famous piece of the enchanted helmet must by some strange accident have come into the hands of one who did not know or esteem its worth, and who, ignorant of what he did, seeing it to be of pure gold, must have melted down the other half of it to profit by its worth, and of this half he has made what looks to thee like a barber's bason, as thou sayest. But, be that as it may, to me who recognise it, its transmutation makes no matter, for I will have it rectified in the first village where there is a smith, and in such wise that it shall not be surpassed or even approached by that which was made and forged by the god of smithies for the god of battles.[1] And, in the meantime, I will wear it as I can, for something is better than nothing;[2] all the more as it will well suffice to protect me against any blow from a stone.

—That is, said Sancho, if they do not shoot from a sling, as they shot in the battle of the two armies when they marked your worship's grinders with the sign of the cross,[3] and broke the cruse which held that blessed draught which made me vomit up my entrails.

—The loss of it gave me no great pain, said Don Quixote, for, as thou knowest, Sancho, I have the receipt in my memory.

[1] Referring to the arms made by Vulcan for Mars.

[2] *Mas vale algo que nada*—a proverb.

[3] *Cuando le santiguáron*, etc. *Santiguar* is to bless by making the sign of the cross.

—So have I too, responded Sancho; but if ever I make it or try it again as long as I live, let this be my last hour; more by token that I don't intend to put myself in any case of needing it, for I mean to keep myself, with all my five senses, from being wounded or wounding anybody. As to being again blanketed, I say nothing, for such-like mishaps are hard to prevent, and, if they come, there is nothing for it but to tuck in the shoulders, hold the breath, shut the eyes, and let yourself go where fortune and the blanket may send you.

—Thou art a bad Christian, Sancho, said Don Quixote, hearing him say this, for thou wilt never forget the injury once done to thee; know that it is the part of noble and generous souls to make no account of trifles. What foot did you bring out of it lamed? What rib fractured? What head broken, that thou canst not yet forget that joke? For, the matter being well sifted, a joke and a pastime it was, and, had I not taken it so, I would have returned there and have done more damage in avenging thee than the Greeks did for the rape of Helen, who, had she been of this age, or my Dulcinea of that, would assuredly not have attained so great a fame for beauty as she has.—And here he breathed a sigh and sent it to the clouds.

Said Sancho:—Let it pass as a jest, since the vengeance cannot go for earnest; but it is I who know the quality of the earnest and the jest, and I know, too, that they will not slip from my memory as they will never out of my shoulders. But leaving this aside, tell me, your worship, what we are to do with this dapple-grey steed which looks so like a grey ass which that Martino, whom your worship overthrew, has left here to shift for itself, for, by the way he took to his heels and gave leg-bail,[1] he is not likely ever to come back for it, and by my beard but the dapple is a good one.

[1] *Puso los piés en polvorosa y cogió las de Villadiego*—two vulgar periphrases for running away. For the first, see note to the prefatory verses, p. 24. *Coger* (or

—I am never accustomed, said Don Quixote, to despoil those whom I vanquish, nor is it the custom in chivalry to take their horses and leave them to go a-foot,[1] unless it should happen that the victor lose his own in the fight, in which case it is lawful to take that of the vanquished as won in fair war. So, Sancho, leave that horse, or ass, or whatever thou wilt have it to be, for when its owner sees us gone away from here he will return for it.

—God knows I should like to take it, replied Sancho, or at least to swap it for this of mine, which seems to me not so good. Truly but the laws of chivalry are strict, since they are not to be stretched into letting one ass be swapped for another, and I would I knew if I might swap the trappings, however.

—As to that I am not very certain, answered Don Quixote; and in a case of doubt, until I am better informed, I should say that thou mightest change them, if thy need of them be extreme.

—So extreme is it, replied Sancho, that were they for my own person I could not need them more.—And then, being invested with this licence, he made *mutatio capparum*[2] and

poner) *las* (*calzas*) *de Villadiego* is an idiomatic saying of unknown origin. The presumption is that Villadiego was somebody who fled in a hurry carrying his *calzas* (hose or breeches) with him, without being able to put them on. Quevedo, in his *Visita de los Chistes*, has a pleasant colloquy between Vargas (also the subject of a dark saying: *averigüelo Vargas*, let Vargas find it out) and Villadiego, in which the latter remarks: Sir, since you can find out anything, do me the favour of finding out what were Villadiego's breeches, which they all take, etc.

[1] Don Quixote's speech, as Clemencin observes, is hardly consistent with his conduct, he having just despoiled the barber of his bason; nor is he accurate in regard to the usage of chivalry. It was a frequent practice, as it was the right, of the Knights to despoil those whom they had vanquished. In a tournament, the horse and armour of the Knight overthrown were the recognised perquisites of his conqueror.

[2] *Mutatio capparum*,—exchange of hoods,—a yearly ceremony in the Romish Church, when the Cardinals and Prelates of the *Curia* exchanged their capes and cloaks of fur for those of silk. The ceremony, with which Cervantes, who had been a page in the service of Cardinal Acquaviva at Rome, must have been

decked out his ass with a thousand fineries, leaving him vastly bettered.[1] This done, they broke their fast upon what was left of the commissariat which they had despoiled from the sumpter-mule. They drank of the water of the stream which ran by the fulling-mills, without turning their faces to look at them, such was the loathing in which they held them for the fright they had caused; and, their wrath and even their gloom removed, they mounted, and without taking any fixed road (not to fix upon one being peculiar to Knights Errant), they set off to journey whither Rozinante's will pleased, which guided his master's, nay, the ass's, for the ass always followed him wherever he led, in good love and fellowship; returning withal into the high road and pursuing it at random without any definite purpose.

As they went along thus Sancho said to his master:—Sir, would your worship give me leave to talk with you a little? For since you laid that hard command of silence on me several things have rotted in my stomach, and there's one I have now on the tip of my tongue I don't wish to have spoilt.

—Speak it, said Don Quixote, and be brief in thy discourse, for none is pleasant if it be long.

—I say then, Sir, replied Sancho, that for some days past till now I have been considering how little is got and gained by going about seeking for adventure such as your worship seeks by these wilds and cross-ways where, let the most

familiar, anciently took place at Easter. It was then put off by Pope Urban V. to Pentecost, on account of the later spring at Avignon. Pope Leo X. restored the ancient practice. Cervantes' irreverence in this passage has not passed without comment, but it is strange that his critics will not see that this is his usual habit in speaking of ecclesiastics.

[1] *Mejorado en tercio y quinto*—a phrase taken from the testamentary law of Spain. If a father left legitimate sons or male heirs he had a right, by the Spanish law, to dispose of a fifth part of his estate at his pleasure, the rest being divided equally. But he was also entitled to give one-third of the whole to any of his heirs he might prefer. Thus, *mejorar en tercio y quinto*—literally, to better in a third and a fifth—came to be a common phrase, to better to the utmost.

perilous ones be won and achieved, there is no one to see us or to know of them, and so they have to remain in eternal silence, and to the harm of your worship's object and of what they deserve. And therefore methinks it would be better, saving your worship's better judgment, that we should go to serve some Emperor or other great Prince who has a war upon his hands, in whose service you might display the worth of your person, your mighty strength and greater understanding; which being perceived by the lord whom we shall serve, he must perforce reward us, each according to his deserts; and there will not be lacking some one to put down in writing your worship's deeds for everlasting remembrance. Of my own I say nothing, for they must not go beyond squirely limits, although I can say that if it is the usage of chivalry to write of the deeds of squires, I think mine will not be left out.

—Thou speakest not amiss, Sancho, responded Don Quixote; but before that term is reached it is necessary to roam the world, as though on probation, in quest of adventures, in order that by achieving some we may acquire name and fame such that when we shall go to the court of some great Monarch, the Knight may be already known by his deeds; and that the boys, the moment they see him enter by the city gate, may all follow and surround him, crying out, saying:—This is the Knight of the Sun, or of the Serpent, or of some other device under which he may have performed great deeds. This is he, they will say, who vanquished in single combat the great giant Brocabruno of mighty strength, he that disenchanted the great Mameluke of Persia out of the long enchantment in which he had been held for nearly nine hundred years. Thus they will go proclaiming his exploits from hand to hand, and anon at the clamour of the boys and the other people there will present himself at the windows of the Royal palace the King of that kingdom; and as soon as he shall see the

Knight, recognising him by his armour or by the device on his shield, he will fain exclaim :—What ho ! let my Knights go forth as many as are of my court to receive the flower of chivalry who cometh yonder.—At whose command they will all sally out, and the King himself will advance half-way down the stairs, and will embrace him very closely and give him welcome, kissing him on the face,[1] and then he will lead him by the hand to the chamber of his lady Queen, where the Knight will find her with the Princess her daughter, who should be one of the loveliest and most accomplished damsels to be found anywhere with the utmost pains through the greatest part of what is discovered of the earth. After this, it will happen incontinently that she will bend her eyes on the Knight and he on hers, and each will appear to the other something more divine than human; and, without knowing how or why, they will be imprisoned and entangled in the inextricable net of love, and with great anguish in their hearts through not knowing how they should speak in order to discover their pains and feelings. Thence they will conduct him, no doubt, to some chamber in the palace richly bedight, where, having removed his armour, they will bring him a rich mantle of scarlet where-with to cover him; and if in his armour he had a goodly aspect, as well and goodlier will he appear in doublet. The night being come, he will sup with the King, Queen, and Princess, when he will never take his eyes off her, gazing at her undetected of the bystanders, and she will do the like, with the same circumspection, for, as I have said, she is a damsel most discreet. The tables being removed, there will enter of a sudden by the hall door an ill-favoured little dwarf with a beauteous lady, who comes at the dwarf's back between two giants, with a certain adventure contrived by a very ancient sage, to the end that he who achieves it may

[1] Literally, "will give him peace, kissing him on the face." *Dar paz en el rostro* is an old phrase, very frequent in the books of chivalries, and in others.

be accounted the best Knight in the world. The King will then command all those present to essay it, and none shall give it issue and conclusion save the stranger Knight, to the great enhancement of his fame, whereat the Princess will be overjoyed, and will regard herself happy and eke well requited for having placed and settled her fancies in a quarter so high. And the best of it is that this King, or Prince, or whatever he is, has a very obstinate war on with another as powerful as he, and the stranger Knight, at the end of some days spent in his court, will request leave to go and serve him in the said war. The King will grant it with great good will, and the Knight will courteously kiss his hands for the boon bestowed; and that same night he will take leave of his lady the Princess by the railing of a garden into which her sleeping chamber gives, through which he has already many times held her in converse, the go-between and confidante in all being a damsel much trusted by the Princess. He will sigh; she will swoon; the damsel will fetch water, will be greatly concerned because of the coming of day, and will not have them discovered for the honour of her mistress. Finally the Princess will come to herself, and will give her lily-white hands through the grating to the Knight, who will kiss them a thousand and a thousand times, and bathe them with his tears. The method by which they are to acquaint each other of their good or evil fortunes will be concerted between them, and the Princess will entreat him to stay away as little time as he can; he will promise her with many vows; again he will kiss her hands, and will take his leave in such grief that it will go near ending his life. Thence he betakes him to his chamber; flings himself on his couch; is unable to sleep for sorrow at the parting; rises early in the morning; goes to take leave of the King, the Queen, and the Princess; they tell him, when he bids farewell to the pair, that the lady Princess is indisposed and cannot receive

a visit; the Knight believes it is from grief of his departure; he is pierced to the heart, and is near giving manifest token of his pain. The go-between damsel is present; has to note everything; goes to tell it to her mistress, who receives it with tears, and says that one of her greatest afflictions is not to know who her Knight may be, and whether he be of king's lineage or not; the damsel assures her that so much courtesy, gentleness, and valour as her Knight's could find no place but in a being Royal and illustrious; the anxious one is consoled thereby, and strives to be of good cheer, so as not to give her parents any untimely suspicion of her; and at the end of two days comes out in public. The Knight is already gone; he fights in the war; vanquishes the King's enemy; wins many cities; triumphs in many battles; returns to the court; sees his mistress where he was wont to do; it is agreed that he shall ask her of her father for wife in recompense of his services; the King is not willing to give her to him because he does not know who he is, but for all that, either through being carried off or in some manner whatever, the Princess comes to be his wife and her father to regard it as great good fortune, for it is discovered that the said Knight is son to a valiant King of I know not what Kingdom, for I think it should not be in the map. The father dies; the Princess inherits; in two words, the Knight becomes King.[1] Here comes in at once the bestowal of favours upon the squire, and upon all who helped the Knight in

[1] This speech of Don Quixote, a model of rapid, condensed narration, is the very essence and epitome of a romance of chivalry, such as those which turned Don Quixote's brain. For every single point and even phrase in it, there are examples and precedents in the books. Even the staid and stern Clemencin, most exacting of grammarians, waxes enthusiastic over Cervantes' vivid and picturesque periods, calling upon us especially to admire the art with which he passes from the future to the present, and from the present to the past, in the course of his narrative,—a natural and lawful device to heighten the force of the picture and give it colour and life.

mounting to so high an estate. He marries his squire to the Princess's damsel, who no doubt should be she who was go-between in their amours, and is daughter to a very exalted Duke.

—That's what I ask, and fair play and no favour,[1] said Sancho; I hold to that; for all to the letter will befall your worship, calling yourself *The Knight of the Rueful Feature.*

—Doubt it not, Sancho, replied Don Quixote; for by the very same mode, and by the very same steps I have described to thee, Knights Errant rise, and have risen, to be Kings and Emperors. All we want now is to look what King of the Christians or the Pagans is at war, and has a beautiful daughter; but there will be time enough to think of that, seeing, as I have told thee, we have first to acquire fame in other parts before repairing to the court. There is also another thing I lack, for, supposing a King to be found with a war and a beautiful daughter, and that I have acquired incredible fame through all the universe, I know not how it can be made out that I am of Royal lineage, or second cousin at least to an Emperor, for the King will not like to give me his daughter until he is quite assured of this, however much my famous deeds may deserve it, so that by this defect I apprehend I shall lose what my arm has well earned. True it is that I am a gentleman of a known house, of possessions and property, and entitled to five hundred *sueldos* reparation;[2] and it may be that the Sage

[1] *Eso pido y barras derechas.* Sancho, carried away by his master's eloquence, breaks out into a flood of idioms. *Barras derechas*—literally, "straight bars," or "barriers"—is a phrase borrowed from some game of the period, perhaps bowls. *Vogue la galére*, Viardot makes it, which is scarcely appropriate. It would be easy to clap on vulgarisms here, but hardly necessary to bring out Sancho's meaning or the humour of the situation.

[2] *De devengar quinientos sueldos.* According to the *Fuero Juzgo* (*Forum Judicum*), the old Visigothic code, which endured till the reign of Alfonso X.,—who embodied rather than superseded it in his *Siete Partidas*,—there was a regular scale according to which the lives of the various orders of the community were valued. For the offending any *Hidalgo*, in person, honour, or property, a

who shall write my history will so elucidate my parentage and descent as to prove me fifth or sixth in line from a King.[1] For I would have thee know, Sancho, that there are two kinds of lineages in the world; those which trace and derive their descent from Princes and Monarchs, which time hath little by little diminished, which have ended in a point like a pyramid; the others which take their source from low people, and go ascending from step to step till they arrive at being great lords; so that the difference is that the one were what now they are not, and the others are what they never were; and I might prove, after investigation, to be of those who had a great and famous origin, with which the King, my father-in-law who is to be, ought to be satisfied. And even if he is not, the Princess will love me to such a degree as that, in spite of her father, though she may know me plainly to be the son of a water-carrier,[2] she will receive me for her lord and husband; and, if not, here comes in the carrying of her off and taking her where I please, for time or death must end the displeasure of her parents.[3]

—There comes in here, too, said Sancho, what certain scapegraces say:—Never ask as a favour what you can take by force;—though it were more pat to say:—A leap o'er

penalty of 500 *sueldos* (*solidi*) was imposed; for the same to a person of lower grade a less sum, according to his condition. Thus *de devengar quinientos sueldos* came to be the denomination of a gentleman. A *sueldo*, meaning etymologically nothing but hard "cash," was a coin of which it is vain and needless to fix the precise value in our money.

[1] This is precisely what later genealogists have done with Cervantes himself, Navarrete giving us a genealogical tree of the family of Cervantes, of which the root springs from a *rico-home* of Castile in 988, and from several of the branches of which hang monarchs, such as Alfonso XI. and Ferdinand of Aragon.

[2] *Un azacan*—a word of Arabic origin, as was the trade. In a country like Spain, where water is precious, the *azacan*, who, in the seventeenth century, was chiefly a French Provençal, returned home sometimes, says Covarrubias, with much wealth.

[3] Don Quixote, in the height of his frenzy, forgets even Dulcinea,—carrying off Sancho also to forget his wife.

the hedge is better than good men's prayers;[1] I say so because if my lord the King, your worship's father-in-law, will not come down to hand my lady Princess over to you, there is nothing for it but, as your worship says, to carry her off and hide her. But the mischief is that, until you have made peace and are enjoying your kingdom comfortably, the poor squire may go whistle[2] for the matter of rewards, unless the damsel go-between, who has to be his wife, runs away along with her mistress and with her tides over his bad luck until Heaven ordains otherwise, for his master, I suppose, would be able to give her to him at once as his lawful wife.

—There is no one can prevent that, said Don Quixote.

—Then, since it may be so, answered Sancho, there is nothing for it but to commend ourselves to God, and let fortune run what road it will.

—God send it according to my desire and thy wants, Sancho, said Don Quixote; and mean be he who bears him meanly.[3]

—Let him, in God's name, answered Sancho; for I am an old Christian, and that's good enough for a Count.

—And more than enough for thee, said Don Quixote; and, wert thou not one, it would be no matter, for I, being

[1] These are two proverbs, the second of which, *mas vale salto de mata que ruegos de buenos hombres*, though its meaning is simple enough, has been strangely twisted out of its sense by some English translators, misled by the belief that *mata* has something to do with *matar*, to kill. One even makes it "better is the assassin's leap," etc.; while another tells us that *mata* is "an old equivalent for *matanza*, 'slaughter.'" But *mata* is simply a hedge, or bush, and bears no relation to slaughter. Covarrubias derives it from the Hebrew *matagk*. The proverb is a very old one, clearly pointing to the time when roads were insecure and self-help the best protection. Fernando de Benavente, in his collection, thus turns it into Latin verse:—

> Tu pedibus confide tuis, precibusque negato
> Spem veniæ, tutum carpe salutis iter.

[2] *Se podrá estar á diente*—an idiom, literally "to be on tooth," to be without eating; hence, to be without what you long for.

[3] *Ruin sea que por ruin se tiene*—a proverb.

King, can easily give thee nobility without thy bringing or rendering me any service; and in making thee a Count, *presto!* thou art a gentleman, and let them say what they will, for by my faith they will have to call thee your Lordship, in their own despite.

—Trust me for that,[1] quoth Sancho; I will know how to support my pattern.[2]

—*Patent* thou must say, not pattern, said his master.

—So be it, replied Sancho; I say I should know how to demean myself, for on my life I was once on a time beadle of a brotherhood,[3] and the beadle's gown became me so well that every one said I had a presence might do for a warden of the same brotherhood. What will it be, then, when I put a Duke's robe on my back, or be clothed in gold and pearls like the fashion of a foreign Count?[4] I'll be bound they'll come a hundred leagues to see me.

—Thou wilt look well, said Don Quixote; but thou wilt need to shave thy beard often, for thou hast it so thick, matted, and unkempt, that unless thou usest a razor every two days at least they will see what thou art a gunshot off.

—What more is to do, said Sancho, but to take a barber, and keep him on wages in the house? And, if more is needed, I will make him follow behind me like a grandee's groom.

[1] *Montas;* which the dictionaries say is a low expression, meaning *et quidem*.

[2] Sancho, blundering over the unfamiliar word, says *litado* instead of *dictado*, "dignity, title." It is impossible, of course, to preserve the blunder literally. Shelton repeats the original word: "Think you that I would not authorise my Litado?"

[3] *Muñidor de una cofradia.* A *cofradia* means, generally, a religious confraternity, bound together by a common allegiance to some particular tutelary saint. The *muñidor* (monitor) was the official who had to advise the brethren of the meetings and functions.

[4] An allusion to the extravagant costumes of the foreign noblemen at the capital, whose gay colours and rich bedizenment were in strong contrast with the simple black which was the fashion of the Spanish Court.

—But how dost thou know that grandees carry their grooms behind them? asked Don Quixote.

—I will tell you, answered Sancho; some years ago I was a month in the Court,[1] and I saw there taking a walk a very little lord who, they said, was a great grandee,[2] and a man followed him on horseback, turning everywhere as he turned, just as if he were his tail. I asked why that man did not ride close to the other, but always went behind him; they answered me that it was his groom, and that it was the fashion for grandees to carry such behind them; ever since then I know it so well, for I have never forgotten it.

—I confess thou art right, said Don Quixote, and so mayst thou carry thy barber, for fashions came not all together, nor were invented at once, and thou mayst be the first Count to carry a barber behind him; and, indeed, the dressing of a beard is a greater trust than the saddling of a horse.

—Leave the matter of the barber to my charge, said Sancho, and to your worship's be left the attempting to be a King and the making of me a Count.

—So it shall be, replied Don Quixote.—And, raising his eyes, he saw what will be told in the next chapter.

[1] *En la Corte*,—meaning Madrid, "the only Court," as Spaniards fondly term it, which was made the capital of Spain by Philip II. in 1560. This is the only mention of Sancho's visit to the capital, of which unlikely event Clemencin thinks he would have spoken more had it really occurred.

[2] One of the very few direct personal allusions in *Don Quixote*. This "little lord" must have been, Pellicer believes, Don Pedro Giron, Duke of Osuna, a man famous in the history of that period, who was Viceroy of Naples and filled a large space in Spanish affairs. An Italian historian says that he had "nothing of the little about him but his stature." The father of this hero, Don Juan Tellez Giron, Conde de Ureña, it is interesting to know, appointed Juan de Cervantes, the grandfather of our author, to the post of *corregidor* of the town of Osuna.

CHAPTER XXII

Of the liberty which Don Quixote gave to several unfortunates who, much against their will, were being carried to where they had no wish to go

CID HAMET BENENGELI, the Arabian and Manchegan[1] author, relates in this most grave, high-sounding, minute, sweet, and conceited history that, after that colloquy had passed between the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha and Sancho Panza, his squire, which is reported at the end of the Twenty-First chapter, Don Quixote lifted up his eyes and saw coming along the road he was taking some dozen men on foot, strung together on a great iron chain like beads, by the neck, and all with manacles on their hands. There came also with them two men on horseback and two on foot, those on horseback with firelocks,[2] and those on foot with swords and javelins; and as soon as Sancho saw them, he cried :—

[1] This is the only passage which gives Cid Hamet's nationality as Manchegan, which must have lent an additional bitterness in the eyes of the people of La Mancha to such satire as there is in *Don Quixote*, for it is mentioned that the Moriscoes, as will be shown more fully hereafter, were very numerous in the district in which the scene of these adventures is laid.

[2] *Escopetas de rueda.* These were firelocks, in which the powder in the pan was ignited by means of a small wheel by which the flint was struck. They succeeded the matchlocks (*arcabuz*), which were in use by the Spanish infantry in the wars of Charles V. The *escopeta* proper, or simple flintlock, in which the cumbrous machinery of the wheel was discarded, then followed,—the simple invention being applied only to pistols in Cervantes' time.

This is a chain of galley-slaves, people forced[1] by the King, who are going to the galleys.

—How! people forced? asked Don Quixote; is it possible that the King should enforce any one?

—I say not that, answered Sancho; but they are people who are condemned for their offences to serve the King in the galleys perforce.

—In fact, replied Don Quixote, be it how it may, these people, since they are being taken, go by force and not of their own will.

—That is so, said Sancho.

—In that case, then, said his master, here comes in the exercise of my office, to redress outrages and to succour and aid the afflicted.

—Let your worship reflect, said Sancho, that justice, which is the King's self, does no violence or wrong to such people, only it chastises them in punishment of their crimes.

Here the galley-slave chain came up, and Don Quixote, in very courteous terms, besought those who were in charge of them to be good enough to inform and tell him the cause or causes wherefore they were conveying those people in that manner. One of the guards on horseback answered that they were galley-slaves,—people belonging to his Majesty,—who were going to the galleys, and that there was no more to say nor for him any more to know.

—Nevertheless, replied Don Quixote, I would know from each of them singly the cause of his misfortune.—To these he added other words, and so courteous, to induce them to tell him what he wanted to know, that the other mounted guard said to him:—Although we bear with us the register and the warrant of the sentence of each of these unfortunates, this is no time to take them out and read them. Your worship may come and ask it of themselves, for they may

[1] *Gente forzada*, as all galley-slaves were called. The French have an exact equivalent in *forçats*. Don Quixote takes the phrase in its primitive meaning.

tell it if they please, and they will, for they are gentry who take a pleasure in acting and in telling their rascalities.

With this licence, which Don Quixote would have taken for himself had they not given it, he went up to the chain and enquired of the first one for what sins he went in such ill guise. He answered, that it was for being in love.

—For that and naught else? cried Don Quixote; but if for being in love people are sent to the galleys, I should have been pulling an oar there long ago.

—The love is not of the sort that your worship imagines, said the galley-slave; mine was that I loved over-much a buck-basket stuffed with white linen, which I embraced so tightly that if the law had not taken it from me by violence, I would not, of my own free will, have forsaken it till now. I was taken in the act;[1] there was no need for the question; the cause was concluded; they fitted my back with a hundred, and three years of *gurapas*[2] to boot, and the job was done.

—What are *gurapas?* asked Don Quixote.

—*Gurapas* are galleys, answered the galley-slave, who was a young fellow of about twenty-four years of age, and a native, he said, of Piedrahita.[3]

Don Quixote put the like question to the second, who answered not a word, he was so downcast and melancholy. But the first answered for him, and said:—He, Sir, goes for a canary-bird,—I mean for a musician and singer.[4]

—How then, replied Don Quixote; do men also go to the galleys for being musicians and singers?

[1] *Fué en fragrante, i.e., in flagrante delicto.*

[2] *Tres años de gurapas.* The first edition of 1605 had *tres precios*; the second, *tres precisos*,—corrected by Cervantes, in 1608, as above. *Gurapa* is a word from the vocabulary of *Germania.*

[3] *Piedrahita*, a small town of Old Castile, on the road between Salamanca and Madrid, where, in the last century, was a noble palace of the Alvas.

[4] *Canario*, in *Germania*, is one who sings out—*i.e.* confesses, under torture. To "chaunt" is English thieves' slang in like case.

—Yes, Sir, replied the galley-slave; for there is nothing worse than singing in the anguish.

—I have heard say, rather, said Don Quixote, that he who sings frightens away sorrow.[1]

—Here it is just the contrary, said the galley-slave; for he who sings once weeps all his life.

—I do not understand it, said Don Quixote. But one of the guards said to him:—Sir Knight, among these ungodly people to sing in the anguish means to confess under torture. They put this sinner to the torture, and he confessed his offence, which was that he was a *cuatrero*, that is, a cattle-lifter; and on his confession they condemned him to the galleys for six years, besides two hundred lashes which he takes on his back, and he goes ever downcast and sad because the rest of the thieves who remain behind and they who march with us maltreat, abuse, flout, and despise him, for the reason that he confessed and had not spirit enough to say nay; for, as they say, a *nay* has as many letters as an *aye*,[2] and that it is luck enough for a criminal, when his life or death stands on his own tongue and not in that of witnesses or proofs; and, for my part, I think they are not far out.

—And so think I, said Don Quixote; then, passing on to the third, he put to him the same question as to the others, and the man replied very readily and coolly, saying:

—I go for five years to their ladyships the *gurapas* for being short of ten ducats.

—I will give twenty with all my heart, said Don Quixote, to free you from this trouble.

—That looks to me, responded the galley-slave, like one who has money in the midst of the sea and is dying of hunger, without any where to buy what he needs. I say so, because if I had possessed those twenty ducats which your

[1] *Quien canta sus males espanta*—a proverb.

[2] So the gipsy in Cervantes' novel of *La Gitanilla* says—*del sí al no no hacemos diferencia*. The phrase occurs also in *Rinconete y Cortadillo*.

worship now offers me at the right time, I would have greased the notary's pen with them and quickened the advocate's wit, so that to-day you would see me in the middle of the Zocodover square at Toledo,[1] and not on this road leashed like a greyhound. But God is great: patience, and that's enough.

Don Quixote passed on to the fourth, who was a man of venerable aspect, with a white beard flowing down past his breast, who, on hearing himself asked of the cause of his being there, began to weep and answered not a word; but the fifth convict served him for tongue, and said:—This honourable man goes to the galleys for four years, having paraded the rounds[2] in state and on horseback.

—That is, as I take it, said Sancho, exposed to public shame.

—It is so, replied the galley-slave, and the offence for which they gave him this punishment is the having been an ear-broker, nay, a whole body-broker.[3] In short, I mean that this gentleman goes for a pander,[4] also for having some smack and touch of the sorcerer.[5]

[1] *Plaza de Zocodover*, "the square of Zocodover," is a pleonasm, common enough in the mouths of Spaniards, who ignorantly or wilfully mistake the meaning of the Arabic names of places, as *el puente de Alcántara*, which is "the bridge of the bridge"; *el rio Guadalquivir*, *el castillo de Alcalá*,—the names *Guadalquivir* and *Alcalá* including the terms river and castle. Zocodover, the chief square of the city of Toledo, is a corruption of the Arabic name, which is variously interpreted in Covarrubias as "great square" and "cattle-market."

[2] *Paseado las acostumbradas* (*calles*). Criminals used to be sentenced to be paraded on horseback through certain frequented streets, with a placard on the breast declaring their crime, before being whipped.

[3] *Corredor de oreja*, applied originally to those who do business on the Exchange; then, metaphorically, to those who pursue the trade of bawd or pander.

[4] *Alcahuete*, a word of Arabic origin, though the precise etymology is doubtful.

[5] *Puntas y collar de hechicero*—literally, "points and collar" of a sorcerer. The *puntas* were of lace or embroidery, decorating the ends of the long pendent collars then fashionable, called *valonas*. Thus, by metaphor, *puntas y collar* came to mean the fringes, adornments, decorative additions of any office. "A little smacke and entrance in witchcraft," Shelton has it.

—Had he not added that smack and touch,[1] said Don Quixote, as a pure pander only he did not deserve to be sent to row in the galleys, rather to command them and to be their general, for the office of pander is no ordinary one, but an office for persons of discretion, and one most necessary in the well-ordered commonwealth, and none should exercise it but people very well born; nay, there should be an overseer and examiner of such, as there are for other professions, with a certain number appointed and recognised, like brokers on the Exchange. And in this way many of the evils might be avoided which are caused through the office and profession getting into the hands of idiots and persons of small understanding, such as silly, worthless women, little pages, and buffoons, raw in years and of very little experience, who, on the most critical occasion, and when the management of an important affair is needed, let the morsels freeze between the finger and the mouth,[2] nor know which is their right hand. Fain would I go farther and give reasons why it is expedient to make election of those who should hold so necessary an office in the State, but this is no fit place to do so; some day I will speak of the matter to them that can provide a remedy.[3] Only this I say now, that the pain which has been caused me by the sight of these white hairs and this

[1] By a fine irony, as usual much misinterpreted, Cervantes makes out the trade of sorcerer to be more dangerous to the State than that of pimp.

[2] *Se les hielan las migas entre la boca y la mano*—a proverbial phrase, applied to those who are negligent or slow in their affairs.

[3] The full humour of this speech—which some translators have thought it necessary to explain is not serious but ironical—is lost on those who, like Coleridge, believe that Cervantes here "drops his mask and speaks for himself." The speech is admirably in character with Don Quixote, and, like all his speeches, reflects his reading. Cervantes never loses sight of the main purpose of his story, which is to ridicule the romances of chivalry. In no point are they more offensive to good morals than in the way they exalt the offices here referred to. The most distinguished personages in the later books of chivalries were not above engaging in the business; and in truth the high-born ladies of romance needed little of brokerage. Even the *Amadis*, the purest of the romances and the best, is here very lax.

venerable countenance in so much trouble for pandering, has been removed from me by his adding of sorcerer to his character, although I well know that there are no sorcerers in the world which are able to influence and constrain the will, as some simpletons believe; for our will is free, and there is no herb or charm which can compel it. That which certain silly women and certain roguish impostors are wont to do is to make mixtures and poisons with which they turn men mad, making out that they have power to excite love; it being, as I say, a thing impossible to force the will.

—That is so, said the old fellow, and in truth, Sir, I am not guilty in the matter of the sorcery; as to that of the pimping, I cannot deny it; but I never supposed I was doing any harm in that, for all my intention was that everybody should enjoy himself and live in peace and quiet, without quarrels or troubles. But this my excellent motive availed me nothing to save me from going whence I never hope to return, as my years are a burden on me, and an ailment in the urine which gives me not a moment's ease.—And here he fell to weeping again as before. And so great was the compassion which Sancho felt for him, that he took a *real* of four [1] out of his bosom and bestowed it upon him as alms.

Don Quixote passed on and enquired of another what was his offence, who replied with no less but rather more sprightliness than the last:—I am going here because I played the fool too far with two of my female cousins, and other two cousins which were none of mine. In short, I fooled with them all so much that the result of the joke was an increase of kindred so intricate that no calculation can make it clear. It was all proved against me; I had no interest; I had no money; I came near to having my wind-pipe choked; [2] they sentenced me to the galley for

[1] *Real de á cuatro*, meaning a piece of four *reals*, equal to tenpence.

[2] *Á pique de perder los tragaderos*, a picaresque periphrase for being nearly hanged.

repay you for it in heaven, and
point of beseeching God in our
life and health, that they may b
your fine presence deserves.

He that spake was in the garb
the warders said he was a great talk
Behind all these there came a ma
very good appearance, except that w
one eye into the other. He was b
from the rest, for he wore a chain t
wound round his whole body, and
one attached to the chain, the other
friend or *friend's foot*;[2] from which
reached to his waist, whereon were
which held his hands fast locked with
such a manner as that he could neit
his mouth nor lower his head to his h
asked why that man went with so ma
the others. The warder replied that i
more crimes to his charge than all the
that he was so daring and great a scound
took him in that fashion they were n
feared that he might give them the slip.

[1] *Gentil Latino*,—"a very good Latinist," says Shelt
once the sum of scholarship. *El sabe mas Latin que*
knowing than the devil." The word "Latin
English among the

—What crimes, then, can he have committed, said Don Quixote; if they have not merited a heavier penalty than to be sent to the galleys?

—He goes for ten years, replied the warder, which is like civil death; you need learn no more than that this good fellow is the famous Ginés de Pasamonte,[1] otherwise called Ginesillo de Parapilla.

—Fair and softly, Master Commissary, said the galley-slave at this, and let us not go splitting of names and surnames now. I am Ginés and not Ginesillo, and Pasamonte is my family name, not Parapilla, as you say, and let every one turn about and look at home, and he will be doing not a little.

—Speak less impudently, sir thief beyond measure, replied the commissary, unless you would have me silence you to your grief.

—It may be seen, retorted the galley-slave, that man goes as God pleases, but some day somebody shall know whether my name is Ginesillo de Parapilla or not.

—Do they not call thee so, then, rascal? said the warder.

—Yes, they do, answered Ginés; but I will take care that they don't call me so, or I will pluck them[2]—but no matter where. Sir Knight, if you have anything to give us, give it to us now and be gone in God's name, for you weary me, by wanting to know so much of other men's lives; and if you want to know about mine, know that I am Ginés de Pasamonte, whose Life these fingers have written.

[1] *Pasamonte* is the name of a giant in Pulci's burlesque poem, a brother to Morgante, who was slain by Orlando. It is a synonym also of *Perceforest*, one of the heroes of the Round Table. Clemencin mentions the fact that among the principal inhabitants of the town of Tembleque in La Mancha, in 1575, was one Alonso Sanchez de Pasamonte, and conjectures that possibly there may be here some personal allusion of which the point is lost.

[2] An aposiopesis. It is the warder's beard that Ginés threatens to pluck, swallowing his threat, however, before he has concluded, *entre los dientes*.

—He says true, cried the commissary; for he himself has written his story, which leaves nothing to be desired, and has left the book in prison pledged for two hundred *reals*.

—Aye, and I intend to redeem it, said Ginés, had I left it for two hundred ducats.

—Is it so good, then? asked Don Quixote.

—'Tis so good, replied Ginés, that the deuce take *Lazarillo de Tormes*[1] and all the others of that kidney, which have been or may be written. What I may tell you is that it deals with truths, and truths so pretty and pleasant that no lies can come up to them.

—And how is the book entitled? asked Don Quixote.

—*The Life of Ginés de Pasamonte*, replied the same.

—And is it finished? Don Quixote enquired.

—How can it be finished, answered he, if my life is not yet finished? What is written is from my birth up to the point when they sent me to the galleys this last time.

—Then you have been there before? said Don Quixote.

—For the service of God and the King[2] I have been there once before for four years, and I know the taste already of biscuit and bull's pizzle,[3] answered Ginés; nor does it grieve me much to go there, for there I shall have time to finish

[1] The famous picaresque novel by Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, pillaged by Le Sage. It was at first prohibited by the Inquisition, and only published in 1553, two years before the author's death. As Cervantes had elsewhere praised the book and the author very highly, we may fairly allow Señor Clemencin his opinion that this depreciation of it put into the mouth of Pasamonte was ironical.

[2] A stroke of humour repeated in *Rinconete y Cortadillo*, where the following dialogue passes between the two young scapegraces:—R. "Is your worship perchance a thief?" C. "Yes; for the service of God and the good people"—*para servir á Dios y á la buena gente.*

[3] *Bizcocho y corbacho.* The biscuit,—*bizcocho,*—"twice cooked," was the convict's food, of which twenty-six ounces went to a ration, according to *Guzman de Alfarache* (pt. ii. bk. iii. ch. viii.). The *corbacho*, used by the *comitre*, or boatswain on board of the galley, to preserve order, is a word of Arabic origin—the modern Egyptian *kourbash*.

my book;[1] and I have still many things left to say; and in the galleys of Spain there is more leisure than is needed, though I need not much for what I have to write, for I know it by heart.

—You seem to be a clever fellow, said Don Quixote.

—And an unlucky one, responded Ginés, for bad luck always pursues genius.

—It pursues knaves, remarked the commissary.

—I have said to you already, Master Commissary, go softly; their lordships never gave you that staff to maltreat us poor devils who go here, but to guide us and carry us where his Majesty commands; if not, by the life of—— enough! there will come out some day in the bucking the stains got in the wine-shop; and let every one bridle his tongue, and live well, and speak better, and let us jog on, for it's getting too much of a treat is this.

—The commissary raised his staff to strike Pasamonte in return for his threats, but Don Quixote interposed and prayed him not to ill-treat the man, as it was not much that he who had his hands tied should have his tongue a little loose. And, turning to all who were on the chain, he said:

—From all that you have told me, dearest brethren, I have gathered clearly that although it is for your crimes they have punished you, yet the penalties you endure give you no great pleasure, and that you go to them with a very bad grace and very much against your will, and that possibly this one's little courage on the rack, that one's lack of money, the other's want of interest, and, in short, the perverted judgment of the judge has been the cause of your ruin and of your failure to get that justice which you had on your side. All this doth now

[1] According to a prefatory notice by its author, Mateo Aleman, the *Life of Guzman de Alfarache*, of which the publication was almost synchronous with *Don Quixote*, was written by that hero from the galleys. Cervantes does not seem to have thought so much of *Guzman de Alfarache* (which, in truth, is a tedious and arid production) as of its predecessor and model, *Lazarillo de Tormes*.

present itself to my mind so as to prompt, persuade, and even compel me to demonstrate in you the purpose for which Heaven sent me into the world, and made me profess therein the order of chivalry which I follow, and the vow which I took under it to support the needy and those oppressed of the stronger. But forasmuch as I know that it is one of the properties of prudence not to do by foul means what can be done by fair, I would entreat these gentlemen, your guardians, and the commissary to be good enough to release you and to let you go in peace, as there will be no lack of others to serve the King for better cause; and to me it seems a hard case to make slaves of those whom God and Nature made free;—how much more, Sir Warders, added Don Quixote, seeing these poor fellows have done nothing against you; let each one answer for his sin yonder; there is a God in Heaven who doth not neglect to chastise the wicked nor to reward the good, and it is not meet that honest men should be the executioners of other men having no concern with the matter. I ask this of you in this calm and quiet manner so that I may have something to thank you for should you comply with my request; and if you will not do it willingly, then this lance and this sword, with the strength of my arm, shall make you do it upon compulsion.

—A pretty piece of fooling! said the commissary; it is a capital jest with which he has come out at last! He wants us to let go the King's prisoners, just as if we had authority to free them or he to order us to do so! Go away with you, Sir, in a good hour; and put that bason straight you carry on your head, and don't go looking for three feet in the cat.[1]

—'Tis you are the cat, the rat, and the rascal, returned Don Quixote.—And with word and deed together he assailed

[1] *Buscando tres piés al gato*—a proverb; the correct and more usual reading is *cinco piés*, "looking for five feet" in a cat.

him so suddenly that, without giving him time to defend himself, he brought him to earth sorely wounded with a thrust of his lance ; and it so happened, fortunately for him, that this was the one with the firelock.[1] The other warders stood amazed and confounded at this unexpected event, but, recovering themselves, those on horseback clapt hands to their swords and those on foot to their javelins, and set upon Don Quixote, who awaited them with much composure ; and, without doubt, it would have gone hard with him if the galley-slaves, seeing the chance offer itself of achieving their freedom, had not seized it by breaking the chain by which they were linked together. Such was the confusion that the warders, now running to the galley-slaves who were breaking loose, now attacking Don Quixote, who was prepared for their onset, did nothing to any purpose. Sancho, on his part, helped in the release of Ginés de Pasamonte, who was the first to leap upon the plain free and unfettered. Attacking the prostrate commissary he took from him his sword and firelock, by pointing which at one and aiming at another, without ever discharging it, he cleared the field of all the warders, who fled no less from Pasamonte's firelock than from the shower of stones which the now liberated galley-slaves poured on them.

Sancho was very sad over this affair, for he figured to himself that those who had fled would give notice of the occurrence to the Holy Brotherhood, who, on the sounding of the alarm-bell, would sally out in pursuit of the delinquents ; and he said so to his master, and prayed him to depart at once from that place, and hide themselves in the mountain-ranges close by.

—That is well, said Don Quixote ; but I know what is now meet to be done.—And, calling to the galley-slaves, who were now running about uproariously, having stripped

[1] An instance of Cervantes' carelessness, it having been said above that there were two with firelocks.

the commissary to the skin, they ranged themselves about him in a circle to hear what might be his commands; and he addressed them thus:

—To be grateful for the benefits which they receive is the mark of persons well born; and one of the sins which most offends God is ingratitude. This I say, gentlemen, as ye have seen, of plain experience, the benefit ye have received of me; in requital whereof I would desire, and it is my pleasure that, laden with the chains which I took from off your necks, you will immediately put yourselves on the road and wend to the city of El Toboso, and there present yourselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and tell her that her Knight, he of the Rueful Feature, sends his service to her; and ye shall recount, point by point, all the details of this famous adventure up to the conferring upon you of your coveted freedom; and this done ye may go where ye will, and good fortune attend you.

Ginés de Pasamonte answered for all, and said:—That which your worship, our liberator, Sir, commands is of all impossibilities impossible for us to comply with, for we cannot go in a body along the roads, but singly and separate, and each on his own bottom, endeavouring to hide ourselves in the bowels of the earth lest we be discovered by the Holy Brotherhood, which, no doubt, will come out in search of us. What your worship can do,—and it is right you should do,—is to exchange this suit and service[1] to the lady Dulcinea of El Toboso for a certain quantity of *Ave Marias* and *Credos*, which we will repeat on your worship's account; and this is a thing which can be done by night and by day, flying or resting, in peace or in war; but to think that we must now go back to the flesh-pots of Egypt—I say, take up our chain and set out on the road to El Toboso, is to imagine that it is night when it is not ten o' the morning,

[1] *Servicio y montazgo.* *Montazgo* is, literally, the tribute or toll paid by a flock-master for the passage of his sheep through alien country.

and to ask it of us is like asking for pears of an elm-tree.[1]

—Then I swear by Heaven, cried Don Quixote, now fairly enraged,—Don Son of a Whore,[2] Don Ginesillo de Parapillo, or whatever they call you,—that you shall go yourself alone, your tail between your legs, with the whole chain on your shoulders !

Pasamonte, who was nothing too patient, being now aware that Don Quixote was not very sound in his wits,—since he had committed such a folly as to give them their liberty,—finding himself outraged in that manner, made a sign to his comrades, and, drawing aside, they began to discharge such a volley of stones upon Don Quixote as that he could not manage to shelter himself with his buckler, and poor Rozinante made no more account of the spur than if he had been made of brass. Sancho got behind his ass, and with that aid protected himself against the cloud and tempest of stones which rained upon them both. Don Quixote was unable to shield himself so well but that some of the pebbles struck him on the body with such force that they brought him to the ground ; and the moment he fell the student ran to him and took the bason off his head, and gave him with it three or four blows on the shoulders, and as many more on the ground, breaking it almost to pieces. They stripped him of a tunic which he wore over his armour, and would have stripped him of his stockings if his greaves[3] had not prevented them. From Sancho they took his coat, leaving him in his shirt-sleeves ; then dividing among themselves the rest of the spoils of the battle, they fled each his own

[1] *Pedir peras al olmo*—a proverb.

[2] This sarcastic use of Don before words of reproach is common in the romances of chivalry, and, indeed, in all Spanish literature. A hostile Knight meets Olivante de Laura, and addresses him as "Don Sandio Caballero." *Don Caballero Falso*, *Don Caballero Traidor*, etc., occur frequently.

[3] *Grebas*,—the part of the armour which covered the lower legs, from the knee to the ankle.

way,—more concerned to escape from the Brotherhood, whom they dreaded, than to load themselves with the chain and go to present themselves to the lady Dulcinea of El Toboso.

All who remained behind were the ass and Rozinante, Sancho and Don Quixote; the ass, with drooping head and pensive, shaking his ears now and then as if he thought the storm of stones which had molested them was not yet over; Rozinante, who also had been brought to ground by a stone, stretched by the side of his master; Sancho, naked to his shirt, and trembling for fear of the Holy Brotherhood; Don Quixote, much out of humour at finding himself so ill-used by the very men for whom he had done so much.

CHAPTER XXIII

Of that which happened to the famous Don Quixote in the Sierra Morena,[1] *which was one of the rarest adventures which are recounted in this truthful history*

FINDING himself in so evil a plight, Don Quixote said to his squire:—I have always heard it said, Sancho, that to do good to churls is to cast water into the sea.[2] If I had believed what thou saidst to me, I might have avoided this affliction; but now it is done, patience; and henceforth in the future let me take warning.

—Your lordship will as much take warning, answered Sancho, as I am a Turk; but since you say that if you had believed me you might have avoided this mischief, believe me now, and you will avoid a still greater; for let me tell you there is no trying chivalries on the Holy Brotherhood, for it does not care two *maravedis* for all the Knights Errant in

[1] The Sierra Morena is the range of mountains separating La Mancha from Andalucia. They are said to be so called, not, as used to be popularly supposed, from their brown-tawny (*moreno*) colour, or from dividing Christian from Moorish Spain, but from *Mons Marianus*, their ancient Roman name. For some two centuries they formed an effectual rampart for Moorish Andalucia against the assaults of the Kings of Castile, though it was easier to pass them from the north, to which the declivity is less, than from the south, from which the ascent is abrupt and steep. In the time of Cervantes, the Sierra Morena was the haunt of all refugees from Spanish justice and the favourite resort of brigands and outlaws.

[2] *Echar agua en el mar*—a proverbial phrase, which needs no explanation.

the world; and believe me, I seem already to hear their arrows whizzing by my ears.[1]

—Thou art by nature a coward, Sancho, said Don Quixote, but that thou shouldst not say that I am contumacious and never do what thou dost counsel, this time I will take thine advice, and withdraw me from the fray which thou so much dreadest. But it must be on one condition; that never in life or in death thou shalt tell to any one that I have retreated and withdrawn from this danger through fear, but to humour thy entreaties; for if thou sayest aught else thou wilt lie, and from now until then and from then until now, I give thee the lie, and say that thou liest and wilt lie every time thou shalt think or say it.[2] And answer me not again, for at the bare thought that I am withdrawing and retreating from some peril, especially from this which seems to show some glimmer[3] of a shadow of danger, I am inclined to remain here and singly await not only the Holy Brotherhood of which thou speakest and art afraid, but the Brethren of the Twelve Tribes of Israel, and the seven Maccabees,[4] and Castor and Pollux, aye, and all the brothers and brotherhoods there are in the world.

[1] The Holy Brotherhood of old used to punish criminals taken red-handed by tying them to stakes on the roadside and shooting them to death with arrows. The Catholic Queen Isabella, says Clemencin, ordered that, before being shot, they should be garroted,—a piece of clemency for which Covarrubias gives the credit to her grandson, Charles V.

[2] The giving of the lie in this elaborate and complicated form is copied almost literally from a cartel of defiance sent by Tirante the White in answer to a rude letter from Don Quirieleison of Montalvan (*Tirante*, bk. i. ch. xxvi.).

[3] *Algun es, no es, de sombra de miedo.* The more common form is *un sí es no es*, meaning an intangible quantity,—an idiomatic phrase used by Quevedo, and by Cervantes himself elsewhere.

[4] *Macabeos* in the first of the two Madrid editions of 1605,—altered in all subsequent ones, by what I cannot but agree with most of the Spanish commentators is a printer's error, to *Mancebos*. The seven Maccabee brothers suffered martyrdom, according to their book in the Apocrypha, rather than deny their faith. I know of no other seven brothers, simply "youths" (*mancebos*), whom Don Quixote could mean. The Brussels edition of 1607, and the London edition

—Sir, answered Sancho, to retreat is not to run away, nor is it prudence to stay where the danger outweighs the hope, and it is the part of wise men to keep themselves to-day for to-morrow, and not to venture everything in one day; and let me tell you that though I be but a rustic and a clown, still there has come to me something of what they call good conduct. So do not repent of having taken my advice, but mount Rozinante if you can, or if not I will help you, and follow me, for my wit tells me that we have just now more need of our feet than of our hands.

Don Quixote mounted without replying another word, and Sancho on his ass leading, they entered a part of the Sierra Morena which was close at hand, Sancho intending to traverse it through and come out by Viso or at Almodóvar del Campo,[1] and hide themselves for some days among these fastnesses, so as not to be found should the Brotherhood look for them. He was encouraged in this through having seen that the provender which he carried on his ass had escaped safely out of that scuffle with the galley-slaves,—a thing which he deemed a miracle, considering what they had carried off and how closely they had searched.

[2] That night they reached the very bowels of the Sierra

of 1738, both read *Macabeos*, which, doubtless, is the correct reading, though not adopted by the Spanish Academy.

[1] It is not easy to understand, Clemencin observes,—Don Quixote and Sancho being where they were,—how Sancho could intend to traverse the ranges and come out at Viso or at Almodóvar; and a modern translator raises the same difficulty, urging that Viso and Almodóvar are both in La Mancha. But, according to the itinerary of Don Quixote's second sally given in the Academy's edition (1819), the spot where Don Quixote and Sancho now are should be somewhere near the village of Torrenueva, between Valdepeñas and Almuradiel. Thence to Viso would be across a spur of the Sierra Morena, and to Almodóvar del Campo direct would be in a direction due west, still farther along the slopes of the mountains. Why must we assume that Sancho meant to come through into Andalucia?

[2] Here begins that famous series of accidents to Sancho and his ass which have caused so much stumbling to commentators and emendators of Cervantes. In the first Madrid edition of 1605, the whole of this passage about the stealing

Morena, where to Sancho it seemed prudent to pass the night, and even a few days,—at least as many as the stores they had with them would last; and so they rested for the night between the rocks and among a number of cork-trees. But fatal destiny, which, according to the opinion of those who have not the light of the true faith, guides, directs, and disposes everything its own way, ordained that Ginés de Pasamonte, the famous cheat and robber, whom Don Quixote by his valour and his folly had released from the chain, moved

of Dapple, beginning "That night they reached the very bowels of the Sierra Morena," down to "As for the Knight, when he entered among the mountains" (page 296), is wanting. It appears for the first time in Cuesta's second edition of 1605 (which must have been printed within a few weeks of the first), and it has appeared in every edition since, including that of 1608,—which, according to all the best authorities, was revised by Cervantes himself,—and that of 1819, which is the last issued by the Spanish Royal Academy. Señor Hartzenbusch, however, by a characteristic feat of daring, takes this passage out altogether from the present chapter and interpolates it into chapter xxv., declaring that Cervantes' first intention was to have placed it there. What Cervantes' "first intention" may have been, we have no means of knowing, but he must have been even less successful in carrying out his intentions, first and second, than has been usually supposed, if we are to believe the latest English translator of *Don Quixote*. Mr. Ormsby avers that "the inserted passage is clearly not his (Cervantes'), as it is completely ignored by him" elsewhere; saying that "when the second edition was in the press, an attempt was made to remedy the oversight" (namely, the not mentioning how Sancho's ass was stolen), "and the printer, apparently *proprio motu*, supplied this passage." That Mr. Ormsby should have become acquainted with what passed at the printing of the second edition of *Don Quixote*, is as wonderful as that Señor Hartzenbusch should have learnt of the "first intention" of Cervantes. That there were intelligent printers in Madrid in those days is as credible as that there are intelligent printers in Edinburgh in these; but let us see all that Mr. Ormsby would have us believe. The fact that there was a Madrid printer, in 1605, who had so fully entered into the spirit of Cervantes as to be able to supply of his own motion that which, from that time to this, has been esteemed as one of the most admirable and characteristic passages in *Don Quixote*,—namely, Sancho's lament for Dapple,—is wonderful; but there is something more wonderful still, viz. that while he was about it he did not correct more of the blunders in this story; and, most wonderful of all, that the original author, who by this theory should be only one of a number of humorists of equal genius writing a joint *Don Quixote*, did not notice the interpolation of the ingenious gifted printer, when speaking of this very matter in his Second Part.

by fear of the Holy Brotherhood, which with just cause he dreaded, had resolved to hide himself in these mountains; and his luck and his fear bore him to the same spot whither the same motives had carried Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, just in time to recognise them, and at the instant when they fell asleep. Now as the wicked are ever ungrateful, and necessity urges them to do what they should not, and present convenience overcomes the thought of the future, Ginés, who was neither grateful nor well-disposed, resolved to rob Sancho Panza of his ass, not caring for Rozinante, as being a prize ill either to pawn or to sell. Sancho Panza slept; Ginés stole his ass; and before the morning he was so far off as to be past finding.[1]

Aurora came forth, gladdening the earth, but bringing grief to Sancho Panza, for he missed his Dapple,[2] and finding himself bereft of him, he began to make the saddest and most doleful lamentation ever heard, and it was such that Don Quixote awoke at his cries, and heard what he was saying: —O child of my bowels! born in my very home, the sport of my children, the delight of my wife, the envy of my neighbours, the sharer of my burdens, and beyond all, the support of half my person!—for with six and twenty *maravedis* which thou earnedst for me daily did I make half my living![3]

[1] The manner in which the robbery of Dapple was effected is not told till hereafter in the Second Part. This reticence seems to me to be very characteristic of the author, which is not likely to have been imitated by any printer.

[2] This is the first time that the colour of Sancho's ass is mentioned. *Dapple* is not quite the meaning of *rucio*, but it has been consecrated by usage, and the reader would, perhaps, tolerate no other word. *Rucio* is explained in the Academy's great dictionary as synonymous with *tordo*, which, as applied to horses, is "a speckled black and white." Cervantes clearly meant by *rucio* a kind of reddish gray, for in describing the beard the Barber made for himself in ch. xxvii., he tells us it was *de una cola rúcia ó roja de buei*. To Motteux we are indebted for the first invention of *Dapple*.

[3] This is a portion of the passage for which we are supposed to be indebted to Cervantes' printer. Even Clemencin says it is "capable of wrenching laughter from the most saturnine and melancholy bosom."

Don Quixote, who saw him weeping and knew the cause, consoled Sancho with the best arguments he could find, prayed him to have patience, and promised to give him a bill of exchange that they might deliver to him three out of the five ass-foals he had at home. Sancho was comforted by this, dried his tears, moderated his sobs, and thanked Don Quixote for the favour he had done him. As for the Knight, when he entered among the mountains, he felt glad of heart, these places seeming to him very suitable for the adventures he sought. They recalled to his memory the marvellous events which in similar solitudes and fastnesses had happened to Knights Errant; and he went brooding over these things, so absorbed and transported by them that he minded nothing else; nor had Sancho any other concern (since it seemed to him they were travelling on a safe road) than to satisfy his stomach with the relics of the clerical spoil; and so he jogged on behind his master, loaded with all that his ass should have carried,[1] emptying the bag and cramming his paunch, and while employed in this manner he would not have given a doit to find another adventure.

While thus occupied he raised his eyes and saw that his master had come to a stop, trying with the point of his lance to lift what seemed a bundle lying on the ground; upon

[1] This passage was corrected in this sense in the edition of 1608. In the editions of 1605, Cervantes had written: *Iba tras su asno, sentado á la mujeriega sobre su jumento*, etc.—"seated sideways on his ass like a woman,"—forgetting that Dapple had been stolen. There were seven places in all where this blunder occurred. Cervantes corrected two only,—a proof of his carelessness, but certainly no evidence that the passage describing the stealing of the ass was not his. Had the corrector been some other than the author, he would surely have corrected all the errors. The fact that some were corrected and some not seems to me conclusive, with what follows with reference to this matter in the Second Part, that no other hand was at work on the text but the hand of Cervantes only. The edition of Brussels, 1607,—in which there are some ingenious, though, of course, wholly unauthorised, corrections,—to make sense of the passage makes Rozinante carry the bag of victuals in default of Dapple; which is the version adopted by Shelton.

which he hastened to come to his assistance if it might be needed; and he came up just at the moment when his master had raised with the point of his lance a saddle-cushion and a valise fastened to it, half rotten, or rather rotten entirely and falling to pieces; but they were so heavy that Sancho had to dismount[1] to take them up. His master ordered him to see what was in the valise. Sancho did so with much alacrity; and although the valise was fastened with a chain and a padlock, through the rents and the rottenness he saw what was in it,—to wit, four shirts of fine cambric and other articles of linen no less curious than delicate, and in a handkerchief he found a goodly little pile of gold crowns, and when he saw them he cried:—Blessed be the whole heaven which hath presented us with one adventure good for something! —And searching further, he found a little memorandum-book richly decorated. Don Quixote asked him for this, but bade him keep the money, and take it for himself. Sancho kissed his master's hands for the favour, and rifling the valise of the linen he thrust it into their provision bag.

Noting all this, Don Quixote said:—It seems to me, Sancho, nor can it possibly be otherwise, that some lost traveller must have passed by this mountain, and being waylaid by bandits they have slain him and brought him here to bury him in this remote spot.

—That cannot be, answered Sancho, for if they had been thieves they would not have left this money here.

—Thou sayest true, said Don Quixote, and therefore I cannot divine nor guess what this can be. But stay; we will see whether in this pocket-book there is anything written by which we may trace out and discover what we desire to know.

He then opened it, and the first thing he found therein, written roughly yet in a very fair character, was a sonnet,

[1] One of the seven blunders, left uncorrected.

and reading it aloud so that Sancho also might hear, he saw that it ran in this manner :—

SONNET

When I was marked to suffer, Love forswore
All knowledge of my doom ; or else at ease
Love grows a cruel tyrant, hard to please ;
Or else a chastisement exceeding sore
A little sin hath brought me ! Hush ! no more !
Love is a god ; all things he knows and sees,
And gods are good and mild ! Who then decrees
The woe I groan beneath, and yet adore ?
If I should say, O Chloe ! that 'tis thou
I should speak falsely, since, being wholly good
Like Heaven itself, from thee no ill may come.
All hope is past ; I must die shortly now,
Not knowing why, since sure no wretch hath brewed
The drug that might avert my martyrdom.[1]

—By this verse, quoth Sancho, nothing is to be learnt, unless by that clue[2] which is there we get to the thread of the whole.

—What clue is there here ? said Don Quixote.

—Methought, said Sancho, that your worship mentioned a *clue* there.

—I did not say *clue* but *Chloe*, responded Don Quixote ;

[1] I am indebted to my friend, Mr. Edmund Gosse, for this graceful version of a sonnet not interesting in itself for much else than this, that Cervantes thought it worthy of being repeated in one of his comedies, *The House of Jealousy*. The name *Fili* in the original has been altered to Chloe (in accordance with a happy idea of Jarvis's) for the sake of what follows from Sancho.

[2] *Por ese hilo que está ahi se saque el ovillo.* Sancho, either ignorantly or wilfully, mistakes the name *Fili*, which occurs in the text of the sonnet, for *hilo* (anciently *filo*), which suggests to him the proverb—*por el hilo se saca el ovillo*, "by the clue is discovered the thread," used before in ch. iv. Jarvis, to keep up the play of words, ingeniously substituted Chloe for *Fili* in the verses, which, following the example of all translators since, I have adopted.

and this, no doubt, is the name of the lady of whom the author of this sonnet complains; and in faith he must be a reasonably good poet, or I know little of the art.

—Why then, said Sancho, belike your worship understands the making of verses too.

—And better than thou imaginest, answered Don Quixote, as thou shalt see when thou bearest a letter written in verse from top to bottom to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso; for I would have thee know, Sancho, that all or most of the Knights Errant of the past age were great troubadours and great musicians,[1] for these two accomplishments, or graces as I should rather term them, are attributes of lovers-errant; though it is true that the verses of the Knights of the past had in them more spirit than elegance.

—Read on, your worship, said Sancho, for we may yet find something to satisfy us.

Don Quixote turned over the leaf and said:—This is prose, and looks like a letter.

—A letter for the post,[2] Sir? asked Sancho.

—From its commencement it appears rather to be a love-letter, answered Don Quixote.

[1] Many examples of Knights Errant who were poets likewise are cited by Clemencin. Indeed, it was one of the recognised knightly accomplishments to turn a sonnet or twang a lute. Some of them, as Belianis and Tristan, could play the harp; and did as much execution with it on Empresses and Princesses as with their lances and swords on caitiff knights. In the second book of *Amadis* is quoted a very pretty little ballad, composed by that hero for the little daughter of King Lisuarte, beginning:—

> Leonoreta sin roseta,
> Blanca sobre toda flor,
> Sin roseta no me meta
> En tal culpa vuestra amor, etc.
> (ch. xi.)

[2] *Carta misiva, señor?* asks Sancho, meaning, is it a letter sent or to be sent from the writer to some individual, or a document or formal deed, which also is called *carta*.

—Then read it aloud, your worship, said Sancho, for I delight greatly in those love matters.

—I shall be pleased to do so, said Don Quixote, and reading it aloud as Sancho had requested, he found that it ran thus :—

Thy false pledge and my certain real misfortune drive me to a place whence the news of my death will sooner reach to thine ears than the words of my complaining. Thou hast renounced me, O ingrate, for one who possesses more, but not one who is worthier than I. But if virtue were to be valued like wealth, I should neither envy the happiness of others, nor lament my own misfortune. That which thy beauty raised up, thy deeds have overthrown; by the one I thought thee an angel; by the others I know thee a woman. Rest in peace, O begetter of my war; and may Heaven grant that the deceit of thy husband be ever undiscovered, that thou mayest not repent of what thou didst, nor I take the vengeance which I covet not.[1]

Having finished reading the letter, Don Quixote said : —We can gather less by this than by the verses as to who is he that wrote them, except that he is some rejected lover. —And turning over nearly all the leaves of the little book, he found other verses and letters, of which some he could read and others not ; but they all contained repinings, laments, misgivings, desires and hates, favours and disdains, —some extolled, and some deplored.

Whilst Don Quixote was examining the book, Sancho examined the valise without leaving a corner of it, or of the saddle-cushion, which he did not search, spy into, and explore—not a seam which he did not rip open, nor a tuft of wool which he did not pick, that nothing might be left through lack of pains or care : such was the greed awakened

[1] This is a specimen, as it was meant to be, of the affected language of sentiment common to that age, in the stilted and extravagant style of the love-letters and plaints in the romances.

in him by the crowns he had found, which were more than a hundred. And though he found no more than he did at first, yet he reckoned well-invested the tossings in the blanket, the vomiting of the balsam, the benedictions of the pack-staves, the fisticuffs of the carrier, the loss of the wallets, the robbery of his coat, and all the hunger, thirst, and fatigue which he had suffered in the service of his worthy master, considering himself more than repaid for all by the blessing received from the treasure-trove.

The Knight of the Rueful Feature was possessed with a great desire to learn who the owner of the valise might be, conjecturing by the sonnet and the letter, by the money in gold, and by the fineness of the shirts, that it must be some lover of condition, whom the disdain and cruelty of his lady had brought to some desperate course. But as in that rude and desolate place there was likely to be no one who could inform him, he troubled himself about nothing but to pass on, taking no other road than such as Rozinante might choose, which was the one easiest for him, imagining all the while there would not fail him in that wilderness some strange adventure. Riding on with this idea, he saw on the top of a little knoll which rose before his eyes, a man who went leaping from crag to crag and from bush to bush with marvellous agility. He made him out to be half naked, with a black and matted beard, his hair long and tangled, his feet unshod, and his legs bare; his thighs were covered with breeches, to all appearance of tawny velvet, but so torn to rags that his skin showed in many places. His head, too, was bare; and, although he ran by as swiftly as has been described, all these details did the Knight of the Rueful Feature observe and mark. But with all his endeavour he was unable to follow him, for it was not granted to Rozinante's strength to travel over these rough places, he being, moreover, by nature, slow-paced and sluggish. Don Quixote came presently to the

conclusion that this was the owner of the cushion and the valise, and he resolved to go in quest of him, even though he should have to spend a whole year in these mountains till he found him. So he ordered Sancho to dismount from his ass[1] and to take a short cut across one side of the mountain, while he would go by the other; and, perhaps, by this device they might come up with that man who had fled away from them so hastily.

—That I could not do, replied Sancho, for, when I part from your worship, fear seizes me at once and assails me with a thousand kinds of terrors and visions; and let this, I say, serve you for a warning that from henceforth I do not stir a finger's breadth from your presence.

—It shall be so, said he of the Rueful Feature, and right glad am I that thou shouldst wish to avail thee of my courage, which shall not fail thee even though the very soul in thy body fail thee; and come thee now behind me leisurely as well as thou canst, and make lanterns of thine eyes; we will go round this little hill; perhaps we may come upon the man whom we saw, who is, without doubt, no other than the owner of what we have found.

To which Sancho replied:—It were better not to seek him, for if we find him, and he might perchance turn out to be the owner of the money, it is plain I have to return it; and so it would be better, without taking this useless trouble, to keep it faithfully until by some other way, less meddlesome and officious, its real owner should turn up, and perhaps that will be when I have spent it, and then the King will hold me harmless.

—In that thou art mistaken, Sancho, responded Don Quixote, for now that we have a suspicion of who the owner is, and have him almost before our eyes, we are bound to seek him and restore these to him; and should

[1] Another passage where Cervantes forgets that Sancho has been robbed of his ass, and omits to make the correction.

we not go in search of him, the strong presumption we have as to his being the owner makes us as guilty as if he were really the man. So that, Sancho, friend, let not this quest give thee pain, seeing of what it will relieve me if I find him.

Saying this he spurred Rozinante, and Sancho followed on foot and loaded, thanks to Ginesillo de Pasamonte.[1] Having made the ascent of part of the mountain, they found in a little stream, lying dead, half eaten by dogs and picked by crows, a mule saddled and bridled; all which confirmed in them the suspicion that he who fled was the owner of the mule and the cushion.

As they stood gazing at it, they heard a whistle like that of a shepherd watching his flock, and suddenly there appeared on their left a great number of goats, and behind them on the top of the mountain the goatherd in charge, who was an old man. Don Quixote called to him and begged him to come down to where they stood. He replied by shouting out and asking who had brought them there by that place seldom or never trodden except by the feet of goats or of wolves and other wild beasts which prowled around. Sancho responded that if he would come down they would explain everything. The goatherd descended, and, coming up to where Don Quixote stood, he said:—I will wager that you are looking at the mule-hack which lies dead in that hollow; i' faith it is six months that he has been lying in that spot; tell me, have you fallen in with his master about here?

—We have fallen in with nobody, answered Don Quixote, nor aught but a saddle-cushion and a small valise which we found not far from here.

—I found it too, said the goatherd, but never cared to lift it or come near it, fearing some mischief, and lest they might accuse me of theft; for the devil is crafty, and under

[1] Here we have the blunder corrected, which a few lines above had passed unnoticed.

a man's feet there starts up something which makes him trip and fall, without knowing how or why.

—That's the very thing I say, answered Sancho, for I also found it, and would not come within a stone's throw of it: there I left it, and there it remains as it was, for I want never a dog with a bell.[1]

—Tell me, good man, said Don Quixote, do you know who is the owner of these articles?

—What I can tell you is, said the goatherd, that it will be now six months ago, more or less, there arrived at a certain shepherd's hut, which would be about three leagues from this spot, a youth of genteel figure and bearing, riding upon that same mule which lies there dead, and with the same saddle-cushion and valise which ye say that ye found and did not touch. He enquired of us what part of this range was the roughest and most private; we told him it was where we are now standing; and truly it is so, for if you go on half a league farther perhaps you would not find your way out again, and I am wondering how you were able to reach here, for there is neither road nor path which makes to this place. Well, I say, on hearing our answer, the young man turned rein and travelled towards the place we pointed out, leaving us all pleased with his good looks, and wondering at his request and at the speed with which we saw him travel and make towards the ranges. Since then we have never sëen him, until a few days ago he appeared on the path to one of our shepherds, and, without saying a word, he came up to him and gave him several blows and kicks, and then went after the ass which carried our victuals, and took all the bread and cheese there was; and this done, with wonderful nimbleness he fled back again into the mountains.

[1] *No quiero perro con cencerro*,—a proverb, meaning "I do not care for a thing which brings with it any trouble,"—usually said, according to Covarrubias, of a servant who brings with him a wife, or children, or other person to make a noise and disturb the household.

When we learnt this, some of our herdsmen went in search of him for nearly two days in the thickest part of the ranges, at the end of which we found him lurking in the hole of a big, stout cork-tree. He came out to us very meekly, his clothes torn and his face disfigured and baked by the sun, in such manner that we hardly knew him, except that the clothes, though torn, convinced us by the recollection we had of them that he was the man we sought. He saluted us courteously, and in a few and very civil words told us not to be surprised at seeing him wandering about in that state; for so it behoved him to do to work out a certain penance which, for his many sins, had been laid upon him. We begged him to tell us who he was, but we could never get at that. We begged him, too, when he had need of food, without which he could not live, to tell us where we should find him, for we would bring it to him with all good-will and heed; or that, if this should not be to his liking, leastwise he should come and ask for it and not take it by force from the shepherds. He thanked us for our offer, begged pardon for the past assaults, and engaged for the future to ask it for God's love, without doing violence to anybody. Touching the place of his abode, he said that he had none other than that which chance offered when night overtook him; and he ended his speech with such a tender weeping, that we who listened to him might well have been of stone if therein we had not kept him company, considering what we had seen him to be the first time, and what we saw him then; for, as I have said, he was a very genteel and graceful youth, and in his courtesies and orderly speech showed himself to be well born and a very court-like person. For though we who listened to him were country folk, his good manners were such as to make him known even to our simpleness. And in the midst of his talk he stopt and became mute, nailing his eyes to the earth for a good while, during which we all stood silent and still, waiting to see where

that fit should end, with no little pity for the sight; for by his action, opening his eyes, remaining fixed staring at the ground, without for a long time moving an eyelid, and then shutting them, tightening his lips, and arching his eyebrows, we easily guessed that some fit of madness had come upon him. But he soon let us know that the truth was as we thought, for he rose in great fury from the ground where he had thrown himself and set upon the first he found near him with such passion and rage that, if we had not taken him off, he would have killed him with blows and bites, and all this he did, crying out:—Ah, treacherous Fernando! here, here shalt thou pay for the wrong thou hast done me! these hands shall pluck out the heart in which are harboured and are lodged together all the wickednesses, especially fraud and deceit!—and to these he added other words all going to the abuse of that Fernando, and marking him for traitor and perjurer. Well, we took off our fellow from him with no little trouble, and he, without saying another word, departed from us and hid himself, running off among the briars and brambles, so that he made it impossible for us to follow him. By this we gather that his madness comes upon him at times, and that some one whom he called Fernando must have done him some ill work as grievous as the condition to which he is brought seems to show, all of which has been verified since then by the number of times, which have been many, that he has come out into the path, sometimes to beg of the shepherds to give him something to eat, and other times to take it from them by force; for when he is in this fit of madness, although the shepherds offer it to him freely, he does not accept it, but rather snatches it with blows; and, when he is in his senses, he asks it for God's love courteously and civilly, and gives many thanks, and not without tears. And to tell you the truth, Sirs, proceeded the goatherd, yesterday we agreed, I and four herds,—two of our lads and two friends of mine,—to search for him until

we found him, and when we had found him, to carry him *willy nilly* to the town of Almodóvar, which is eight leagues from here,[1] and there we will have him cured—if his malady be curable—or we will learn who he is when in his senses, and whether he has relatives to whom we may give notice of his misfortune. This is, Sirs, all I can tell you of what ye have asked me; and be sure that the owner of the articles which ye found is the same whom ye saw pass so naked and nimble.

Don Quixote had already told him that he had seen that man leaping among the rocks.

The Knight stood amazed at what he had heard from the goatherd, and, with a greater desire than ever to learn who the unhappy madman was, he resolved within himself to carry out what he had already designed,—to search for him through all the mountains, without leaving cavern or corner therein unexplored, till he had found him. But chance ordered it better than he expected or hoped, for in that same instant there appeared through a gorge of the mountain, which opened towards where they stood, the youth he sought, who came muttering to himself words which could not be understood near, much less at a distance. His apparel was such as has been described, only that, as he drew closer, Don Quixote saw that the tattered jerkin which he wore was scented with amber,[2] whence he concluded that

[1] Here we have a precise indication of the locality of this incident, and of Don Quixote's next adventure; namely, about twenty-four miles due east of Almodóvar del Campo, on the watershed of the Sierra Morena, near the sources of the rivers Guadalén and Guadarmena, which flow southward into the Guadalquivir.

[2] *Ambar*, which is not the pale-yellow resinous substance commonly so called now, but ambergris, the product of the spermaceti whale, of which the perfume was very highly valued in the age of Cervantes. The people of fashion in the last years of the sixteenth century used to have their clothes, gloves, etc., scented with amber; and in England even wine was so treated, as appears from a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher. Objection has been taken to the smell of amber being perceptible in the Tattered One after so many months' exposure to

one who wore such garments could not be of very low quality. On coming up to them the youth saluted them in a voice hard and unmusical, but with much courtesy. Don Quixote returned his greetings with no less politeness, and, alighting from Rozinante with a gracious mien and a pleasing air, advanced to embrace him, and held him for some time clasped tightly in his arms, as though he had known him a long time. The other, whom we might call the Tattered One of the Sorry Feature,[1] as Don Quixote him of the Rueful, after having suffered himself to be embraced, drew back a little, and, placing his hands on Don Quixote's shoulders, stood gazing at him, as if desirous to call to mind whether he knew him, being no less astonished perhaps to see the countenance, figure, and armour of Don Quixote than Don Quixote was to see him. In the end, the first to speak after the embracing was the Tattered One, and he said—what shall be told farther on.

the weather, but it is one of the well-known qualities of this perfume, as of some others, to be lasting, and, indeed, almost permanent.

[1] Here we have *figura* used to denote not only the countenance but the whole aspect and person of the Tattered One.

CHAPTER XXIV

Wherein is contained the adventure of the Sierra Morena

THE history relates that Don Quixote listened with very great attention to the ill-starred[1] Knight of the Ranges, who began his discourse thus, saying:

—Assuredly, Sir, whoever you may be, for I know you not, I am grateful to you for the marks of kindness and courtesy you have shown me, and I would that I were in a position to repay you with something more than good-will for the kind reception you have given me; but my fate will not allow me anything else with which to respond to the good services you have done me.

—The desire I have, answered Don Quixote, is to serve you; so much so, that I had determined not to quit these ranges until I had found you and learnt from you whether there can be discovered any kind of relief for the affliction under which your strange way of life shows you to be labouring; and to search for it, if it were necessary, with all possible pains. And in case your misfortune be one of those which shut the door against every sort of consolation, I intended to bear a part in your lamentation, and to weep with you as far as I could, for it is still a comfort in sorrows to find one who will grieve for them. And if my good intent should deserve to be acknowledged by any kind of courtesy, I entreat you, Sir, by all that I perceive to be

[1] *Astroso*—for *desastrado*—in this meaning of "ill-starred," is now obsolete.

contained in you, and at the same time conjure you by whatever in this life you have loved or love best, to tell me who you are, and the cause which has brought you to live and to die in these solitudes like a brute beast, dwelling in their midst in a manner so alien to one such as your garb and your person denote yourself to be. And I swear,—Don Quixote added,—by the order of Knighthood which I, though unworthy and a sinner, have received, and by my function of Knight Errant, should you, Sir, gratify me in this, to serve you with all the good earnest such as my calling demands of me either in relieving your misfortune, if relief it admits, or in assisting you in your dole, as I have promised you.

The Knight of the Wood, when he heard him of the Rueful Feature speak in this style, did nothing but stare at him—gazing at him again and again, from head to foot,—and after he had examined him closely, he said :

—If you have anything to give me to eat, for the love of God give it to me, and after I have eaten I will do all that is asked of me in acknowledgment of the kind offers you have now made me.

Sancho then took out from his bag, and the goatherd from his pouch, what satisfied the Tattered One's hunger, —he devouring what they gave him like one half-witted, so hurriedly, that he allowed no interval between one mouthful and another, rather gorging than feeding ; and while he ate neither he nor they who looked on spoke a word. When he had done eating he made signs to them to follow him, which they did, and he brought them round a rock to a little green plot which lay a short way off. Arriving there he laid himself down upon the grass, the others doing the same, all without speaking a word, until the Tattered One, after he had settled himself in a seat, began as follows :

—If it is your pleasure, Sirs, that I should recount to you in brief words the long story of my mishaps, you must promise

me that you will not interrupt the thread of my sad tale with any question or other word, for at the instant you do so I will stop telling it.

These words of the Tattered One brought to Don Quixote's mind the story which his squire had told him, when he missed keeping count of the goats which had crossed the river and the story remained unfinished. But to return to the Tattered One. He went on to say:—This warning I give you, for I would pass over briefly the tale of my misfortunes, for the bringing them up to memory seems but to add others afresh, and the less I am questioned the sooner I will have done telling them, yet shall I not leave untold anything of importance to satisfy fully your curiosity.

Don Quixote promised in the name of them all, and upon this assurance the Tattered One began as follows:

—My name is Cardenio;[1] the place of my birth a city, one of the best in Andalucia; my family noble; my parents rich; my misfortune so great as to be deplored by my parents and grieved over by my family without their wealth being able to alleviate it, for the gifts of fortune can do but little to remedy the evils sent by heaven. In this same land there dwelt a heaven where Love had set[2] all the glory I could covet; such is the beauty of Lucinda, a maid as noble and as rich as I, but of greater good fortune, and less of constancy than was due to so honest a love as mine. This Lucinda I loved, cherished, and adored from my earliest and tenderest years, and she loved me with all the innocence and earnestness of her youth. Our parents knew of our inclinations, and were not sorry to learn them, for they saw clearly

[1] The name of Cardenio was probably suggested by that of the place near which this adventure must have occurred,—the *Venta de Cardenas*, now a station on the main line of railway between Madrid and Cordova, just at the entrance of the famous defile with the strange name, *Despeñaperros* (Fling-over-dogs).

[2] Cardenio speaks in the studied euphuistic style, the *cultismo* then coming into fashion—dropping now and then into the simpler and more energetic language of passion as he becomes excited with his own story.

that as they advanced they could have no other end than in our marriage, a thing which the quality of our blood and fortune did seem almost to arrange. We grew in years, and with them grew our mutual love, so that Lucinda's father felt bound, out of regard for prudence, to deny me admission to his house, in this closely imitating the parents of Thisbe, so be-sung by the poets; and this denial added flame to flame and love to love, for though they enforced silence on our tongues they could not impose it on our pens, which are wont to reveal more freely than tongues the heart's secret; for oft-times the presence of the beloved object disturbs and renders mute the most determined will and the boldest tongue. Ah, heavens! how many were the letters I wrote to her, and how many choice, modest replies did I receive! How many ditties did I compose, and how many songs of love, in which my soul declared and revealed its feelings, painted its glowing desires, dallied with its memories, and refreshed its passion! At length, finding me over-spent and my heart consumed with the longing to behold her, I resolved to put into effect and carry out what seemed to me the most likely way of achieving my coveted and deserved reward, which was to ask her of her father for my lawful wife. This I did; and he answered that he thanked me for the desire I showed to honour him and to seek to honour myself with his loved treasure; but that my father being alive it was by strict right his business to make that demand, for unless it were with his full will and pleasure Lucinda was no woman to be taken or given by stealth. I thanked him for his good disposition, feeling that there was reason in what he said, and believing that my father would consent as soon as I spoke to him of it; and with this intention I went on that same instant to tell my father of what I desired. When I entered the room where he was, I found him with an open letter in his hand, which before I spoke a word he gave me, saying:—By this letter thou wilt see, Cardenio,

the desire which the Duke Ricardo has to do thee a favour. —This Ricardo, you must know, gentlemen, is a Grandee of Spain, who has his estate in the best part of this Andalucia. —I took the letter and read it, and it was so very kind that even to me it seemed wrong that my father should fail to comply with what it required of him, which was to send me immediately to the Duke, as he wanted me as a companion (not as a servant) for his eldest son, and he would charge himself with the placing me in a position corresponding with the esteem in which he held me. I read the letter, and in reading was struck dumb, the more when I heard my father say:—Two days hence, Cardenio, thou wilt depart, to do what the Duke wishes, and give thanks to God for opening to thee a road by which thou mayest reach what I know thou dost desire:—and to these he added words of fatherly counsel. The time for my departure arrived; I spoke one night with Lucinda; I told her all that had passed and the same I did to her father, entreating him to wait some while and defer giving her away until I saw what Ricardo wanted of me. He gave me his promise, and she confirmed it with a thousand vows and as many fainting-fits. Finally, I arrived at the Duke Ricardo's. By him I was so well received and treated that soon envy began to do its office, the old servants being seized with it, and regarding the tokens which the Duke gave me of his favour as something to their injury. But the one who was most pleased with my coming was the Duke's second son, named Fernando, a gallant youth, of noble, free, and amorous disposition, who in a very short time had me for so great a friend as to make the rest talk of it; and although the elder liked me well and was kind to me, he came not near that extreme degree to which Don Fernando loved and used me. It happened then that as between friends there is no secret but which is in common, and the intimacy I had with Don Fernando had quickly grown into friendship, he revealed to me all his

thoughts, and especially a love affair which caused him some little anxiety. He loved dearly the daughter of a farmer, his father's tenant; her own parents being very rich, and she so beautiful, modest, discreet, and virtuous that no one who knew her could decide in which of these qualities she was most highly gifted or most excelled. The charms of the lovely farmer's daughter so enthralled the heart of Don Fernando that he determined, in order to achieve his object and overcome her virtue, to pledge his word to her that he would espouse her, for to attempt it by any other means was to attempt the impossible. Bound to him as I was by friendship I tried, by the best arguments I knew of and the strongest warnings I could use, to dissuade and turn him from such a purpose; but finding that I could not prevail with him, I resolved to tell the Duke Ricardo, his father, of the affair. But Don Fernando, being shrewd and astute, suspected and apprehended this, knowing that by my obligation as a good servant I was bound not to keep secret a matter which was so much to the prejudice of my lord the Duke's honour; and therefore, to mislead and deceive me, he told me that he could find no better mode of effacing from his mind the beauty which enthralled him than to absent himself for some months; and he wished this to be effected by our both going together to my father's house, under the pretext which he would make to the Duke of going to look at and bargain for some fine horses that there were in my city, which bred the best in the world.[1] Scarce did I hear him say this when, prompted by my own love, I approved of his design as one of the most judicious that could be conceived, as I should have done had it been a worse one, seeing that it offered me so rare a chance and opportunity of once more seeing my Lucinda. With this motive and desire I commended his scheme and encouraged his purpose, urging him to put it

[1] From this it would seem that Cordova was Cardenio's native city; Cordova being then celebrated for its breed of horses (see ch. xv.).

into execution as speedily as possible, for indeed absence would do its office, in spite of inclinations the strongest. At the time when he spoke to me, as I afterwards learnt, he had already, under the title of husband, enjoyed the country girl, and was waiting an opportunity of divulging the matter with safety to himself, being in fear of what the Duke, his father, would do when he came to know of his folly.

Now, it happened that as love in young men is for the greater part not love but appetite, which as it has gratification for its ultimate end expires in achieving it, and what seems to be love turns back, as not being able to pass the bounds which nature has imposed, which bounds are not imposed on true love—I would say that as soon as Don Fernando had enjoyed the farmer's daughter his desires were appeased and his importunities cooled; so that if at first he had feigned a wish to absent himself as a relief for his love, he now in earnest sought to go in order to avoid giving it effect.

The Duke gave him leave and ordered me to accompany him; we arrived at my native city, and my father gave Don Fernando the reception due to his rank. I presently saw Lucinda; my passion began to be quickened, although, in truth, it had neither been dead nor dulled. To my sorrow I spoke of it to Don Fernando, for I thought that by right of the great friendship he bore me, I was bound to conceal nothing from him. I extolled to him the beauty, grace, and wit of Lucinda, to such an extent that my praises stirred in him the desire to see a damsel adorned with such good parts. I, to my misfortune, yielded to it, showing her to him one night by the light of a candle from a window through which we were wont to converse. He saw her in a loose dress;[1] in such guise so beautiful as to blot from his memory all the beauties he had ever seen. He stood mute; he lost his

[1] *En sayo,—en déshabillé. Sayo* is the loose morning dress, not fitting to the shape, worn by Spanish ladies at home.

senses; he was spell-bound; and, in brief, so deeply enamoured as you shall see in the course of the story of my misfortune; and the more to inflame his passion (which he concealed from me and revealed only to the stars), it so happened that one day he found a letter of hers, praying me to ask her of her father in marriage—so sensible, so modest, and so tender, that on reading it he said to me that in Lucinda singly were contained all the charms of beauty and of understanding which were the portions of all the other women of the world. In good sooth, as I would now confess, though I saw with what just cause Don Fernando praised Lucinda, yet it vexed me to hear those praises from his mouth, and I began to fear, and with reason to suspect him, for not a moment passed in which he did not wish us to talk of Lucinda, and himself would start the conversation, even although he had to drag the subject in by the hair,[1] a circumstance which caused in me a certain amount of jealousy, not that I feared any change in the goodness and fidelity of Lucinda; but still my fate made me tremble at the very thing against which she assured me. Don Fernando always continued to read the letters I sent to Lucinda, and those in which she replied to me, under the pretext that he much enjoyed the wit of us both. Now it happened that Lucinda, having asked me for a book of chivalries to read, of one of which she was very fond, which was *Amadis of Gaul*——

Scarce did Don Quixote hear him mention a book of chivalries when he exclaimed :—Had you told me, good Sir, at the beginning of your story that your lady Lucinda was fond of books of chivalries, there would have been no need of further amplification to convince me of the superiority of her understanding, for it could not have been so good, Sir, as

[1] *Aunque la trujese por los cabellos.* I see no reason to avoid the letter of the text here, which is as much an idiom in English as in Spanish, befitting the distracted style of Cardenio's story.

you have described it, had she lacked a taste for such delectable reading. So, as far as I am concerned, you need not waste words in declaring to me her beauty, worth, and intelligence, since from merely hearing of this her inclination I do rank her to be the most beautiful and sensible woman in the world ; and I could have wished, Sir, that along with *Amadis* you had sent her the worthy *Don Rugel of Greece*, for I know that the lady Lucinda would be greatly pleased with Daraida and Garaya, and the shrewd conceit of the shepherd Darinel, and those admirable lines in his bucolics, sung and rehearsed by him, with all grace, wit, and freedom.[1] But a time may come when this default can be amended, and for the amending nothing more is needed than that your worship should be good enough to come with me to my village, for there I will be able to give you more than three hundred books,[2] which are the joy of my soul, and the entertainment of my life :—though now I recollect that I have none, thanks to the malice of wicked and envious enchanters. Pardon me, Sir, for having broken our promise not to interrupt your narrative ; but in hearing of matters of chivalry and Knights Errant, it is no more possible for me to refrain from speaking of them than it is for the sun's rays to help giving warmth and the moon's giving moisture.[3]

[1] These are characters in the romance of *Don Florisel de Niquea*, the work of Feliciano de Silva. For a criticism of the book, and of these said bucolics, see what the Priest says in ch. vi.

[2] In ch. vi. it was said that in Don Quixote's library there were "more than a hundred of great books," meaning those of chivalries, all of which were printed in folio, besides smaller ones of poetry. But, as Clemencin remarks in this place, "who asks of a madman an account of what he says ?"—the very question he so often asks of Don Quixote.

[3] The moon, in the vulgar belief of that age, was the humid planet, the cause and generator of water and all dampness, as the sun was of fire and of all heat. Clemencin quotes an amusing passage from a contemporary author, Gerónimo Cortés, who says, in his *Lunario Perpetuo*, that "this planet is cold and moist, watery, nocturn, and feminine ; having dominion over all things humid, and in particular over asses, oxen, and fish, white and sea-birds . . . over pumpkins, cucumbers, melons, lettuces, spinach, and endive."

Therefore, forgive me, and proceed, for that is now more to the purpose.

During the time that Don Quixote was delivering himself of the aforesaid, Cardenio held his head down upon his breast, seemingly plunged in profound meditation; and although Don Quixote twice called upon him to go on with his story, he neither raised his head nor answered a word. But at the end of a long pause, he looked up and said:—I cannot get rid of the thought, nor shall there be any one in the world to rid me of it, or persuade me of aught else,—and he would be a blockhead to hold or believe the contrary,—that Master Elisabad, that arch rogue, was the paramour of the Queen Madásima.[1]

—Not so, I swear by all that's good, replied Don Quixote, in great wrath, bursting out as his custom was;—and it is a very great calumny, or rather villainy. The Queen Madásima was a very noble lady, and it is not to be presumed that so exalted a princess should be the leman of a mountebank,[2] and whoever maintains the contrary, lies like a very great scoundrel, and I will make him know it, on foot or on horseback, armed or unarmed, by night or by day, or as he likes best.

Cardenio stood looking at him very intently, for now the mad fit was come upon him, and he was in no mood to pursue his story, nor Don Quixote either to listen to it, so much disgusted was he at what he had heard about

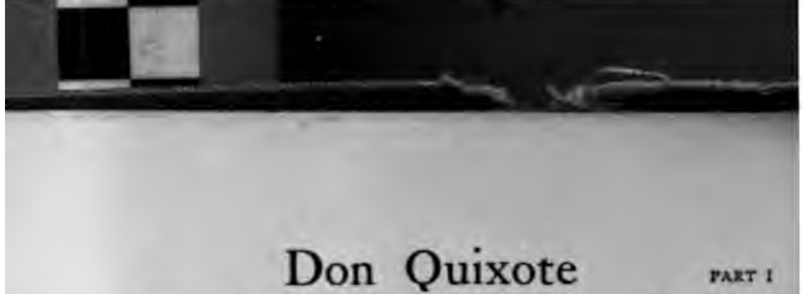
[1] Cardenio confounds Madásima, who was never a Queen, with the Princess Grasinda in *Amadis of Greece*. Elisabad, called Master for his rare skill in surgery, was also a priest and a historian; in the former character chanting masses to propitiate Heaven in favour of Amadis of Gaul, before he opens battle with a monstrous Dragon; in the latter, writing of the deeds of Esplandian, his son. There never was anything between Elisabad and Madásima. But there is a certain lady of that name in *Amadis of Gaul*, the daughter of the giant Famongomadan, to whom Galaor was all that Master Elisabad is charged with being.

[2] *Sacapotras*—lit. a quack who professes to cure certain maladies of the *scrotum*. *Potra* is "scrotal hernia." Hence, any low practitioner, medicaster, or mountebank.

Madásima. Strange case! that he should stand up for her as though she were in truth his real and natural mistress; so possessed was he by his accursed books. Cardenio being now, as I have said, mad, and hearing himself called liar and villain, with other like insults, took the jest in ill part, and lifting up a stone he found near him, gave Don Quixote such a blow with it on the breast that he knocked him down on his back. Sancho Panza, seeing his master thus treated, went at the madman with his clenched fists; but the Tattered One gave him such a reception, that with one blow he laid him at his feet, and then getting upon him, pounded his ribs, very much to his own content. The goatherd, who thought to defend him, shared the same fate, and after he had beaten and belaboured them all, he left them and composedly withdrew to his mountain ambush. Sancho rose, and in a rage at finding himself thus punished undeservedly, ran to take vengeance on the goatherd, declaring that it was he who was in fault, for not having warned them that the man was given to these fits of madness; for had they known it, they would have been careful to be on their guard. The goatherd replied that he had told them so, and that if he had not heard it, the fault was not his. Sancho retorted; the goatherd rejoined; and the end of the recriminations was that they seized each other by the beard and gave each other such blows, that if Don Quixote had not pacified them, they would have knocked one another to pieces. Holding fast of the goatherd, Sancho cried:—Let me be, your worship, Sir Knight of the Rueful Feature, for of this fellow who is a churl, like myself, and no dubbed Knight,[1] I may safely take satisfaction for the injury he has done me, fighting him hand to hand like a man of honour.

—True, said Don Quixote; but I know that he is not to blame for what has happened.

[1] Referring to what Don Quixote had said to him in chapters viii., xv., and xviii.



With this he pacified them, and again enquired of the goatherd whether it were possible to find Cardenio, for he had the greatest longing to know the end of his story. The goatherd repeated what he had told him at first, that there was no knowing for certain where Cardenio had his lair;[1] but that if he went much about these parts he could not fail to find him, mad or sane.[2]

[1] *Manida*—lit. "dwelling," from *manere*,—almost exclusively used of the dens or hiding-places of wild beasts.

[2] The contrast between Cardenio, the madman of passion, who is out of his senses temporarily, though not out of his wits; and Don Quixote, the madman of sentiment and enthusiasm, whose wits are overturned, though he retains his senses, is kept up throughout the scene with an art not less admirable for being kept subservient to the story. Don Quixote perceives the madness in the other, and therefore bears no resentment on account of the knock-down blow. Just as the scene begins to be serious and painful, as between two madmen it could not fail to be, Cervantes brings in, with his usual fine instinct of the *raconteur*, the scene of comedy between Sancho and the goatherd, which brings us in touch once more with the story, and re-knits the broken thread of the narrative.

APPENDICES



APPENDIX A

THE ROMANCES OF CHIVALRY

THE romances of chivalry, the popular taste for which, in its extravagance, it was the object of Cervantes in his *Don Quixote* to correct, may be said for the most part to owe their survival to the book which overthrew their influence. Seeing the extent to which they have been used by Cervantes in the composition of his own romance, and the close connexion between the adventures and incidents recorded in them and those which are introduced into *Don Quixote*, some account of these once famous books of chivalries, by the reading of which the wits of Alonso Quixano were turned so that he imagined himself a Knight Errant, is absolutely indispensable for the proper understanding of *Don Quixote*. I will not attempt in this place to give my readers a complete history of that literature which, especially in Spain, attained to a growth so monstrous and to a popularity so amazing. They must be content with a concise bibliography only of such of the books as are directly mentioned by Cervantes, or to the scenes and characters of which he has made reference in *Don Quixote*,—by way of a general supplement to the brief notes which are appended to the English text.

There is no better classification of the romances than that which is proposed by Señor Gayangos, in his excellent *Discurso Preliminar* to the *Libros de Caballerías*, published in the *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles* (1857). Señor Gayangos divides the Romances into six classes :—1st, The Breton ; 2nd, The Carlovingian ; 3rd, The Oreco-Asiatic ; 4th, The Divine or

Religious Books; 5th, The Historical; and 6th, The Translations or Paraphrases of the Romantic Poems of Italy into Spanish. For my own purpose, seeing that I confine myself simply to the books in Don Quixote's library and to those mentioned by Cervantes, it will be more convenient to adopt a simpler, though probably less logical, division into five classes, viz.—1st, the Romances of Castilian Origin, of which *Amadis of Gaul* is the type; 2nd, the Books of Provençal or Valencian growth; 3rd, the Carlovingian Romances; 4th, the Breton; and 5th, all others of various kinds, not to be brought into any of the former categories.

CLASS I.—THE CASTILIAN ROMANCES

SECT. I.—THE FAMILY OF AMADIS

The first of the series of purely Spanish books of chivalries, as Cervantes himself has said, and the parent of this species of literature in the Peninsula, was unquestionably *Amadis of Gaul*. The age of this book, as from internal evidence was plainly to be gathered, has now been incontestably proved by Señor Gayangos to be considerably earlier than has hitherto been supposed; and to the same authority we are indebted for having cleared up all doubts as to its origin. For many generations the *Amadis* was held to be of Portuguese invention—the authorship being credited to Vasco de Lobeira, a knight of King Joam I.'s court, who flourished during the latter half of the fourteenth century. Southey, in the preface to his translation or rather abridgment, of *Amadis*, unhesitatingly accepts the theory of Vasco de Lobeira being the author, and indeed such was the general belief even in Spain. By the French, of course, who claim everything that is romantic, or witty, or humorous to be theirs by divine right, the source of *Amadis* is declared to be France. The Comte de Tressan, who made what is, in a double sense, a free *travestie* of some of these Spanish romances, pretends to have seen a manuscript of *Amadis* in the Picard language in the Vatican; but his veracity is probably no more to be trusted than his logic when he gravely argues that because the

first three books of *Amadis* are superior in tone and in taste to all succeeding ones, therefore they must have been originally French. Sir Walter Scott seems to have been the first, in an article in the *Quarterly Review*, to suggest, from a curious passage in the book itself, that Lobeira could not have been the original author. The question has since been threshed out, and there is no longer any reason to doubt—1st, that *Amadis* was of Castilian birth; and 2nd, that the story in some shape was current in Spain before the middle of the fourteenth century. I must be content here to quote one leading fact in the long process of argument by which this point has been settled, referring those who desire to investigate the matter farther to Gayangos' *Preliminary Discourse*, or to Baret's *L'Amadis de Gaule* (1853). In a poem by the famous Lopez de Ayala, Chancellor of Castile, who fought at the battle of Najera, and was taken prisoner by the Black Prince and brought to England, he describes himself as having foolishly wasted much time in reading those lying books, *Amadis* and *Lancelot*. Now the battle of Najera was fought in 1367, when Ayala was five and thirty years of age. As the reference is obviously to the days of his youth, the *Amadis*, spoken of as a well-known book, must have been current at least as far back as 1350. It could not, therefore, possibly have been a translation from the Portuguese of Vasco de Lobeira, who was known to have been knighted at the battle of Aljubarrota, in 1385, and could not have been much older than twenty-five at that date. (See Gayangos and Baret.) A further and conclusive proof that Lobeira was not the original author is found in a curious passage in ch. xl. bk. i. of *Amadis*, relating to a certain adventure of that chaste hero with Briolania, Queen of Sobradisa, in which the writer confesses that he was compelled to alter "what in effect had been written" (*aquello que en efecto se escrivia*) in deference to the wishes of the Infante Alfonso of Portugal, who, having taken pity on that disconsolate damsel, insisted that her love should be returned. So returned it was (under protest of the compiler), who reluctantly makes Amadis break his vows of constancy to Oriana, with the result to Briolania of twins,—a boy and a girl. The shame-faced reluctance with which the

author, or compiler, who might have been Lobeira, but was more probably Montalvo, records this incident, so damaging to the hero's character—apologising to posterity for having been compelled to yield to the Royal wish,—is most amusing. It is obvious, as Scott observes, that the work upon which Lobeira made this interpolation was not his own, but a translation or paraphrase of some older story. In brief, what is established by the latest researches is that there was an *Amadis* in three books current in Spain at least as late as the middle of the fourteenth century, and probably earlier; that Lobeira translated this original Spanish story into Portuguese; that a subsequent Spanish author, Garci Ordoñez de Montalvo, brought back the romance into Castilian, with additions of his own: pruning it, according to his own statement, of many superfluous phrases and antique words, and putting others in their place of a "more polite and elegant style," with the object of "inspiring the gentle hearts of warlike youth and animating the immortal memory of the art of Chivalry, no less most honourable than glorious."

Montalvo, according to his preface, must have written after the conquest of Granada in 1492. The date of his first edition of *Amadis* is unknown, but Señor Gayangos is of opinion that the book was printed before the close of the fifteenth century. Gayangos himself in his catalogue quotes the edition of Salamanca of 1510 as the earliest extant; but since, there appeared at Sotheby and Wilkinson's sale of the Baron de Seillière's Library, in 1889, an edition of Zaragoza, believed to be unique, of the date of 1508. The full title of this precious volume is—

Los quatros libros del Virtuoso Cavallero Amadis de Gaula, complidos.

The Fourth Book is supposed to be entirely the work of Montalvo, but it is more probable that he expanded the original three books into four. Baret is of opinion that the original *Amadis* ended with the arrival of the hero at the court of King Lisuarte, after the battle with the giants (bk. ii. ch. xviii.). Certainly there are some incidents in the Third Book, and,

indeed, the whole of the adventures in Constantinople and in the Island of the Devil, with the slaughter of the Dragon, which seem to me to be of a more modern cast. I am inclined to believe that the passages extolling the piety of Amadis and recording his benefactions to the Church and his endowments of monasteries, which are curiously out of gear with the rest of the story, have been interpolated. The end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century was the period when the ecclesiastical power in Spain first reached its high development, under Isabella the Catholic. The fourteenth century, when the romance was begotten, was not so religious. The magic in the *Amadis* proper is of the most primitive kind, and the supernatural scarcely perceptible. Arcalaus is but a feeble hand at sorcery; and Urganda a very unimaginative fairy, whose powers are quite unequal to her good intentions. As to all that relates to the birth of Esplandian and his mysterious bringing up, it is clearly introduced by Montalvo in order to lead up to what is indisputably his own story, and the Fifth Book of *Amadis*, called—

Las Sergas del vertuoso cavallero Esplandian, hijo de Amadis.

Inasmuch as there is a Sixth Book extant, with the date of 1510, it is not unreasonably conjectured that the date of the first edition of *Esplandian* must be before 1510. None is now known earlier than 1525. Esplandian is the son of Amadis and Oriana, born before their nuptials, as was so often the case with the heroes of chivalric romance. Montalvo relates with much simplicity how the fairy Urganda appeared to him, and while urging him to his task, spoke of his being almost too silly and unlettered a man to hold such an office as that of *Regidor* in the State. The adventures in *Esplandian* are of less interest than those in *Amadis*, the son being merely a copy of the father in all his exploits, only more valiant and less virtuous.

The Sixth Book of *Amadis* is that directed to the great and notable deeds of *Don Florisando*, Prince of Cantaria, son of Don Florestan, and nephew of Amadis. It is by an unknown hand, and very scarce in any edition.

The Seventh Book treats of the great deeds in arms of *Lisuarte of Greece*, the son of Esplandian, and of Perion of Gaul, son of Galaor, his uncle. The anonymous author, believed to be Feliciano de Silva, in a dedication to the Archbishop of Seville, declares that he found the manuscript (written in Greek by the magician Alquife) in London, whence he brought it to Spain and translated it, with emendations. This was a common form with the writers of these romances in order to heighten their readers' curiosity, which Cervantes has parodied. Many of the passages in the original story of *Amadis* are introduced here, with Amadis himself, and the adventures have a strong family likeness to those of the parent romance, only that they are described with less simplicity and more exaggeration. The geography is even wilder and includes a greater range of country,—the Knights being called in to assist at a domestic piece of business, fighting for the Spanish King against *El Miramolin* (*Amir-al-Momenin*) in the neighbourhood of Cordova.

The Eighth Book of *Amadis* is concerned with the deeds of the same *Lisuarte of Greece*, nephew of Amadis, by another hand, Juan Diaz, who apparently was not aware of the existence of the Seventh Book until its publication, for he originally called his own the Seventh. In this, the old Amadis, now King of Great Britain, is hard pressed by a combination of his enemies (pagans) in his capital of *Fenusa* (Winchester ?), until relieved by his nephews and a strong contingent of Knights Errant, raised from every part of Christendom—the Pope consenting, at the prayer of the confederates, and in view of the great peril to the true religion, to relax his ordinance against Knights Errant. In the end the Christians conquer, and the heathen are compelled to abandon their designs upon Great Britain. In the 174th chapter, the old Amadis dies, and is buried with extraordinary ceremony. The book is not less rare than others of the series, the first edition being apparently that of Seville, 1526.

The Ninth Book is styled the *Chronicle of the very valiant and puissant Prince and Knight of the Burning Sword Amadis of Greece, the son of Lisuarte of Greece*. This is by Feliciano de Silva, the presumed author of *Lisuarte of Greece*. In this, the chivalric

romance is carried to its utmost pitch of extravagance, Silva changing the style of the older books into one peculiar to himself, of extraordinary floweriness and rodomontade, such as Cervantes has ridiculed in *Don Quixote*. In *Amadis of Greece*, all the old heroes, or such of them as survive, are introduced, with adventures very similar though more tedious and insipid, and one novelty, which is the pastoral element, is now for the first time mingled with the warlike business,—marking a change in the popular taste.

The next, or Tenth Book in the series, is also by Feliciano de Silva, called the *Chronicles of Don Florisel de Niquea and the brave Anaxartes, sons of Amadis of Greece*, in two parts. This was first printed at Valladolid in 1532. It exhibits Silva in his topmost frenzy of chivalric invention, with some new personages, and a further development of the pastoral business.

The Eleventh Book of *Amadis*, called the third part of *Florisel de Niquea*, is also by Feliciano de Silva, and is dedicated to the recording of the prodigious adventures of *Don Rogel* (or *Rugel*) *of Greece*, the son of Florisel. It was first published at Seville, in 1536, with a continuation in 1551, enlarging upon the amours of Don Rogel with the fair Archisidea. This continuation is remarkable for a long prologue, addressed to the Queen Doña Maria, daughter of Charles V., in which Silva enumerates the warlike deeds of her father, especially his campaign against the Protestants in Saxony, from which it is supposed that the book was intended to celebrate, as in an allegory, the military and domestic virtues of the Emperor Charles.

The Twelfth Book is *Don Silves de la Selva*, less known than any of the preceding, by Pedro de Lujan, published in 1546.

The Thirteenth Book is that of *Esferamundi*, son of Rogel and Archisidea, of doubtful origin. The only existing version is an Italian one, said by the author, Mambrino de Roseo, to have been taken from the Spanish; but Gayangos supposes it to be of Roseo's own invention.

There is a still more dubious Fourteenth Book, called *Penalva*, written in Portuguese, in which the author, not satisfied with the death of Amadis in the Eighth Book, brings him to life again

in order to finish him off with more ceremony. Nothing
known of *Penalva*, except from a notice in Nicolás Antoni
Bibliotheca Nova.

Here ends the long line of Amadis of Gaul in his nati
country,—the most famous and most popular of all the series
Spanish romances, not only in Spain but among foreign natio
A complete collection of these romances in the original folios
a treasure such as has hitherto baffled the quest of the keen
bibliomaniac. Perhaps my friend Don Pascual possesses a larg
and rarer library of books of chivalries than any which exis
Few of them have been reprinted since the sixteenth century, a
nearly all remain in the Gothic letter. The volume of *Lib*
de Caballerías, edited by Gayangos, published in Rivadeneyr
series, includes only the four parts of the original *Ama*
with the *Sergas de Esplandian*. The translations are numero
Nicholas D'Herberay, Sieur des Essarts, at the instance, it is sa
of Francis I., turned six of the first books of *Amadis* into Fren
in 1540; and the series has been continued in French by oth
hands, with the addition of new books, until a Twenty-four
Book is reached by an anonymous translator, which appeared
Paris in 1615. These later French continuations are wanti
in all the redeeming qualities of the original *Amadis;* the sty
is debased, and the native simplicity and grace degraded in
looseness and obscenity. In the Twenty-third Book the adve
turers betake them to America, a country which up to th
had never been mentioned. Even the original translations
D'Herberay, though interesting for their picturesque old Frenc
depart greatly from the Spanish text, the manners of the her
being Frenchified as well as their language, while Gaul, t
ancestral home of the Amadises, is made to be not Wales b
France. There are two early English translations of *Amadis*,
Thomas Paynel and by Anthony Munday,—one of *Esplandi*
and some of the later heroes,—all of which are now very scar
Amadis having been almost as much read in England for a ti
as he was in Spain. Southey's version of the romance is but
abridgment, with many of the characteristic scenes omitted,
written with much elegance and spirit, however, and in a fo

which makes the old story even now very readable. There are Italian versions of most of these books. Bernardo Tasso has founded on Amadis his poem of *Amadigi di Francia* (mistaking Gaul for France), and the greater poet, his son, praises it as "the most beautiful and, perhaps, the most profitable story of its kind that can be read."

SECT. 2.—THE PALMERINS

The next family of romances belonging to this cycle, almost equal in popularity to the Amadises and quite as prolific, is that of the *Palmerins*. The first of these, the parent of the race, is *Palmerin of Oliva*, said to have been the work of a carpenter's daughter of Burgos (Gayangos says Ciudad Rodrigo), which was first printed at Salamanca in 1511. Eight editions followed in quick succession. This Palmerin was the son of Florendos, who was the son of Primaleon or Pigmaleon, King of Macedonia. Being of unlawful birth, he was exposed by his mother in an olive plantation, whence his name *de Oliva*. After many adventures in the manner of Amadis, though told with far less spirit and simplicity, Palmerin becomes Emperor of Constantinople. To him succeeded his son *Primaleon*, by the same pen, after whom came *Polindo*, followed by *Platir* and *Flotir*—none of them of much account.

The Sixth in this series, and by far the best as well as most famous, is *Palmerin of England*, who was son of the King Duardos or Duarde (Edward), and of Flerida, daughter of Palmerin of Oliva. This "Palm of England," as Cervantes calls it, was, like *Amadis of Gaul*, his great rival, for a long time supposed to be of Portuguese origin—the work of one Francisco Moraes, of Evora. But the discovery of a Spanish version, printed at Toledo in 1547, proves, as Vicente Salvá was the first to point out in the *Repertorio Americano* (vol. iv.), that the author was Luis Hurtado, whose name is revealed in an acrostic addressed to the reader. (See the whole question discussed in Gayangos' tract, *De Palmerin de Inglaterra y de su Verdadero Autor*. Madrid, 1862.) As a story *Palmerin* is only inferior to *Amadis*, on the general scheme

of which it is founded. Palmerin has a brother, Florian, wh
to him what Galaor is to Amadis. The difference of sp
between the two books is simply the difference of their a
Amadis is of the fourteenth century, when chivalry was sti
living faith and a real institution ; *Palmerin* is of the sixtee
century, when the pure ideal of Knighthood had been blot
out by the spirit of gold-seeking, the product of the Ameri
discoveries. When Luis Hurtado wrote, Knights and Knig
errantry were already shadows of the past, with no more real
than the dragons they slew and the magic they encounter
The story of *Palmerin*, as being more modern, has more of hum
interest than the other. The action is more varied, the moti
less strained ; there is more sensibility, as Ticknor remarks,
natural scenery ; and the personages, as Cervantes says, talk m
easily and naturally. In regard to the fighting, Southey obser
most judiciously :—"When the author of *Amadis* has a comb
to describe, he fairly fights it ; in this he exceeds all poets and
romancers ; even Ariosto and Tasso are far inferior to him. T
author of *Palmerin*, on the contrary, sets everything before yo
eyes : he paints the lists and the spectators, and enters into t
feelings both of those who are engaged and those who look o
Southey concludes a very laudatory notice of the book (of whi
he produced an English version in 1807) which is still v
readable, by declaring—"I know of no romance and no e
in which suspense concerning the conclusion is so successfu
kept up." In many respects *Palmerin of England* differs notal
from all the other romances, and chiefly by a more modern c
of thought and a greater show of literary art. It does not app
to have been reprinted so often as most of the others ; and of t
original edition of 1547-48 only two copies are known to
extant, one of which is in the British Museum. There was
early English translation in 1602 by "the Grub Street Patriarc
Anthony Munday (probably from the French), which is a wretch
piece of work, wherein it is confidently stated, "gentlemen m
find choice of sweet inventions and gentlewomen be satisfied
courtly expectations."

The Portuguese carried on the line of Palmerin to two

three generations, but with these, though the scene is still laid in England, we are not here concerned.

The two classes of the Amadises and the Palmerins make up what Gayangos calls the "Greco-Asiatic," and Duran the "Galo-Grecian" cycle. I should rather call it the Hispano-British class. All the principal heroes, though they go far afield for adventures, are of British, Welsh, or Scottish origin. Their homes are in the British Islands. Amadis comes to be King of Great Britain himself, and Palmerin is son of a King of England. In fact, all internal evidence tends to confirm the hypothesis that the typical romance of chivalry in its perfect form, which is the new *Amadis of Gaul*, grew into being with the arrival of the English contingent in Spain, in 1367, under the Black Prince, himself the most famous warrior of the day, with the flower of British, Norman, and Gascon chivalry, in aid of the cause of Don Pedro against his bastard brother Enrique. This was the first time in history that Spain was brought into actual contact with England; and though the campaign was of little permanent benefit to either side, it cannot be doubted that the spectacle of this armoured host, under the leadership of the great, chivalrous, and victorious Prince, left a deep impression on the popular imagination. It is true that the knowledge gained of England and of Englishmen was somewhat vague. The geography of *Amadis* is rather confused, seeing that Windsor (Vindilisora) is made an island, and Amadis has to take ship from Wales to get to Great Britain, while he is able to ride from London to the *Insula Firme*, which should be a peninsula on the coast of Brittany. But clearly the writers meant to point to Great Britain as the principal seat of chivalry in the fourteenth century, as undoubtedly it was,—the Court of Edward III. being the most distinguished in that age as the most perfect system of Knighthood on the model of the Round Table, while the Black Prince was well known in Spain by his feats, and might well be regarded as the Knight Errant *par excellence*—the model warrior and adventurer.

SECT. 3.—INDEPENDENT ROMANCES

Of the stories belonging neither to the Amadis nor to the Palmerin series which Gayangos includes in his Greco-Asiatic cycle, the most notable is that of *Belianis of Greece*, written by one Gerónimo Fernandez, an advocate of Madrid, under the name of the Sage Friston. This was the favourite book of Charles V., distinguished by Cervantes for its "excessive choler," needing "a little rhubarb to purge it." It is one of the most foolish and extravagant of the series, although the Archbishop of Rosas (cited by the author) avers Belianis to be without an equal among the Knights of that age for piety, "in which quality he excelled the most sequestered of monks,"—as he very well might do.

Of the numerous Knights of the independent sort is *Don Cirongilio de Tracia*, by Bernardo de Vargas, published 1545—known only as having been one of the books in the innkeeper's collection, together with *Felixmarte* or *Florismarte of Hircania*, which was also in the library of Don Quixote. Among these may be reckoned *Don Florambel de Lucea*, whose adventure with a Princess in the dark is supposed to have suggested the scene between Don Quixote and Maritornes. *Lepolemo*, or the *Knight of the Cross*, is another of the books which were in Don Quixote's library, described by Gayangos in terms which scarcely seem to justify the sentence pronounced on him by the Priest at the Inquisition. It differs much from its class. The adventures, though marvellous, are not incredible. The geography is less wild, though the scenes are laid in places hitherto untrodden by the foot of Knight Errant, such as Tripoli and Kairwan. In place of dwarfs and damsels there are monks and chaplains. There are no enchantments, giants, or anything supernatural. The author is said to be Xarton, who, though versed in the magic arts, is of good intent and nature—more like Cid Hamet Benengeli, it has been said, than are any of the other Sages who have written such books. *Olivante de Laura* is another book which has the honour of having been included in Don Quixote's library, and conveyed to the yard for its arrogance and silliness.

Lastly, there need only be mentioned in this class *The Knight of Phœbus* or *Alfebo*, whose adventures are included in the four parts of *The Mirror of Princes and Knights* (not to be confounded with *El Espejo de las Caballerías* to be mentioned hereafter). This has the distinction of being by general consent the most puerile and stupid of all the books of chivalries—marking the very lowest point touched by the human imagination concerning itself with these inventions. Yet, though directly satirised and burlesqued by Cervantes, to the *Knight of Phœbus* is to be assigned the singular glory of having been twice reprinted after the appearance of *Don Quixote*—in 1617 and 1623.

CLASS II.—THE PROVENÇAL ROMANCES

The romances of native Spanish birth, but which were either written originally in the Valencian or Catalan dialect or owe their inspiration to a kindred Provençal source, stand naturally apart from those of Castilian growth. The most remarkable of them, and, indeed, one of the three principal books of chivalries for matter and style—*Amadis* and *Palmerin of England* being the other two—is *Tirante el Blanco*,—or, as it was called in its native tongue, *Tirant lo Blanch*,—or, to give him his full title, *Lo valoros e strenu Cavalier Tirant lo Blanch, Princep del Imperi Grech de Contestinoble:* Valencia, 1490.

This, the earliest existing book of chivalries in Spain, is the work of the "magnificent and virtuous cavalier," Johannot de Martorell, said in the title-page to have been translated from the English into Portuguese and thence into the vulgar tongue,—following the usual form in these books, which have nearly all of them an original author,—Arab, Portuguese, English, or other barbarian,—and a translator. The Spanish version did not appear till 1511, and is described by Gayangos as extremely unfaithful and little else than an abridgment, poorly executed. The date of the composition of the book is given, by the author himself, as 1460, so that it is probably earlier than any of the Spanish romances, excepting the original *Amadis*. It differs

essentially from any other romance, and breathes a curiou
foreign tone, showing how distinct were the provinces in wh
the Provençal civilisation was preserved from the other parts
the Peninsula in the fifteenth century. The spirit is m
refined. The society described is of a higher developme
softer and more luxurious—Provençal and not Castilian;
manners more profligate than in the Spanish or even the Bre
romances. The exploits of the heroes are more matter-of-f
and less marvellous than in any of the other romances. Th
is, in fact, very little of chivalry in the book. The Knights,
Cervantes says, "eat and sleep, and die in their beds,
make their wills before death." They resort to science and
cunning, as well as to brute valour and strength, using artill
and engines, as well as swords and spears. There are no mirac
and only one small piece of magic. Tirante himself is rat
a skilful general than a valiant soldier. There is a self-consci
air and a distinct trace of humour in the story, which mark it
the product of a less simple and heroic age. The dress,
weapons, the habits and customs belong, indeed, to the fifteen
century,—but it is the fifteenth century of Provence, not
Spain. A great portion of the story is laid in England. T
Prince of Wales, Guy Earl of Warwick (Varoych), the Tow
of London, the Order of the Garter, are introduced. "Lo Du
de Lancastre, lo Duch de Glocestre, lo Duch d'Atreria (?),
Comte de Salasberi" figure among the English leaders. T
hero, Tirante, does not appear until the plot is considera
advanced. The dominions of the King of England are invad
by a vast army of heathen from the Great Canary, who lay si
to London. The unbelievers succeed in obtaining possession
the English capital. The castle of the Earl of Warwick hims
is besieged, such unchivalric means being used for its reducti
as "bombardes, balestes, colobrines, e springardes." At last
Earl, after incredible efforts, relieves his castle and his counte
the Paynim host is defeated, and London recovered. The Ki
of England, for joy, marries the daughter of the King of Fran
and the realm is given up to merry-making. At the jousts h
in honour of the wedding, Tirante the White appears, and ov

throws various doughty Knights, and returns home to lead the Greek forces against the Soldan of Babylon. Tirante wins an easy victory, after tremendous slaughter of the enemy, and returns to Constantinople, to be engaged, after several love affairs and much amorous correspondence, to the Emperor's daughter, but dies of a pleurisy before the match can come off, after leaving 100,000 ducats personalty. I cannot understand what Scott and Southey mean when they denounce *Tirante* for its profligacy. The former declares "it must have been written in a brothel." The latter says he "never met with a book which implied so beastly a state of feeling in the author." From this it is clear that neither Scott nor Southey ever read *Tirante* in the original. Both must have derived their notion of it from the pretended French translation by the Comte de Caylus,—which is no translation at all, but an obscene parody. In the original Valencian book there is nothing impure and very little that is improper, though much that is loose. Cervantes' own opinion of the book, which, after a somewhat ambiguous sentence, he deliberately exempted from the flames, is most judicious. A copy of the original edition of *Tirant lo Blanch* brought £605 at Baron Seillière's sale. There is a perfect copy, long supposed to be unique, forming part of the Grenville Library in the British Museum. There is one other, not so good, in the Vatican Library. There is an interesting note by Joseph Ritson, in his manuscript collection of Romances in the British Museum, regarding *Tirant lo Blanch*. The author, Juan Martorell, is said to have derived his English scenes from a visit paid to England in the reign of Henry VI. He came over in 1425, in the suite of Dom Pedro, Duke of Coimbra, son of Joam I. of Portugal, and grandson of John of Gaunt. Dom Pedro was magnificently entertained by the king's uncles—Henry VI. being then a minor—and made a Knight of the Garter, the ceremonies of which are described in the book in detail. The fight with the mastiff, to which Cervantes refers in Part I. ch. vi., is supposed to have been taken from an actual incident which occurred in 1371, and is recorded in Montfaucon's *Antiquities of France*. Tirante describes himself as a native of Brittany, deriving his name from *Tirania* in that

duchy, of which his father was lord, and from his mother Bla[nche]
Ritson is inclined to believe that Martorell took his character[s]
of Froissart, which, with his actual experience of high life i[n the]
English Court, may have contributed to give the book that g[...]
and yet more martial tone, which contrasts so strongly [with]
that of the romances of pure Castilian origin. The styl[e of]
Martorell has been very much praised for its elegance and pu[rity,]
and indeed in reading his book now one is inclined to re[gret]
that a dialect so graceful and mellifluous as the old Valen[cian]
should have passed out of literature.

There is a very rare book called *Cifar*, dealing with [the]
adventures of a Knight who came to be King of "Ment[on,"]
which belongs to this class, but, as it is not mentioned [by]
Cervantes, I will pass it over, with others of the family.

CLASS III.—THE CARLOVINGIAN ROMANCES

The romances included under this head by Gayangos [are]
those, next to those of Amadis, most frequently mentioned [and]
most commonly used in *Don Quixote*. They relate to the w[ars]
and conquests of Charlemagne and the exploits of the Tw[elve]
Peers, and are all founded upon the fabulous *Chronicle* attribu[ted]
to Turpin, or Tilpin, Archbishop of Rheims. As the histor[ical]
Turpin died in 778, he could not have been the author of [the]
Chronicle, which speaks of events long after that date. T[he]
best opinion is that the Chronicle styled *Gesta Caroli Ma[gni]*
was written by Pope Calixtus II., who was elected to the Pa[pal]
Chair in 1119, with a view to stimulate the crusade against [the]
heathen, and especially to extend the worship of the Apostle [St.]
James, better known as Santiago, in his shrine of Composte[la.]
The Latin Chronicle is a mass of improbable inventions, at[tri]buting
to Charlemagne and his Peers exploits such as w[ere]
absolutely impossible. It has served, however, as the m[ine]
whence a great many romancists, including Ariosto and Boiar[do,]
have drawn their materials. A Spanish version of Turpi[n's]
Chronicle, with several new lies added to suit the national ta[ste,]
was written by Nicolás de Piamonte, and published at Sev[ille]

in 1528. This was frequently reprinted, and is probably the direct source whence the Spanish Carlovingian romances were drawn. The earliest and the most elaborate of these romances was the *Espejo de Caballerías*, or Mirror of Chivalries, treating of the feats of Don Roldan (Orlando) and Don Reynaldos de Montalvan. Of this there were four parts, apparently by different authors, of which the first was published at Seville in 1533. There is a separate series of romances, of which Reynaldos is the principal hero, also in four parts. There is another book, in two parts, of which the giant Morgante is the leading hero,—the second part being little else than a translation of Pulci's semi-burlesque poem of *Morgante Maggiore*. To this class belongs the curious book of *Guarino Mesquino*, written originally in Italian by Andrea de Florencia, which is included by the author of the *Diálogo de la Lengua* (Juan Valdés) "among the most lying of books, of a style so vile that there is no good stomach which can stand the reading of them."

Many of the references in *Don Quixote* to the Carlovingian heroes,—to Orlando especially,—are meant to apply not to the knights of the prose romances, but to the personages in the poems of *Orlando Furioso* and *Orlando Innamorato*, and a few to the Carlovingian ballads.

CLASS IV.—THE BRETON ROMANCES

These, though usually claimed as being the original stock whence all the books of chivalries were drawn, are of comparatively infrequent mention in *Don Quixote*. Merlin, Arthur, and Lancelot figure indeed among the heroes who influence Don Quixote's actions, but the Spanish books in which their adventures are described are but rarely mentioned. The oldest now existing, and probably the earliest in point of date, is *El Baladro del Sabio Merlin*, or, The Cry of the Sage Merlin,—the cry which he uttered when dying, which was heard three leagues off. This was printed at Burgos in 1498, and is a translation, according to Gayangos, of an Italian book of the fourteenth century. *Lancelot du Lac* was introduced into Spain in 1515,

under the name of *Lanzarote del Lago*, in the *Demanda del Sancto Grial;* and *Tristan de Leonis*, at a very early period, under that name. The only truly Spanish hero of this class of romances referred to by Cervantes is *Tablante de Ricamonte*, which may be said to be a connecting link between the Knights of the Round Table and the Twelve Peers, as it partakes of the character both of the Breton and the Carlovingian books.

The truth is that the Breton romances were never so popular in Spain as those of indigenous growth. Arthur and Lancelot and Tristan were regarded as foreigners, while Amadis and Palmerin were natives. The deeds of the one may have kindled the spirit which led to the composition of the other; but we must make a distinction between the origin of the institution of chivalry and that of the literature of which it was the inspiration. I am unable to hold with M. Baret in his ingenious attempt to prove that, while *Amadis* is essentially Spanish, the germ of the romance is foreign,—that the theme has been imported from France, and is the issue of the same spring whence came the romances of the Round Table. The statement that *Amadis* and his family came in the suite of the Provençal literature is certainly not borne out by the facts. The spirit of the purely Spanish romance is essentially distinct from that of the Arthurian, and still more so from the Provençal. It is true that Cervantes himself, through the mouth of Don Quixote, assigns to King Arthur and his Round Table the origin of chivalry; but chivalry is one thing and chivalric romance another, nor is there the least proof of any connexion between the romantic literature of Spain of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, with that which took its source in Brittany two or three centuries earlier, except so far as they are both the product of the ideas and feelings which gave rise to chivalry.

CLASS V.—MISCELLANEOUS ROMANCES

There remain a few other romances, not to be classified in any of the above orders, of uncertain character. Some are founded on history, and were probably developed out of the ballads, such

as the romance of the Moor Abindarraez and the Fair Xarifa, which is referred to in *Don Quixote*. Examples of a purely imaginary romance, not connected with any of the great families, are the history of *Enrique Fi* (son) *de Oliva Rey de Hierusalem*, in which there is a character (Conde Tomillas) mentioned in *Don Quixote*, and the story of *La Linda Magalona*, which is a reproduction of the old French legend of *Pierre de Provence et la Belle Maguelonne*, of the twelfth century. The chronicle of *The Nine of Fame* (Los Nueve de la Fama), in which is included the Life of the celebrated Bertrand de Guesclin, is probably also the subject of an allusion in *Don Quixote*.

These seem to exhaust the number of the books of chivalries which it was Cervantes' purpose to assail, because of their corrupting influence on the popular taste and morals. I have elsewhere maintained that it was not the composition of romances of chivalry at which his satire was levelled, but against the bad and extravagant books which were multiplied so enormously in Spain, in consequence of the success which was achieved by *Amadis*, by *Palmerin*, and one or two others whose character and authority Cervantes certainly never intended to destroy—he himself being a great reader and lover of romances of chivalry.

To read *Don Quixot*
Gaul is like reading
book of Genesis. In
all his adventures, the
and imitates the actions
Amadis of Gaul; and th
in the First Part, is lost
the older romance.

As in this age there
example who have read
and not many to whom ev
(really far more readable th
"romances") is accessible,
of *Amadis*.

Once upon a time there
Passion of our Saviour," a
(Bretagne) called Garinter, w
called the Lady of the Garl
pleasure in her beautiful tress
with flowers, was married to L
younger Elisena, much more
therefore for he

explains, upon which the stranger introduces himself as Perion, King of Gaul (Wales), who has come from a far land to seek for adventures. Soon after a lion appears to rob them of a hart they had killed, but in a fight with Perion is himself slain. The King of Gaul is brought to the palace, and received there with hospitality. From the first moment she sees him Elisena perceives her great modesty to be of no avail, being taken with a great and incurable love for the stranger King. Perion reciprocates, and through the art of Darioleta, the Princess's maid, Elisena and Perion are brought together. The result is a son, called Amadis, who is clapt into a box and sent adrift on the river, with a writing round his neck, "This is Amadis, son of a King," and his father's sword and ring. The box is carried out to sea, and is fished up by a knight of Scotland called Gandales ; whose wife having been just delivered of a son, Gandalin, she is enabled to suckle them both. Amadis, called the Child of the Sea from that adventure, is brought up in Scotland. At the age of seven, the fairy Urganda having appeared meanwhile to Gandales and prophesied his foster-son's greatness, Amadis is taken up by Languines, King of Scotland (who is married to his aunt), and educated in his Court, together with Gandalin, his foster-brother, afterwards his squire. Meanwhile the father of Elisena dies, and Perion goes over to make her his Queen, not being told anything of the birth of their son Amadis. Another son is born to them, Galaor, who, when a child, is carried off from his nurse by a giant, Gandalac, who turns out to be "not so wicked as other giants," with a certain turn even for pious works, seeing that he "peoples an island with Christians," and sets a hermit over them, with whom Galaor is left to be brought up.

The story returns to the Child of the Sea, who grows in grace and stature till at twelve he looks like fifteen. Meanwhile, King Falangriz of Great Britain having died, the chief men of the land send for his brother, Lisuarte, to be King ; which Lisuarte has a wife, Brisena, and a daughter, Oriana, born in Denmark, the fairest creature ever seen, therefore called *Sin par* (peerless). On his way to take possession of his throne, King Lisuarte and family stop with King Languines of Scotland, with

whom Oriana, "because she suffered much at sea," is left to be educated. Lisuarte having gone away to Great Britain, became the best King that had been, nor did any one better maintain chivalry till King Arthur reigned, who in goodness excelled all kings before him. Amadis served Oriana, and, as well as he loved her did she love him, though, not knowing of his birth, he dared not speak of it. Amadis, though still young, is seized with the idea of being knighted, and is sent by King Languines to King Perion, as one by whom this honour should best be conferred. Meanwhile, Gandales, hearing of Amadis' wish, sends a damsel with the sword, the ring, and the letter which had been found on him when an infant, to King Languines' Court. Perion knights him, not knowing him to be his son, and is rescued by Amadis from certain discourteous Knights who assail him. Amadis performs other services for his father, slaying his enemy, King Abies of Ireland, whose limbs were like those of a giant. Then he is made known to his father and mother. King Perion summons a Parliament that all might see his son Amadis. Hearing how his brother Galaor had been carried away by a giant, Amadis resolves to go to his rescue, so sails to a goodly city in Great Britain, called Bristoya (Bristol), where he learns that King Lisuarte is at Vindilisora (Windsor). Meanwhile, Galaor, under charge of the hermit, had grown large-limbed and strong, so that he desires to become a Knight and slay some one. In vain does the hermit counsel him to "seek some other way safer for his soul." On his way to Lisuarte's Court to be knighted, Galaor meets his brother, Amadis,—they not knowing each other,—and struck with Amadis' valour against certain villain Knights, resolves to be knighted by him, which is done; and he starts on adventures on his own account, slaying giants and rescuing damsels, but not behaving so continently to the latter as might be wished. The adventures of the two brothers and their cousin, Agrajes, now come thick and fast, and it is perplexing to follow their several courses. A good sample of a very common sort of adventure is one which happens early in Amadis' career, when, "after hearing mass," he sets out with his squire Gandalin only, from King Lisuarte's Court. Riding through a

forest, he meets a lady with two damsels and four squires, and a litter with them, all loudly lamenting. Asking what they have in the litter, Amadis is told it is a wounded Knight, the lady's husband, who has been attacked by a Knight who keeps a bridge upon the road, an enemy to King Lisuarte. Amadis resolves to avenge him, so rides on till he comes to the bridge and sees the Knight "playing at tables" with another. The usual colloquy ensues. After an exchange of hard words, they give spurs to their horses and encounter each other with their lances. The helmet of Amadis is unlaced, and, while adjusting it, he receives three blows with a sword, which he requites with one on the side of the neck that sent the other's head dangling upon his breast. "Now," said he, "go tell your lady what you have seen." Riding on, he comes to a plain, fair and wide, and is delighted with the green grass he sees on all sides. Presently there comes up an ugly dwarf, who is asked whether he has seen a young Knight called Galaor. He says no, but will take Amadis where he will see the best Knight in the world. Amadis is attacked by three Knights at once, whom he defeats, leaving only one to escape with his life. Then they go on till they come to an enchanted castle, which is the abode of Arcalaus the Enchanter, who is Amadis' great enemy. Amadis contrives not only to escape from his wiles, but to release many there held captive, and comes just in time to rescue his faithful squire, Gandalin, who is tied to a post, and the dwarf, who is hanging by the leg from a beam over a fire of stinking smoke. At last Arcalaus himself comes out, in the shape of one of the largest Knights in the world, upon a lusty courser, and a furious encounter ensues. Arcalaus, getting the worst of it, turns to fly, and is pursued by Amadis, but, raising his sword to strike, he is enchanted, and loses the strength of his limbs, and falls to the ground like a dead man. Then mounting upon the horse of Amadis, Arcalaus rides to the Court of Lisuarte, and spreads a report of Amadis' death, over which Oriana makes great lamentation. But Arcalaus has a wife, of a disposition contrary to her husband's, who takes the spell off Amadis, whereupon Amadis releases his squire and many others of the magician's prisoners, one of whom returns to Court and proclaims that

Amadis is living, to the great joy of Lisuarte and his family. Riding through the forest, Amadis meets with the distressed damsel Briolania, who has been dispossessed of her kingdom of Sobradisa by her uncle Abiseos. But, before he can take her part, he fights a furious battle with an unknown Knight, who turns out to be his brother Galaor, also bent on adventure. Then after more adventures they all ride to Court, and so great is the general desire to see them among the populace of London, that they can scarcely make way through the streets. There is a pathetic scene at the palace between the two lovers, Oriana assuring him that she only desires to live for him. Meanwhile, the damsels talk of the two brothers, and how God had made them as beautiful as brave and good. Galaor, they thought, had the fairer complexion,—Amadis the more sanguine visage, with hair crisp and red. Then the King, for joy of the occasion, held a great Parliament (*Cortes*) in London, at that time a city which "topped all Christendom like an eagle," in order to give ordinances about things of chivalry, and to ask them what he should do now that he was at the height of his prowess. But Arcalaus, the subtle enchanter, lays a plot by which he gets King Lisuarte into his power, clapping him into the strong dungeon of Daganel, while Oriana is led away to his own castle at Mount Aldin. When Amadis and Galaor hear the news they are greatly distressed, starting at once to their relief. Amadis rescues his mistress, after many adventures, and Galaor, the King. The city of London is relieved of the presence of the usurper Barsinan, who is caught in the Tower and burnt, together with Arcalaus' cousin. Amadis, having a little time on his hands, now goes to perform his promised service for the fair Briolania, which is the occasion of great mischief, and leads up to the principal episode in his history as a lover. From the first it is clear that Oriana gives Amadis leave to go upon this service without much alacrity, —not being particularly zealous in respect of his performing what he promised to the fair Briolania. This smoulder of jealousy is blown into a flame by certain idle words of Amadis' dwarf, who makes Oriana believe that it is for love of Briolania that Amadis is undertaking this enterprise. Oriana gives way to

a passion of jealousy,—"shutting her heart so that no tear could come from her eyes,"—and uttering reproachful words of her lover, whom she believes to be faithless. Meanwhile, another brother of Amadis is discovered,—Florestan,—who discloses himself in the usual way after a fight with Galaor. Amadis himself departs on his battle against Abiseos, and slays him and his sons, and restores Briolania to her kingdom. (Here there is interpolated the passage we have referred to elsewhere, where Briolania, overcome by her love for Amadis, insists upon his returning it, which he does, by special request of a Prince of Portugal, who persuades the author to do this wrong to the reputation of the chaste knight—with the result that Oriana is left with sufficient cause for jealousy.) Presently Galaor and Florestan join Amadis at the Court of Sobradisa, where there are great rejoicings over the return of Briolania. Here ends the First Book of Amadis.

The Second Book opens with an account of the *Insola Firme*, which plays so conspicuous a part in the after history of Amadis, and becomes a refuge when he is in trouble and out of favour at Court (not to speak of this being the original of the *insula* promised by Don Quixote to his squire Sancho Panza). The *Insola Firme* (so-called because it was almost an island, and nearly terra-firma, being separated from the mainland only by a narrow neck of rock) was only seven leagues by five wide, but so strong by nature and art as to be a kingdom as well as a fortress in itself. There is a minute account of how a very wise Prince, Apolidon, gave up the Empire of Constantinople to live retired on this island, where he built himself a lordly pleasure-house, which was also a palace of art. Among other strange furniture in this palace was an archway at the entrance, over which was placed the image of a man in copper, holding a trumpet to his mouth, decreeing that no man or woman should be able to pass through who had been false to their first love, for against them the image should blow so dreadful a blast with smoke and flames of fire that they shall be stunned and in danger of death. In process of time Apolidon came to be Emperor of Constantinople, leaving his *Insola Firme* and his treasures to be enjoyed by any Knight who

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country to seek Oriana for his bride. Amadis goes away, and giving Gandalin, his squire, the slip, enters the wildest part of the mountains, where he meets a holy man, to whom he confesses. The holy man tries to turn him from his purpose of forsaking the world, declaring that if all the beauty and wealth of the other sex were brought together in one person, such a man as Amadis ought not to be lost for her; but he is ultimately persuaded to come into his humour, and gives Amadis the name of *Beltenebros*, as being conformable to his appearance and distress, meaning the *Fair Forlorn*, or the *Beautiful Darkling*. And Amadis remains in the *Peña Pobre*, or Poor Rock, doing penance, and afflicting himself for grief of his lady's cruelty. Meanwhile Amadis' dwarf has gone to Oriana, and told her how that Amadis had gone into the mountains to die, whereat she repents and makes great lamentation. Guilan the Pensive, one of Amadis' friends, finds his shield and armour and carries them to Lisuarte's Court. While Amadis is away in retirement, there comes a strange Knight to the King with a cartel of defiance on the part of Famóngomadan, the giant of the Boiling Lake, and some of his men, who will only be appeased by Oriana being given up to be servant of Madásima, the said giant's daughter. All this causes the Court to make great efforts to bring back Amadis, who is eventually persuaded to abandon his hermit life and to resume arms and return to Court. Coming to Miraflores, a suburb of London, where Oriana is, he encounters and overthrows several enemies on the road, besides two or three giants of the brood of Famóngomadan, whose bodies were so big that those who laid them on the waggon had to bend their knees. At night he is admitted over the garden-wall into where they spend three days in the joys dearer than those of Paradise. On their way to London in company they encounter Arcalaus, the enchanter, with a giant, whom Amadis slays, cutting off also part of Arcalaus' hand. Then there comes the great battle between the giants and Lisuarte's Knights, which is one of the most terrible and stirring in the book. Eventually the Knights win the victory, mainly through Amadis' single arm, though his brother Galaor is severely wounded and brought away for dead.

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The Third Book opens wi
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purpose of going to Gaul to
is by sea

his people can kill by themselves. Amadis lands just in
to rescue his brother Galaor and his friend King Cildadan,
are beset by a great crowd. At this moment the giant comes
n a huge horse, and in his hand a spear so heavy that no
ht could lift it, crying out against his people because they
ot kill two weary and worthless Knights. The giant meets
the usual fate of men of this larger sort, but his life is spared
use of his son, Gasquilan, who is of moderate stature and of
perate mind. But he has a sister, Andandona, who is the
st and worst giantess in the world and a great enemy to
tians, who lies in wait behind some thick woods along an
of the sea, and casts darts at Amadis and his friends as they
They think, clothed as she is with bear-skins, she is some
but when she takes to the water to swim to the land, they
at her with arrows, but she runs away quickly through the
s with the shafts in her shoulder, so that they cannot forbear
ing. Arriving in King Perion's country, at a town in Gaul
d Mostrol, Amadis and Galaor present themselves before
parents and are joyfully received; as well as by their sister
cia, between whom and Don Bruneo de Bonamar there are
pretty scenes of love. The scene changes to the Court of
arte, where Oriana, her time being come, gives birth to a son,
hose breast are discovered certain Latin letters in white and
k letters in red. The confidante Mabilia, taking the child
Iiraflores through a thick wood where lions and other wild
s breed, and being frightened by one of the former, drops
burden, which is picked up by a lioness and carried to her
for food. But by God's providence there is a holy man at
, one Nasciano, who bids the evil beast leave this creature
od; upon which the lioness lays the babe at his feet and
rts. Nasciano, apparently not being good at nursing, com-
ds the lioness to feed the child like her own cubs, which the
ss does; and so the infant, the son of Amadis and Oriana, is
ght up, whose name the white letters on his breast reveal to
Esplandian. The subsequent history becomes for a time
used and uninteresting. There is a great war between
arte and the Knights of the Amadis faction in the island

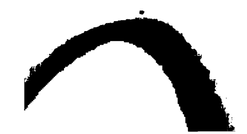
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Grasinda, whose amorous wiles he resists, and at length, after nearly two years' absence, meeting with one of his old friends, he is induced to return to Great Britain, where he hears disquieting news. King Lisuarte has been persuaded to give his daughter, Oriana, in marriage to El Patin, the Emperor of Rome, Amadis' great enemy. Under the name of "The Greek Knight" Amadis fights and vanquishes the Roman champions. Returning to Firm Island, he gathers a force together to intercept the King's ships which are taking Oriana to Rome, under the escort of Salustanquidio, the Emperor's cousin. Oriana is rescued and carried to the Firm Island.

The Fourth Book opens with the preparations for the great war which is to be waged between Amadis and his allies on the one side, and King Lisuarte with the Emperor of Rome and all his forces. The individual exploits of Amadis are, to a great extent, lost and absorbed in the mighty arrangements which are being made on both sides for the duel, which is to decide the fate of Oriana. A great assemblage of warriors takes place in the *Insola Firme*, whither go King Perion of Gaul in aid of his son, and the Emperor of Constantinople, with the King of Bohemia and a numerous body of stranger Knights. The Emperor of Rome arrives in Great Britain to succour King Lisuarte, with whom are the King of Sweden and the King of Ireland. The two armies being arrayed against each other, Arcalaus the enchanter sees his opportunity, and summons Aravigo, the pretender, to come forth with all those who hated Lisuarte and Amadis alike, in order that, while these two were engaged in battle, they might win London and the kingdom for themselves. A great battle ensues in the neighbourhood of Windsor, which lasts for several days, in which many brave feats are done on both sides. The party of Amadis is in the ascendant, but at the moment of victory Amadis restrains his Knights, not caring to press Lisuarte too hard, especially now that the Emperor of Rome, his rival, has been killed. Now it enters into the head of Nasciano, the holy man who has brought up Esplandian, to make peace between the two, and to use the son of Amadis as the intercessor between him and his grandfather, Lisuarte. The

secret of Esplandian's birth is made known to the King, who is disposed to be friendly to Amadis. Meanwhile, Aravigo and the third party under Arcalaus, who had been lying hid in a wood, to observe the issue of the battle between the King and Amadis, together with Barsinan and the Duke of Bristol and others, make a sudden attack on London and very nearly succeed. Lisuarte a prisoner, Amadis and his Knights go to the succour of the King, who is rescued from his enemies. And then a formal reconciliation is made. The nuptials of Amadis and Oriana are celebrated with great pomp in the Firm Island, whither King Lisuarte and Queen Brisena repair in all state ; and so, with peace and harmony, ends the story of Amadis.

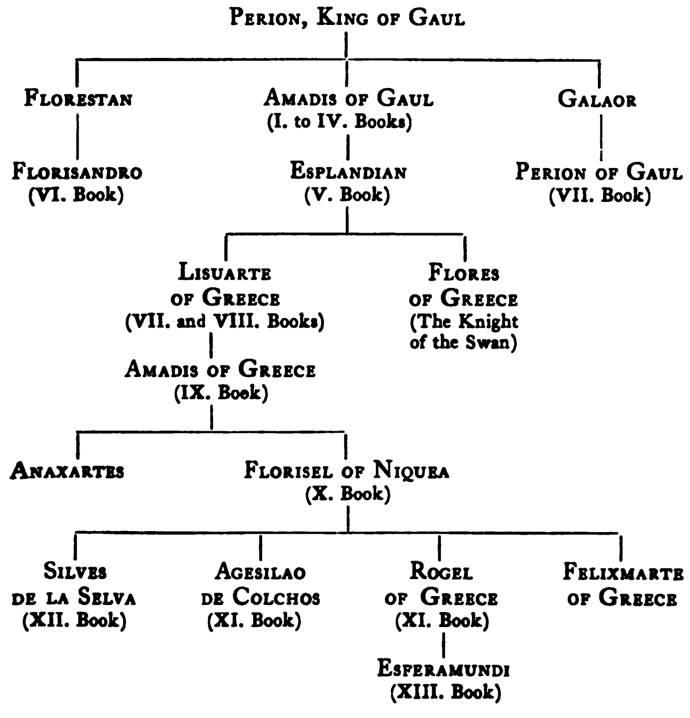
(This version of the story of Amadis, and all the references to Amadis throughout this work, are based on the edition of *Amadis de Gaula*, contained in the *Libros de Caballerías* of Pascual de Gayangos. Madrid, 1857.)

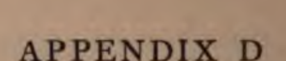


APPENDIX C

THE FAMILY OF AMADIS

The following table, showing the genealogy of the race of Amadis of Gaul, will be found of help to the reader in following the course of the family history :—





APPENDIX D

EL PASO HONROSO; OR THE HONOURABLE PASSAGE OF ARMS, HELD BY THE KNIGHT SUERO DE QUIÑONES

THE history of *El Paso Honroso*, a famous tournament held at the bridge of Orbigo, near the city of Leon, in 1434, was originally compiled at great length, in the form of a diary, by Pedro Rodriguez Delena, the chronicler, who was present. It was afterwards faithfully abridged by Fr. Juan de Pineda, which abridgment was first published at Madrid in 1588. It has since been reprinted, as an appendix, in the Chronicle of Don Alvaro de Luna, forming the fifth of the collection of the ancient Spanish Chronicles printed by Sancha in 1784. As the most solemn and important of all the chivalric functions ever held in Spain, in the age when chivalry was in its very prime, and as an event frequently referred to as the great precedent and exemplar of knightly usage, I have thought it right to give my readers a brief account of this most curious and characteristic transaction, summarised from the Chronicle of Pineda.

In the 27th year of Don Juan II., King of Castile and Leon, and in the year 1434 of Our Lord, there was held, at the instance of Suero de Quiñones, a Knight of Castile, at the bridge of Orbigo, in the presence of the King and of his Court, a Passage of Arms, which endured for thirty days, commencing on the 10th of July. The said Suero de Quiñones, with nine other Knights —*fijosdalgo é de limpia sangre, todos con cotas de armas sin reproche*

(gentlemen and of pure blood, all of coat armour without reproach)—were the Defenders or Maintainers (*Defensores ó Mantenedores*), the names of the nine being Lope de Estuñiga, of the royal house of Navarre; Diego de Bazan; Pedro de Nava; Alvaro de Quiñones; Sancho de Ravanal and Lope de Aller (kinsmen to Suero de Quiñones); Diego de Benavides; Pedro de Los Rios; and Gomez de Villacorta. To Suero Quiñones and to these nine companions of his, upon a petition made by them, was granted the royal licence to defend and maintain the *Paso Honroso* against all comers, according to the law and usage of chivalry. The petition of Quiñones sets forth how that, it being just and reasonable that they who are captive should desire their liberty, he being for a long time vassal to a lady, and having borne round his neck in sign thereof a chain of iron, seeks his deliverance, which he has fixed in the breaking of three hundred lances on the part of himself and his companions, with any of gentle birth who may come against them within the space of thirty days. The King, having consulted with his high officers, gave the licence besought, of which a herald made proclamation accordingly. The Knight Suero de Quiñones then presented himself, and, thanking his Majesty, he and his companions, changing their armour for civil clothing, took their part in a dance in the King's hall; after which were read out the articles under which the jousts were to be fought, according to the enterprise he had undertaken. They were twenty-two in number, going minutely into every detail of the equipment of the challengers and challenged, with the nature of the engagement, the manner of the encounters, the conditions of the fight, and the rules by which victory or defeat were to be decided.

The first article sets forth what it is that Suero de Quiñones and his band have undertaken to do, which is, to have three hundred lances, armed with steel, broken in harness of war, without shield or target, with no more than a double fold of armour in each part.

The second provides, on the part of the Maintainers or Defenders, armour, horses, and lances for all stranger Knights

who may choose to come, without favour to any,—every one being at liberty to bring his own arms if he wishes.

The third is, that each Knight shall run a course of three lances broken,—the unhorsing of any adversary or drawing of blood to reckon as a lance-breaking.

The fourth provides that every lady of honour passing that way or within half a league of the lists, if she cannot raise a Knight to joust on her behalf, shall forfeit her right-hand glove.

The fifth is, that if two Knights or more come to redeem any lady's glove, the first comer shall be chosen.

The sixth is, that a Knight not loving verily, but merely wishing to save a lady's glove, must not be allowed to do so until three lances have been broken with him.

The seventh is, that Suero Quiñones shall name on his own account three ladies, not including the lady to whom he belongs, and that to the first Knight who shall succeed in rescuing the glove of one of them he will give a diamond.

The eighth provides that no Knight shall be allowed to know with whom it is he jousts, until the course is completed,—being assured of this, however, that he will encounter none but true Knights and gentlemen of arms, without reproach.

The ninth gives the privilege to any Knight, after breaking his three lances, to challenge any one he wishes, if time will allow, and break another lance with him.

The tenth gives leave to any Knight to put off any piece of armour of those assigned to him, if his request be made in time and in reason.

The eleventh obliges every Knight-adventurer to say who he is and whence he comes, before jousting.

The twelfth engages on the part of Quiñones to provide that every wounded Knight shall receive proper treatment.

The thirteenth gives assurance to any Knight who shall get the better of any of the Maintainers, that never will satisfaction or revenge be sought of him by any of them or by their relatives or friends.

The fourteenth allows free passage to those who are bound on the pilgrimage to the shrine of Santiago (the road to which

passed over the bridge of Orbigo) without being hindered by the Knights-Maintainers.

The fifteenth stipulates that any Knight going off the direct road to come to the pass defended, shall either run a course or give up some part of his arms, or his right spur, under penalty of never wearing that arm or that spur again, until he shall win it back in a deed of arms as perilous, or greater than that where he left it.

The sixteenth engages that should any Knight of his party kill the horse of an adversary, he (Suero de Quiñones) will see the loss made good; and if that any of the opposite faction shall kill a horse of his—*bastele la fealdad del encuentro por paga* (let the foulness of the deed go for recompense).

The seventeenth provides that if any Knight shall attack the horse of his opponent, his opponent striking him anywhere on his armour, it shall count for a lance lost by the first, for the foulness of the attack on the horse.

The eighteenth stipulates that if any Knight, after breaking one or two lances, shall of his own will wish to desist, he shall be allowed to do so on forfeiting some piece of his arms or his right spur.

The nineteenth undertakes that swords and lances shall be provided for all those of the kingdom who in armour and on horseback desire to run a course; it being forbidden to them to use their own arms.

The twentieth is, that if any Knight is wounded in the trial on the first or second course, so that he is unable to bear arms again that day, the Maintainers shall not be bound to meet him another day, even if he should demand another trial.

The twenty-first provides that two judges, old and proved Knights, shall be appointed, with the heralds, to administer to all who come to the trial a solemn oath that they will abide by all that is ordered in regard to the said jousts. And the judge and heralds shall likewise take an oath to protect them from treachery, and to judge truly, according to the rule and right of arms. And if any question shall arise on any matter not provided for by these rules, it shall be at the discretion of the

judges to decide upon it. And the heralds shall signify to any one demanding of them that which truly they may have found them to have achieved.

The twenty-second and last condition stipulates that the lady to whom Suero de Quiñones himself belongs, should she pass that way, shall not be subject to lose her right glove, and that none shall joust on her account except he himself, "seeing that in all the world there is none who is truly able to do it but he alone."

To these articles, solemnly read out in the King's hall, Suero de Quiñones added a letter on his own part to the Lion King at Arms, reciting the circumstances under which this passage of arms is held; how that, being the thrall of his noble lady, he is unable to redeem himself from the penance he has laid on him on her account until three hundred lances have been shivered; how that, therefore, he beseeches all those who love their ladies to come to his succour, to release him his vow, — praying all Kings, Dukes, and Princes to suffer their Knights and gentlemen to come to help him in this purpose.

During six months were the preparations made for this great and famous passage, — the Cortes solemnly voting the money required to cover the expense, and proclamation of the intended jousts being made throughout all Christendom. The account of the elaborate constructions needed to supply the lists, the stages provided for the audience, and the scaffolding for the barriers, fills a large space in the old Chronicle. The description of the armament, the devices and colours borne by the several Knights, is told with no less breadth and unction. On the Sunday before the opening of the function, Suero de Quiñones and his nine comrades go to hear early mass in the church of San Juan, and afterwards issue forth to the public in all their bravery, — Quiñones on a powerful charger with caparisons of blue bordered with his famous device,—on the top of each device being the legend, *Il faut délibérer*, in the French language. He is clothed in an outer jerkin of olive velvet, with blue embroidery. He wears scarlet Italian breeches, and a tall scarlet hood, and Italian spurs with rowels richly gilt, in his hand a naked gilt

sword. On his right arm he bears, round the fleshy part, his badge of gold, richly worked, two fingers wide, with blue letters round it, saying: *Si à vous ne plait de avoir mesure; Certes je dis, Que je suis, Sans venture,*—a gallant and most mysterious legend. He bore, says the chronicler, his leg and arm harness, with a very beautiful continence (*con muy fermosa continencia*). Behind him rode three pages on three very handsome horses, all dressed to match,—one carrying on his head a helmet, from the top of which went out a great golden tree with green leaves and golden apples, at the foot of which was a green serpent, like that which led Adam to sin, and in the middle of the tree a naked sword, lettered: *Le vray ami.* Before Suero de Quiñones went his nine companions, one behind the other on horseback, all in scarlet and gold, like their leader, with his device—*Il faut délibérer*—worked on the trappings of their horses. In advance of them, two large and beautiful horses drew a car filled with lances and stout swords of Milan, of three sizes. On top of the lances were trappings, blue and green, embroidered with the flowering oleander, on each tree of which was the figure of a parrot, and on the top of all a dwarf who drove the car. In front of all rode the King's trumpeters with those of the Knights, with kettledrums and cymbals conducted by the judge, Pero Barba. Around the captain (Quiñones) marched many Knights on foot, some of whom led their horses by the bridles. In such brave guise did Suero de Quiñones and his brethren make their entry into the lists. After taking two turns round, he, with his companions, halted in front of the scaffold which had been erected for the two judges, and there made their request, that without regard to friendship or to enmity they should judge of what was done, making the arms equal for all, and giving to each the honour and glory he should merit by his valour and address; and that they should protect the stranger Knights, so that, in assailing one of the Defenders of the Honourable Pass, he should not be attacked by others, other than the one with whom he jousted. The judges promised to do all this. Afterwards, there arose a distinguished gentleman, Don Juan de Pimentel, and prayed that if anything happened to Suero de

Quiñones so that he should be unable to finish his enterprise, he himself might be taken in his place. So passed the first day, to the delight of the people, in shows and compliments.

On the next day the lists were fairly opened for business, and after the judges had inspected the weapons and measured the lances, so that they might be of equal length for each pair of jousters, the business of the Pass fairly began, by the pursuivants crying out, *Legeres aller, legeres aller, é fair son deber* (*Laisser aller, laisser aller, et faire son devoir*). The first course run was between Suero de Quiñones and a German Knight who chose to call himself, or is here called, Micer Arnaldo de la Floresta Bermeja (Herr Arnold of the Red Forest). They were equally matched in age, Quiñones being twenty-five and the German twenty-seven; and ran six careers, breaking the requisite three lances, without much other damage to either,—Quiñones inviting the German to supper when it was all over.

It would be tedious to follow the course of the narrative through all the business of thirty days. It is enough to say that by general acknowledgment this was the most splendid and famous tournament ever held in Europe, not a mere state ceremonial or royal pageant. On the last day of the jousts, Suero de Quiñones and eight of his companions (one of the Defenders, Lope de Aller, being dangerously wounded and in bed) took the field in the same order and solemnity as on the opening day, and coming before the judges' seats, Suero de Quiñones made an oration, in which after declaring that his vow had been accomplished, for three hundred lances had been splintered, he prayed them to deliver him from his penance of wearing his iron collar on Thursdays, asking to be told if there remained yet anything to be done by him in satisfaction of the claims of honour. To him the judges responded that they held his vow to have been fulfilled and his release achieved. Upon which the King of Arms and a pursuivant descended and with all solemnity took off from the Knight's neck the iron collar. Of the *aventureros* or challenger-knights, no fewer than sixty-eight came to the jousts, of whom one was a German, two or three from Italy, one from Brittany, and several from Portugal.

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Six hundred and twenty-seven careers in all were run. One Knight, an Aragonese, was killed, and many were severely wounded, among them being Suero de Quiñones himself and eight of his companions. So ended this memorable passage of arms, to the glory of Spain and of chivalry, thereafter to be known among all men as *El Paso Honroso.*

APPENDIX E

DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO

The name of Dulcinea del Toboso, the mistress of Don Quixote, who is to this burlesque Amadis a burlesque Oriana, has given rise to much speculation and has been the subject of much ingenious and elaborate guessing. In opposition to those who accept her as purely an abstract conception, intended to supply, in the action of the story, the indispensable motive to the Knight seeking to revive the glories of the ancient Errantry,—there being no perfect Knight, as we are told, without a mistress as the lady of his heart and the object, inspiration, and guiding star of his career,—there are critics, of the school of those who require a personal motive in every great work of humour, who insist that Cervantes had in his eye some real personage, upon whom he intended to discharge the arrows of his ridicule, just as they will have it that Don Quixote himself was meant to be a satire on some living man of the author's time or of the past. In our own days the late Mr. Rawdon Browne, with great circumstantiality, traced out a theory, in pursuance of his notion that *Don Quixote* was a satire upon the Duke of Lerma, that the original of Dulcinea was a celebrated court lady of the period, the Marquesa del Valle. More pertinent to the matter and more deserving of notice is the ingenious attempt by Don Cayetano de la Barrera,—following up a clue given by Clemencin,—to prove that the original of Dulcinea was a lady resident in the town of El Toboso, against whom Cervantes had some kind of grudge. The story, as told at length in the notes to Barrera's *Nuevas Investigaciones*, in vol. i. p. 104 of the larger

Argamasilla edition, is briefly as follows :—In El Toboso, according to an official report made by order of Philip II. in the year 1576, the only *hidalgo*, or person entitled to the privileges of *hidalguia*, resident among a population all labouring men, chiefly *Moriscoes*, was one Dr. Zarco de Morales, who had an only sister called *Ana*. This lady is presumed to have been born before 1557, from the fact that the date of her birth does not appear in the parish register, which begins from that year. Dr. Morales himself lived till the year 1600. His parents were called Pedro Martinez Zarco and Catalina Morales. Upon the basis of these facts, supported by the tradition that Miguel de Cervantes, when he was at El Toboso, received some ill-treatment at the hands of the towns-people in revenge, as it is said, for some satirical lines which he wrote against a lady of the place, there has been spun out, through the ingenuity of Barrera, with considerable aid from the cryptogramic process, the theory that Ana Zarco de Morales was the original of *Dulcinea del Toboso*. Some of the coincidences,—if coincidences only they are,—are certainly curious. Dulcinea is described in her epitaph at the end of Part I., as of "noble breed," with some of the "tokens of the lady"; and by her Knight himself, in Part II. ch. xxxii., as "of quality and well-born, and of the gentle families which are in El Toboso, which are many, ancient, and very good." Again, Dulcinea's real name, we are told (Part I. ch. xxv.), was Aldonza Nogales. Now, *Morales* and *Nogales*, as Navarrete was the first to point out, are both names of trees (mulberry and walnut), words of equal length, and consonant rhymes. Moreover, in *Dulcinea* are contained the syllable *an*, the preposition *de*, and the letters *c* and *l*, of the name Ana Zarco de Morales. By taking out the prominent letters in this last name, written thus :—aNA ZarCo DE mOraLEs, we get an anagram of *Dulcenea* or *Dolzenea*. Yet more : the sharp eye of Señor Hartzenbusch discovered that Dulcinea's mother bearing the name of Aldonza Nogales, and Ana Zarco's mother having been Catalina Morales,—if we add the *de* to the last name and repeat the *c*, the *n*, and the *o*, we shall form the name *Aldonsia Nocales*.

From all this, which is certainly curious, the reader may

believe, if he pleases, that Cervantes had a real lady in his eye when he drew the portrait of Dulcinea del Toboso; and that he intended (which is a good step farther) by the picture to gratify an ancient grudge against the town and the gentry of El Toboso. It is quite possible that Cervantes meant to have a laugh against the town of El Toboso; a town then, as now, certainly not remarkable for its amenities of site or character. But in opposition to the theory that he had a particular lady in his mind as the original of Dulcinea (supposing the reader not to be convinced from the whole structure of the fable, as well as from the author's positive assurance[1] to that effect, that he wrote no satire), I need only state the literal facts. Cervantes could hardly have been in El Toboso,—as I have shown in my narrative of his life,—much before the year 1598,[2] when Ana Zarco de Morales was a lady past the age of fifty. The First Part of *Don Quixote* was not published till seven years after, in 1605; the Second Part, wherein the visit to El Toboso occurs, and Dulcinea, or her prototype, actually appears, not till 1615. To suppose the author capable of cherishing a resentment against such a lady for so long a period is an extravagant conceit, but scarcely so wild a hypothesis as to believe,—even though he had spoken of her as being "the best hand at salting pigs of any woman in La Mancha,"—that he should deliberately select her as his heroine, to be embalmed for all posterity as the mistress of Don Quixote.

[1] Nunca voló la pluma humilde mia,
Por la region satírica, bajeza,
Que á infames premios y desgracias guia.
—*Viaje del Parnaso*, ch. iv.

[2] Clemencin says that Cervantes might have been in El Toboso between the years 1584 and 1588. But there is no evidence of this; this period covering the busiest years of his vocation as a playwright, when he was residing, as I have shown, either at Esquivias or at Madrid.

APPENDIX F

LA MANCHA

La Mancha, the country of Don Quixote, and the scene, for the greater part, of his journeys and adventures, is a district (improperly spoken of as a province) of New Castile, forming the southernmost portion of the great central table-land of Spain. The name *La Mancha* is, according to the best authorities, from the Arabic *Manxa*, signifying *tierra seca*,—"a dried-up land,"—also anciently termed *Espartaria*, or the country where the *esparto* grass (*Macrochloa tenacissima*) flourishes, the emblem and evidence of dryness. By the Spaniards, to whom it served for many ages as a natural barrier against the Andalucian Moors, it was more anciently called *Monte Aragon* (see Pellicer, vol. v. p. 440), more properly *La Mancha de Monte Aragon*, sometimes shortened into *Mancha de Aragon*. The boundaries of the territory so called seem to have been always somewhat loosely defined, especially in the north, east, and west; but they may be taken to be nearly the same as those of the modern province of Ciudad Real. The southern boundary of the district is the Sierra Morena. In the time of Cervantes La Mancha was divided into Lower and Higher. Lower La Mancha comprised the plains of Calatrava and Montiel, the former being the more southern, on the verge of New Castile, along the skirts of the Sierra Morena. Higher La Mancha contained the villages from Villarubia to Belmonte, up to the slopes of the Sierra de Cuenca. La Mancha contains about 7500 square miles, with a population of 240,000, which gives only about 35 to the square mile. It has always enjoyed the character of being the most backward in

civilisation, as it is by nature the least favoured portion of Spain. The general character of the country, which is a table-land of gently undulating treeless plains at a mean height of 2000 feet above the sea, cannot be better described than in the words of Richard Ford :—"Denuded of trees, it is exposed to the cutting wintry blasts, and scorched by the calcining summer heat; tawny and arid in the earth, while the dust, impregnated with saltpetre, and the fierce glare of the sun, blind the eye. Wearied with prospects of uniform misery and a total want of everything of interest either in man or his works, or the nature with which he is surrounded, the traveller is sickened with the wide expanse of steppes, tiresome as a twice-told tale." There is scarcely a tree to be seen from end to end of the district, except a few solitary poplars and stunted evergreen oaks which have been suffered to survive, in the neighbourhood of the water-holes. The indigenous vegetation chiefly consists of broom, the blue furze (*erizo*), profuse tufts of rosemary, *cistus*, *iris*, and wild onion. The soil is a deep, stiff clay, not ill adapted to the growth of corn, and bearing heavy crops of fine wheat in spite of the primitive agriculture. Recently, the growth of the vine has been greatly extended,—wine having displaced wheat as the chief local product. The want of water is the great drawback to the district. There are no streams to speak of, except the sluggish and sullen Guadiana, with its branches, which takes its rise in the chain of the Lagoons of Ruidera, and pursues its devious and eccentric course through the level plain, sometimes disappearing altogether and proceeding underground. The towns, to quote Ford again, are "few and poverty-stricken; they have neither art nor commerce, and are devoid alike of social attractions or interest. . . . The mud-built villages are the abodes of under-fed, ill-clothed labourers; besides the want of water, fuel is so scarce that dry dung is substituted" (as is common in Egypt and in India). Since the days of Ford, who published the first edition of his famous Handbook in 1845, this picture of poverty-stricken La Mancha must be a little modified. There has been a decided growth of prosperity in the district, and even some sprouts of enterprise are visible, for which the

phylloxera in the vineyards of France is chiefly to be thanked. There is now a brisk trade in the red wine of the country (an excellent beverage, rightly esteemed by Sancho Panza, and deserving to be better known in its purity to Englishmen) with Bordeaux, the article being sent there to be turned into claret, while brandy is largely made for the Cognac merchants. Several towns, as Tomelloso, unmentioned by Cervantes, but now boasting of over 10,000 inhabitants, have sprung up into a healthy and robust existence on this new industry. In the days of Cervantes, La Mancha was probably a district of more general prosperity and of greater relative importance than it is now. All the traffic between the capital and what was then the chief entrepôt of wealth and the centre of commerce, Seville, passed through La Mancha, and must have lingered on the road to the advantage of that district, in the days when asses and mules, its chief wealth, were the sole means of traffic. Some of the towns, such as Argamasilla itself, bear distinct evidences of having been once more thickly populated than they are now. The highways, doubtless, were trodden by a greater number of travellers; and meetings on the road with Toledo merchants going to buy silk in Murcia, or friars carrying corpses from Baeza to Segovia, which nowadays would be adventures impossible, were doubtless in that age common enough. I cannot help thinking, also, that with all allowance for the privileges of the story-teller, the country must have been better wooded than it is now, tending to greater amenity of the landscape, or we should scarcely have had those frequent references to shady trees and pleasant groves and green grass, which are to be found in *Don Quixote*.

The population of La Mancha is, to the eye, a very mixed race,—an aspect which is confirmed by their history. They are a sullen, dour, ill-favoured people, credited, however, with certain good qualities such as their feature scarcely promises. They are, according to Ford, honest, patient, and hard-working; their affections more highly developed than their reason. "Temperate, brave, and moral, the Manchegan is attached and confiding when kindly used and honestly dealt with; reserved and stern when he suspects ill-treatment and injustice"; in

fact, the people of which Sancho Panza is a favourable type. These are precisely the best qualities of the Eastern race whose blood is to be so plainly detected in the faces of the modern Manchegans. The pilgrim to the shrine of Argamasilla, where the name of Don Quixote is better known than that of his creator, will perceive in the crowd of curious villagers, swarthy of complexion, with a mingled slyness, humour, and malice in their looks, wanting only the *kefiëh* and the *burnous* to be Moors, more than one Sancho Panza and Ricote. That there was a large settlement of Moors in La Mancha, we know from the records. King Jayme of Aragon, the Conqueror, expelled many thousand Moors from Valencia, a portion of whom, we are told, passed over from that paradise to settle in La Mancha. Again, after the fall of Granada, many Morisco families, to avoid the rigorous conditions which (in violation of the pledges made at the capitulation of that city) were imposed upon them at home, emigrated across the mountains to a land less agreeable, where, however, they were less likely to be disturbed. In the time of Philip II., we know that a very large proportion of the towns-people of La Mancha were Moriscoes, in whose hands were nearly all the trade and industry of the district. Nor is it likely that they were all driven out by the decree of expulsion in the succeeding reign—that cruel and barbarous law from which no part of Spain suffered more than did La Mancha.

This is the country over which the genius of Cervantes has shed a halo of romance, which has lighted up even that desolate region,—which will gild for ever its homely features. And of all countries in Europe,—as all who have traversed those unlovely plains will bear witness,—there is none which could so fitly have been chosen as the theatre of the last exploits of a dying chivalry.

END OF VOL. I.

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